

Grace Perivall

PHARSAMOND;

OR, THE

New Knight-Errant.

In which is introduced

The Story of the *Fair* ANCHORET,

With that of TARMIANA and her  
*unfortunate Daughter.*

Written Originally in FRENCH,

By MONSIEUR DE MARIVAUX,

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Translated by Mr LOCKMAN.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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MDCCL.



# ERRATA in Vol. I.

Page	Line	
19	12	after <i>all</i> put a <i>Colon</i> ; and turn the <i>Colon</i> , in the same Line, into a <i>Comma</i> .
25	12	after <i>in point</i> , add <i>of</i> .
97	2	to <i>begin</i> , add <i>I'll</i>
169	1	for <i>wait from</i> read <i>wait for</i>
217	10	for <i>languish</i> read <i>anguish</i>
256	13	for <i>when</i> read <i>our</i>
260	8	for <i>actions</i> read <i>action</i>
322	14	for <i>secrets</i> read <i>secret</i>

# ERRATA in Vol. II.

Page	Line	
46	19	for <i>characters</i> , read <i>Personages</i>
64	5	for <i>may</i> read <i>many</i>
116	11	for <i>his strokes</i> , read <i>his smart strokes</i>
170		must be comma'd to the end, and also two Lines in Page 171.
265	25	for <i>tumults</i> read <i>temale</i>



Printed for C. Davis, opposite the Holborn, and I. Davis, at the ...



# PHARSAMOND.

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## PART VI.

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**W**HILST that Clito was indulging his appetite, and recovering his natural joy, Pharsamond and Cedalisa had retir'd to an apartment; where their tongues ran as fast, as if they had not spoke to one another for a week. I shall not trouble the reader with the particulars of their conver-

sation, I having already dwelt long on that subject; and, was I to be directed by our two lovers, I should scribble more in quantity than two sermons. But one circumstance, methinks, shou'd not be omitted, viz. that in the room where our amorous pair then were, (Cedalisa's,) a paper was fasten'd by a pin, upon the wainscot; when the pin dropping, the paper fell also. Pharsamond took it from the ground; and observing that it look'd like a letter, he directed his glances to his fair-one, by whom also it was perceiv'd; and who expected, (from the shape of what he had taken up) that her innamorato must be struck with a sudden love-alarm, which she was persuaded he wou'd act in the highest perfection. Our knight being a great adept in these matters, answer'd Cedalisa's hopes in every respect; he naturally supposing, that this letter must oblige him to certain duties. Upon this he advanc'd forward, trembling, towards Cedalisa, when showing her the letter: —  
 ‘ May I presume, (fair princess, says he,)  
 ‘ to ask you what this is?’ — ‘ I know  
 ‘ no more of it than you do,’ (replied the lady, overjoy'd, in her own mind with his conduct on this occasion; tho' she really had quite forgot the contents of this paper.)  
 — ‘ Will your permit me, (says he,)  
 Madam,



‘ Madam, to peep into it? — ‘ If you  
‘ please, my lord,’ (answer’d she.) —

He then open’d the paper with amazing eagerness; and read the beginning of it to himself; when, finding it to be a *billet-doux*, directed to Cedalifa, he stood motionless, and with his eyes fix’d on the letter. He now turn’d pale; or at least, by strength of imagination, work’d his features into that look of despair, wherein are express’d, (the colour excepted) the grief and rage which those violent passions light up in the face. Cedalifa observing his emotions:—

‘ Heavens! (my lord, cries she on a sudden,) what can be the matter with you?’

—— Our knight seem’d, at these words, to recover from the sorrow into which he was plung’d, but ’twas at the expence of a bitter sigh; a sigh so admirably express’d, that it wou’d have been impossible for nature, in the most real affliction, to have vented one more heart-breaking.

After this sigh, he turn’d his eyes towards heaven, when putting on a most pitiful countenance. — ‘ Gods! (cries he) ‘ is it possible for me to be so wretched!’ —

Then directing his eyes towards Cedalifa:

—— ‘ Ungrateful woman, (adds he,) ‘ is this the reward you bestow on the ‘ most violent passion that ever inflam’d a

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‘ mortal breast ! I am curs’d with a rival !  
 ‘ a rival who writes letters to you, com-  
 ‘ plaining, that you do not sufficiently re-  
 ‘ turn the passion with which he burns for  
 ‘ you.’

‘ Perfidious creature ! you love this ri-  
 ‘ val ; and ’tis his resentment that gives  
 ‘ rise to the reproaches, with which his let-  
 ‘ ter to you is fill’d. But, Gods ! why does  
 ‘ he not instantly appear before me ? Why  
 ‘ I am not, at least, permitted to take ven-  
 ‘ geance for my injur’d love ? This sword,  
 ‘ plung’d deep in his heart, wou’d revenge  
 ‘ the treachery, which love and reverence  
 ‘ will not let me wreak on the fair-one who  
 ‘ has impos’d upon me.’ ——— Pharsa-

mond utter’d these words in a passionate  
 tone, and with the most frantic gestures.  
 When he had done speaking, Cedalisa seated  
 herself, and took up the fatal billet which  
 Pharsamond had thrown upon the table ; she  
 guessing what it was, (after perusing a few  
 words) : —— ‘ Uncourteous knight, (says  
 ‘ she,) you don’t deserve to be undeceiv’d,  
 ‘ as to the falshood with which you charge  
 ‘ me. I imagin’d, that when women of  
 ‘ my rank and character, own the flame  
 ‘ with which they burn, and have given  
 ‘ proofs of it’s reality, by their whole con-  
 ‘ duct ; I shou’d have imagin’d (I say,)  
 ‘ that

' that the restraint they put upon them-  
 ' selves, by such a confession, ought for  
 ' ever to persuade a suitor of the absolute  
 ' certainty of his being belov'd ; but you  
 ' surely must consider this confession in me,  
 ' as a thing of no value, since it cannot  
 ' set your heart at rest. Was I to listen to  
 ' the suggestions of my pride, (now so just-  
 ' ly offended,) I should punish your inju-  
 ' stice, by leaving you eternally in this in-  
 ' fulting error ; nevertheless, spite of the  
 ' confusion that covers me, by reason of  
 ' your unjust suspicions, as well as by the  
 ' love with which I am inflam'd for you ;  
 ' I yet will be so indulgent, as to discover  
 ' to you the person from whom I receiv'd  
 ' yon scrap of paper ; and the reason why  
 ' his letter is express'd in such passionate  
 ' terms. But remember (cruel knight !)  
 ' that, shou'd your injustice continue after  
 ' this, I have taken a fixt resolution to never  
 ' see you more.'

' The knight, whom you fought and  
 ' wounded, was an admirer of mine, whose  
 ' addressees my mother had long forc'd me  
 ' to permit. The letter was writ by him ;  
 ' and, if he therein complains of my not  
 ' making a due return to his love ; I  
 ' will be so frank as to own, that after  
 ' treating him, a considerable time, with



neglect, to oblige him to break off from  
 me ; and perceiving that my aversion,  
 instead of curing his passion, only increas'd  
 it ; I took a firm resolution to disguise  
 my real sentiments, and to make him be-  
 lieve that he was no longer disagreeable to  
 me. From that time he grew less impor-  
 tunate in his addresses. My feign'd regard  
 for him, made him be less urgent, with  
 my mother, about our nuptials ; and  
 'twas at this juncture, when my suitor  
 had been absent during some days, that he  
 wrote me the billet which you have seen.  
 He therein complains, that I do not love  
 him enough ; for that, what change so-  
 ever he might observe in my conduct,  
 yet this change was not such as was suf-  
 ficient to satisfy a heart strongly inflam'd.  
 Now you happen'd to come, at that very  
 instant, to our house ; and I have already  
 told you, the cruel treatment I met with  
 from my mother, merely because I re-  
 fus'd to marry this gentleman. Such,  
 my lord, is the origin of this billet, from  
 which you drew such unjust arguments to  
 condemn me.'

Our knight, after his fair-one had ended,  
 repented his having suspected her fidelity,  
 and continued some time silent ; he only  
 gazing at her. ——— At last, ' Forgive,'

cries

(cries he) 'Gracious princefs! the violence  
' of my flame. The goodnefs which you  
' have extended to me, ought, (I will ac-  
' knowledge,) to have perfuaded me,  
' that I am dear to you; but then reflect  
' (O miracle in beauty!) that the greater is  
' the happinefs we poffefs, the more we  
' tremble at the thoughts of lofing it. Be  
' therefore fo gracious as to bury, in eternal  
' oblivion, my injuftice.' ——— Pharfamond utter'd thefe laft words in a fuppli-  
cating pofture; he throwing himfelf at  
the feet of his idol, and repeating the words;  
' I hence forwards will punifh myfelf, by  
' loving you with greater violence than  
' ever man lov'd. Be therefore fo gracious  
' as to bury, in eternal oblivion, my in-  
' juftice.'

He now continued filent; when Cedalifa  
melting like wax, caft her eyes on him,  
and put forth her hand; which the cheva-  
valier kifs'd refpectfully; and then fpoke  
thus: ——— 'Rife, my lord. The paffion  
' which you promife to entertain for me,  
' works much more powerfully, on my  
' heart, than the refentment lately har-  
' bour'd, becaufe of your unjuft fufpicions.  
' You need never doubt of my paffion; and  
' take notice, that it muft neceffarily be as  
A 5 'violent

‘ violent as your’s, since I cou’d not prevail  
‘ with myself to hide it from you.’

This tender pardon being granted, Pharsamond rose, and reply’d with such an excess of joy, as was a prelude to the excess of love he had promis’d to cherish. It being now late, they went to supper, and afterwards to bed, or at least pretended to do so; for Fatima was to go, at twelve at night, to Pharsamond’s apartment, and desire him to rise.

This girl had contriv’d matters so happily, that she was not oblig’d to trust any one with their secret. Our Mrs Abigail had made all the servants go to bed early that night; so that about ten, every soul in the house was asleep, (or seem’d to be so) except Cedalisia, Pharsamond, and Fatima, who had found means to get the keys of the stable, in order to take such horses from it as they might have occasion for. Fatima was now in the bed-chamber of her mistress, with whom she was chatting, till the hour, for their setting out, should be come.

As to Pharsamond, the thoughts of his approaching random flight with Cedalisia, kept him in an extasy in the bed-chamber, whither he had been conducted; and tho’ this room was given him, merely out of regard to his health, and that he might rest  
‘ well,



well ; yet, as his brain was fill'd with the noblest subject for contemplation, he was not so groveling as to fall asleep like one of the vulgar ; since his then situation might suggest the most exalted and most agreeable reflexions to his mind. With regard to Clito, he depended entirely, as to his flight, on the exact measures which he was persuaded his Fatima wou'd take ; and so had abandon'd himself to the charms of sleep, which was deep ; a circumstance owing to his full belly, and his happy disposition to indulge in slumbers.

Things were in this state, and 'twas as yet but eleven a clock, when a thundering was heard at the gate ; tho' Cedalisa and Fatima were so strongly wrapt in reflexion, that the noise did not reach their ears. But as the porter and the cook lay nearer to the gate than any other of the servants, they were soon alarm'd ; when starting up, they ask'd, ' Who's there.' ——— Hearing their mistress's voice, they rose and let her in ; and all this unknown to Cedalisa and Fatima.

How came this old lady (will some critic say) to take it into her head, to return home at so late an hour ? ——— A fine question, indeed ; as tho' there is any accounting for a lady's caprice. Had I but this reason to alledge, it alone wou'd

apologize for the unexpected arrival of Cedalifa's mother : but there were others.

The reader must know that our old lady, had had company at her other house, all that evening. She had some orders of a very urgent nature, to give next morning in the house she was come to ; and there being no great distance from one to the other, she thought proper to go and lie where she then was. She had brought with her Dame Margeret, a woman of prodigious experience, without whose advice she never undertook any thing of importance. At her coming in, the first question she ask'd was, whether her daughter was in bed. —

‘ She is, my lady, and every one else,’ (replied the cook, who was too sleepy, either to take the trouble, or think of informing her mistress, concerning their new guests.)

— This conversation was at the door, therefore short. Candles were lighted, when the old lady retir'd to her bed-chamber, and Dame Margaret to her room.

The reader must now be inform'd, that the bed-chamber to which our lover had been conducted, was the very one in which the old lady us'd always to sleep whenever she came thither. As it was the best room in the house, Cedalifa had order'd Pharsamond to be led to it. This was as it shou'd

shou'd be ; the laws of romance agreeing exactly in this article, with the present establish'd laws of decorum.

The Lady therefore enter'd her bed-chamber, with that confidence, which persons naturally have when at home, and alone. Pharsamond happen'd not to be then in the chamber ; his fond meditations having conducted him, inadvertently, into a little closet within that room ; and Cedalisa's mother happen'd to come in, at the very instant when our ravish'd innamorato, with his eyes fix'd on the ground, and sitting in an easy chair, was intensely reflecting on the strange adventures of his life ; on that he was going to enter upon ; and on the obstacles which, he plainly foresaw, must oppose his marriage with Cedalisa. His heated imagination hurried him to a thousand places, where he sometimes shou'd be forc'd to seek for her ; and, at other times to run away. These mighty ideas were follow'd by numberless combats, the necessity of his engaging in which, fill'd his soul, at this moment, with such extatic pleasure ; that combining in his own mind, the posture he then sat in, and the adventure that awaited him, with Cedalisa's turn of mind, and the species of love with which they were mutually inflam'd ; he was firmly persuaded, that no antient knight-



knight-errant's life was ever more conspicuous, (as to the great and marvellous,) than his must necessarily one day be.

Such were the reflexions Pharsamond was revolving, when Cedalifa's mother entred her bed-chamber. The chevalier's musings were spun out to such a length, that she had full time to undress herself, and go to bed ; and, (let me add,) to blow out the candle. She now had laid down some little time ; and sleep began to close her eyes, when our illustrious knight, surpriz'd at the glorious incidents with which, he himself, foresaw his story would abound, he express'd his enthusiasm by the few words following, relative to his passion, all which he pronounc'd with a heroic voice : — ‘ Ye fates ! tho’ ye should  
‘ expose the noble Pharsamond to the great-  
‘ est perils, yet shall his valour triumph  
‘ over them all : but O ! preserve my dear  
‘ princess !’ ——— At this sound, (nobly thundering), Cedalifa's mother set up a scream. At this cry, Pharsamond, who, in his enthusiastic fit, consider'd every thing that besel him in a romantic light, rises suddenly ; with one hand draws his sword ; (I don't mean that which had been broke, but another Cedalifa had arm'd him with after supper ;) and holding, in his other hand, the candle, that had been left with him, he  
rush'd

rush'd into the bed-chamber with an air no less martial and terrible than of Achilles in the midst of slaughter'd armies. —

‘What is this I hear? (cries he;) what hapless mortal calls for the aid of my all-powerful arm?’ — The noise he made at starting up, and that of his sword drawn out of the scabbard, had increas'd the old lady's horror; which tortur'd her still more, when, undrawing the curtain, in order to see what was coming out of the closet, she spied our hero, whose eyes sparkled with that noble indignation, which was formerly inspir'd by illustrious valour, accompanied with exalted sentiments. At this shocking spectacle, Cedalifa's mother was seiz'd with such a fear as expresses itself, at first, by a piercing cry, and ends with a dangerous fainting fit. However, the courage with which our chevalier advanc'd to those imaginary enemies, was not so great, as to prevent it's being check'd by a just surprize. He now drew nearer to the old lady, gaz'd at her; and, (at last,) call'd her to mind.

Whilst he was surveying her, and wondering by what strange accident this woman, who was said to be at her other house, shou'd get here; Dame Margery, in the utmost confusion, was carrying from room to room, the terror with which Clito had fill'd

fill'd her ; the occasion whereof I shall now relate.

I before took notice, that Clito was sleeping soundly in the room he had been shown to, which happen'd to be that where Dame Margery always lay. The porter and cook, who let both her and their ancient mistress in, had not taken the least notice (as was observ'd) of our two guests. Dame Margery, therefore came naturally into her own room, and was undressing as fast as possible. She was now stript to her shift, and had undrawn the curtains in order to get into bed ; when Clito happening, at this very juncture, to be bless'd with a melting dream ; and feeling something moving near him, suddenly stretch'd forth his arms, (which struck Dame Margery a mighty blow, just as she was getting into bed ;) and cried, — ‘ Who are you ? ’ — This *who are you*, did not go unanswer'd ; Dame Margery roaring aloud ; when her broken, hoarse voice terrified Clito no less.

He had not time to examine, whether he only frighted himself ; but falling on the old woman, gave her five or six stout knocks with his clench'd fist ; crying, at intervals, *help ! help !* imagining that he himself was fighting with a thousand devils. After severely beating and bruising the old hag, he left



left her (himself being seiz'd with a panic,) when hasting to the door, he open'd it, crying, ' Lucifer must certainly be in this ' room !' ——— Margery whose weak brain was quite turn'd with what she had felt and heard, rises in her shift ; and follows Clito, not knowing what she is about, nor whither she is going. Before her stalk'd the squire, his hat on his newly shav'd head ; for, during his battle with this female spectre, his wig had fallen on the bed. After him came Dame Margery, her hair about her ears ; barefooted ; and her shift flying so much at random, that her modesty wou'd have been shock'd, cou'd she have seen it's position, during some moments. Clito now runs down stairs, and flies from one apartment to another ; crying perpetually, — ' The devil is at my heels !' — He concluding that the creature must be such who, with a most dreadful yelling, ran after him. In a word, any person wou'd have sworn that they were both bewitch'd ; whilst the one was running away, and the other pursuing.

By this time the whole house was alarm'd. The men and the maid servants, were seiz'd with a tremor. They all rose ; when twenty candles are now seen burning, each domestic having lighted up his own. One, paler  
than

than death, opens the door in his shirt, to discover, (if possible,) the cause of this horrid uproar. Another, coming out of his room; and who, at the sight of Dame Margery, against whom he ran full souse, and took for a ghost, stands motionless thro' horror. A third, who was coming from the garret, upon his spying the old woman, is struck with such prodigious fear, that, in attempting to fly from this spectre, which, (he imagines,) is going to tear him to pieces, he rolls down all the stairs like a barrel; and, regardless of the blood which trickles from his head, or his numberless bruises, gets up again at the foot of the stair-case; and immediately taking to his heels, increases the number of the run-aways. This new spectre, whose clothes were huddled on in such a manner, as might fill every beholder with dread; (he appearing without his cap, which he had lost in falling; his hair so confus'd, as might put one in mind of the chaos; his bosom open, occasion'd by the starting of the pin which had kept his shirt together; his stockings about his heels; and his coat, into which he had thrust only one arm) this strange figure, -(I say,) flew between Clito and Dame Margery. When he saw our squire running, like himself; this circumstance, so far from recovering his

his spirits, strengthen'd, in his imagination, the reason why (as he supposes,) he ought still to fly.

But now the whole house is up. The horror grew so universal, that the very cats, rous'd at the uproar, and fearing for their lives, which they fancied to be in danger, (I say fancied, this being the only term I can make use of, to express the reasoning of a cat;) leap, one upon a bed; and another on a shelf, which she ascends, mew-ing horridly at the same time; whilst a third frisks about as tho' she was mad; swearing, in her way, at those who, (she takes it for granted,) have some wicked design against her. If the mice were affected this remarkable night, with what terror must they have plung'd into their inaccessible holes!

But why should I descend so very low, as to act the part of an historian to those contemptible animals the mice; when there is not a single thing, (the walls excepted) in the whole house, free from the race, which, with a kind of circular motion, lifts the feet of all dwelling here. How wild a procession was this! By this time two thirds of the servants were running up and down, as tho' they had been out of their senses; they meet as they fly; they jostle one another; and throw down chairs and tables, whose  
fall



fall increases the confusion and fear. Methinks I see some run to the garrets, where they bolt the door; when not thinking themselves safe, they fly out of the window; and wait, upon the house-top, for the event of this general desolation. Another, dragg'd along as chance carries him, hides himself in the cellar, the darkness of which increases his terror. In vain Burgundy and Champaign emit their flavour; the hapless wretch, who now has lost his smell; to guard against the evil spirits whom he wou'd fain avoid, can meet with no nobler shield than a hoghead; whose racy juice, (perhaps for the first time,) then yields in utility; and offers charms inferior to the vessel which holds it.

Why do we not still boast those polite times, when affected points and conceits were the marks of true genius! With what extasy wou'd I then cry, (on occasion of this wine,) that such as was red, grew pale with indignation, to see vile wood preferr'd to it; and that the white wine blush'd at the contempt shown it. But let us return to the confusion which still increases. Two of our personages are lodg'd, the one in the cellar, and the other in the garret; extremities to which their fear had hurried them. I pass over the fainting away of many of the domesticks, occasion'd by the fellow who  
had

had conceal'd himself behind the hoghead ; and who almost frighted to death those who were retiring thither also for shelter. I shall only add, that one body or other was perpetually running up and down the staircase ; that the floor was strew'd with night-caps, breeches, and clothes thrown off, to give the wearers an opportunity of running swifter, but without knowing whither ; that most of the candlesticks were broke ; the candles extinguish'd, and trod under-foot ; and that the whole house, for above a quarter of an hour, echo'd with sad howlings.

During this general terror, Pharsamond had left the mother of Cedalisa, (who, by her fainting away, escap'd a farther panic;) when, with his sword in one hand, and the candle in the other ; his heart sufficiently strength'd by his courage ; and divided, as it were, between the delight of sharing in an adventure, which appear'd terrible, (was he to judge from the uproar, and the dread spread universally;) our knight, (I say,) advanc'd forward, when he perceiv'd, by the light of his candle, the wrecks occasion'd by the fatal alarm. At the same time, twenty spectres appear before him, most of them in their shirts, and with that wild aspect which terror imprints. But  
now

now our renown'd chevalier, at this strange spectacle, feels his blood almost freeze in his veins. He then calls to mind a thousand stories of enchantments, read by him ; and, in a moment, his own brain suggests to him a reason for every thing he sees. 'Tis doubtless, (says he to himself,) that wicked woman, the tyrant over my Cedalifa, who calls up, from the infernal regions, so many demons to prevent my carrying off my lovely fair-one, and to put an end to my life : but in vain hell, and the united powers of Necromancy, arm themselves against me : this invincible arm shall triumph over those fable powers, and even over hell itself.

After this short reflexion, he advanc'd, in order to go up a pair of stairs which led to Cedalifa's bed-chamber ; when such of the frightened servants, as were coming down, spying a man so formidably arm'd, start back in inexpressible dread. Pharsamond, interpreting this action of theirs in his own favour, imagines that all things submit to him. Pursuing these spirits, he at last reach'd the apartment of his princess. But heavens ! what sight now blasts his eyes ! Chairs, stools, and tables turn'd topsy-turvy ; Cedalifa in the arms of Fatima, and just recover'd from a swoon, into which she wou'd have fallen again, had it not been for the presence of her



her adorable knight. Round her lay sprawling, three or four domesticks, whom fear had reduc'd to so lamentable a condition. In this bed-chamber were two or three more spectres, who flutter up and down, and run here and there, without being able to find their way out. However, Pharsamond at last drives them from thence, by whirling his sword round, when they, (by good luck) get off; and, for the greater dispatch, jump down the whole stair-case into the court-yard.

At this instant up come Clito and Dame Margery, to whom fear still added wings; this couple having continued to follow one another in surprizing order. The squire, spite of the dreadful weapon glittering in Pharsamond's hand, falls upon his knees before his master, and cries: ——— ‘ O save me from the Devil's paw !’ ——— At the word *Devil*, Pharsamond is confirm'd in his idea; when he advances towards Margery, who escapes by flying, and rolls down all the stairs, after so many who had shown her the way. ——— ‘ My most excellent master !’ (cries Clito, still holding Pharsamond by the coat,) ‘ this surely must be hell !’ ‘ Saw you not Lucifer broke loose, and running after me ? he ran like a devil as he is ; but he must certainly be lame, since he

‘ he cou’d not overtake me. For heaven’s  
‘ sake! (good Sir,) let us fly this place.’  
—— ‘ Leave me not,’ (replied Pharsamond,  
with such an air as might have inspir’d  
courage into a coward;) ‘ Leave me not,  
‘ and fear nothing.’

He then turns towards Cedalifa, when  
falling on his knees before her; —— ‘ Let  
‘ us go, (says he,) my enchanting princess;  
‘ let us leave a house, where endeavours are  
‘ us’d (tho’ in vain,) to withhold us: fol-  
‘ low me; delay not an instant; the dan-  
‘ gers may possibly increase; and, spite of  
‘ this powerful arm, my death wou’d per-  
‘ haps, be, (both to you and I,) the least  
‘ fatal accident which might befall us.’ ——  
‘ Alas! my gracious lord, (cries she,) I  
‘ abandon myself wholly to your direction.  
‘ Yes, (excellent prince!) ’tis you must  
‘ free me from this detested place. ’Tis  
‘ now I know that I was strangely mistaken,  
‘ when I imagin’d the woman, who con-  
‘ jures up all these formidable enemies a-  
‘ gainst us, to be my mother. Let us go,  
‘ Fatima,’ (says she turning, with a lan-  
guishing air, towards her waiting-woman;)  
‘ let us go, now we have an opportunity  
‘ for it, since Pharsamond’s valour triumphs  
‘ over hell.’ —— Cedalifa, having spoke  
thus, gave one hand to the chevalier; and  
extended

extended her other to Fatima, that she might support her. Clito follow'd, holding fast the lappet of the chevalier's coat. Homer himself could not have painted in due colours, the glorious ardor with which our knight march'd from the place where he then was, to the gate, the spectres still flitting about him. The terror with which Dame Margery was seiz'd, at her seeing our chevalier arm'd, had not left her, she still running about. And as all the servants were so much frightened, that they did not dare to look her in the face; they knew not one another in the confusion; and trusted only to their legs, for the saving of their lives.

The formidable conductor of Cedalisa, in the little way he had to go, met with the whole infernal posse, as he imagin'd it to be. This incident, the burlesque cause of which was not known to our princess, who on any other occasion, wou'd have been struck motionless thro' fear; made her feel, at this juncture, no other emotions than those of vanity, upon the supposition that all this was done to stop her. And in the uncertainty with regard to her birth, as well as concerning the power of the infernal being, who had arm'd all hell, to tear her from Pharsamond, and confided her to the care of a female magician, whom she fancied



to be her mother ; from all this, (I say,) our heroine madly concluded, that her birth must needs be great and marvellous. She was enraptur'd in her own mind, in reflecting on the mighty endeavours, of an unknown arm, to withhold her ; which put her upon a level with those princesses, whose history was compos'd of the most incredible events. Hence she pass'd through these terrified wretches, who were flying, with the indolent confidence of a princess of the first rank. Our chevalier, whose ideas tallied exactly with those of Cedalifa, wore such a countenance, and brandish'd his sword in so gallant a manner, as evidently shew'd, that his heroic soul disdain'd all the obstacles oppos'd to his courage. Fatima thought, (but in a confus'd manner,) that all these diabolical incantations were form'd, with no other design than to prevent Pharsamond from carrying off her mistress ; and yet, she was under some apprehensions that she herself, in case they shou'd not now be victorious, wou'd be sacrific'd to the demon, by whose black power all these enemies were rais'd. As to poor Clito, he never shew'd himself less a squire than on this occasion. This adventure was too strong for him ; and the hideous appendages which accompanied it, had weaken'd his imagination to so great  
a de-

a degree, that he, at this juncture seem'd to have no other use of his mind, than to tremble.

By this time Cedalifa, Fatima, and Clito, headed by our hardy knight, had march'd thro' the croud of spectres, and were got safe into the court-yard. Pharsamond now advanc'd towards the gate, and resolv'd to open it, but found it so already; the suppos'd devils, or spirits, having sav'd him that trouble. It happen'd that one of those, (who was the least frightened,) had so much presence of mind left, as to consider, that the safest way for him to escape the destruction with which they were all threaten'd, wou'd be, to run out of the house. After this reflexion, (the only reasonable one he was capable of making,) he open'd the gate; and then went and rambled up and down the country, God knows whither. This chance, the want of which Pharsamond had resolv'd to supply, by valour, appear'd, both to him and his Cedalifa, a visible proof, how greatly providence interest'd itself in the preservation of both their lives. This thought afterwards inflam'd his courage more; and even swell'd his vanity so high, as to make him fancy himself the most illustrious knight found in the annals of chivalry. Thus our little band, by the fa-

vour of heaven, got safe out of the house, without so much as one person's daring to oppose them: and our lovers now triumphing over all the efforts of their imaginary enemies, departed, without taking the wise precaution to provide themselves with horses; which they cou'd not but want, as it was impossible but they must be pursued. Behold them now in the open fields, escap'd from a most tragical adventure; a sad omen of the many others they wou'd meet with in the sequel. They are at liberty, indeed, and masters of their own actions; but in such a situation, as inspir'd Pharsamond with still greater and more profound love and respect. The reader is to know, that the conduct of romantic innamoratos is different from that of the rest of mankind. 'Twould now be dangerous, for a virgin to trust herself to the discretion of the humblest of her adorers. Love, (among the moderns,) is a rake, who is prompted by nothing but pleasure, and guided by the senses only; far from being supported by virtue, even in the disguise of affection.

What a strange rhapsody, (will some serious critic say,) do you give us here! your brain must certainly be much more confus'd than that of those with whose terrors you have entertain'd us. Chairs, stools, and  
tables



tables thrown down ; Dame Margery acting the mad-woman in her shift ; thirty servants making a strange hurly-burly ; running up stairs, and then rolling down them ; and all this, merely because Clito wakes, and cries, ‘ Who’s there ?’

But why should this surprize you so much, (Mr Critic ?) Had you yourself met with the like adventure, you then might have run away with a much better grace than you now criticize. You are surpriz’d that a nothing shou’d produce so mighty an effect : but don’t you know (good logician !) that *nothing* is the motive of the great changes which happen among men ? know you not that a nothing fixes and determines the mind of all sublunary mortals ; that it destroys the most strongly cemented friendships ; extinguishes the most violent love, or gives rise to it ? that a nothing exalts this man, and ruins that ? are you ignorant, (I say,) that a nothing can put an end to the most illustrious life ; that a nothing brings discredit, and alters the face of the most important affairs ? that a nothing is able to drown cities, or set them on fire ? ’tis always a nothing that begins ; the greatest nothings that follow, all which end in nothing ? know you not, (Mr Critic, since I am on this subject,) that you yourself are an errant nothing.

nothing, and that I myself am no more? that a nothing gave rise to your criticism, on occasion of a nothing, which suggested to me, all these idle whimsies.

Here are many nothings, for a true nothing. However, I must extricate myself, one way or other, from this subject; but I love to moralise, 'tis my darling passion: and, were it decent to leave my personages in the wide fields, and not assist them; I wou'd add, (in contempt of the *nothing* censur'd in my work,) that the famous trifles wherewith men are busied, and which are look'd upon as subjects the most worthy of the human mind, are perhaps, to those who view them in a proper light, but mighty nothings; more contemptible (tho' perhaps more dangerous,) than the little nothings; like to those which, at this instant, drive my pen at random over the paper. — But let us leave one nothing, and return to another. I fancy that it will not be improper for me to take some little notice of what past, after Cedalifa had been carried off; for 'twill be suppos'd, that her mother's swoon was not eternal. She recover'd from it about an hour after that our heroine, and her deliverer, had escap'd from the house; which, at this juncture, was the exact picture of those places, where a fire has fill'd every one with confusion, and thrown all things

things into disorder. We always form the truest judgment of a disaster, after 'tis past. The frightened servants were, at last, so heartily tir'd, with running up and down, that they were forc'd to stop. Dame Margery, now sprawling on the stair-case, sweat like a pig; and was amaz'd to find the house restor'd to it's usual tranquillity; if we except that, from every room issued deep sighs, vented by those who had run themselves out of breath. No one dar'd to stir yet. A candlestick, that, (by good luck,) had escap'd the common wreck, (the candle in which was still burning,) lighted with faint rays, the conclusion of this catastrophe. Every one listen'd attentively, at the least noise, in expectation of some future combustion, to deprive them of the little strength left. This common terror lasted near half an hour. The light of the surviving candle above hinted at, which stood at the top of the stair-case, shot quite to the bed-chamber of the mother of Cedalisa, who, being now recover'd out of her fit, did not yet know where she was; nor cou'd account for the late horrid adventure.

In this confusion, the lady, in a feeble, melancholy tone, squall'd out, ' Margery! — The old woman, hearing her own name, started up, and was upon the point



of beginning a-new her mad pranks. Her mistress calls again, when the old crone hears distinctly, and knows that 'tis her lady's voice. — 'I am dying,' (says Cedralisa's mother;) 'I don't know where I am; for heaven's sake come to my assistance!' — 'Ah! my good lady, (replied Margery,) I dare not stir for the world. I believe that I am dead; or if I am not, I doubtless shall die by the way, shou'd I attempt to go to you. Pray therefore, (good Madam,) come to me.' — 'Alas! (said her mistress;) let some one bring me a light.' — This parley lessen'd the fear of the other servants, dispers'd up and down. — What voice is that? (says a lubberly clown, who, (this fatal night,) had labour'd as much as his oxen.) — Another hearing these words, utters some more that were scarce articulate. They now all hear one another's voices; they ask, and reply in so confus'd a manner, that the mistress, who was still calling for a light, cou'd not be heard. At last, they grew a little bolder; when one creeps nearer to the candle; another treads as gently on tiptoe, as if he was walking upon eggs; a third, (yet bolder,) gets upon his feet; advances a few steps, still all over in a tremor; and, like those who enquire the watch-word, examines

examines the voice of every one he hears speak, in order to know whether he may venture to advance forward. At last, he comes up to the candle, when he perceives Dame Margery, lying, round as a ball, on the floor. He started back, but Margery recovers him. — ‘ ’Tis I, George, (cries she.)’ — ‘ I really took you, (says he very naturally,) for Satan.’ — ‘ No, no, my good boy, (says she,) my name is Margaret, God help me.’ — ‘ Amen, (replies he ;) Is all the danger over ?’ — ‘ Thank God, (replies she,) the uproar is ceas’d at last. Take the candle, (my dear lad,) and carry it to our lady, for she is frighted out of her seven senses.’ — ‘ Good ! (replied the terrified clown ;) shou’d she be dead, I myself shall die with fear.’ — ‘ O ! no (says Margery,) she just now spake to me.’ — ‘ How are you sure of that ? (said the peasant ;) ’Twas perhaps, the voice of the devil, who may be resolv’d to break our necks.’ — ‘ No, no, my boy,’ (said Dame Margery, whose crabbed temper was, at this time, greatly soften’d by dread ;) ‘ and you yourself shall have a proof of what I say. — Is it really you, my lady, (says she to Cerdalifa’s mother,) who spoke just now ?’ — ‘ We were afraid ’twas Lucifer.’ — ‘ Come

' hither to me, (my good children, says  
 ' the mistress in the kindest tone ;) 'tis I  
 ' myself.' The clown, after this affirma-  
 tion, help'd up Margery, who wrapp'd her-  
 self, as well as she cou'd in her clothes,  
 (compos'd only of her shift;) for fear of  
 shocking the modesty of honest George,  
 who, had he not been so us'd to see the old  
 hag, must have suppos'd her to be an anti-  
 quated, female spectre. They then took a  
 candle, and came together into the bed-  
 chamber of their mistress, who look'd pale  
 as a corps. She now calls for a night-gown ;  
 gets up, and, looking round, cries : —  
 ' Good Heaven ! what can all this mean ?  
 ' where's my daughter ?' ——— ' She, (re-  
 ' plied the clown,) is where the Devil may  
 ' have put her, for I have not once set eyes  
 ' upon my young mistress.' ——— ' My  
 ' lady ! (cries Dame Margery,) what was  
 ' the meaning of the strange things we have  
 ' seen ?' — The mistress, after this exclama-  
 tion, begins to question them all ; when they  
 paint the scene describ'd above, in the most  
 horrid colours. They declare, that they had  
 heard frightful howlings, with the rattling of  
 chains ; and seen spirits (which they describ'd)  
 who pursued and beat them. Dame Marge-  
 ry, to prove the truth of her assertions,  
 stretches forth her shrivell'd arm ; the flesh  
 (if



(if it may be so call'd) of which, was black and blue with the blows that Clito had given her. The rustic shows her his head full of bumps; not knowing that these were occasion'd by his running it full butt, a multitude of times, against the walls.

And now the rest of the servants, hearing Dame Margery was up, came, (still quaking,) to tell their respective tales, which increas'd the horror. They flock'd in so fast, that the bed-chamber was presently full. Here were seen little girls, young women, cowherds, ploughmen; for the house was large, and the estate lying round it considerable; so that Cedalifa's mother was oblig'd to keep a vast number of servants. The confusion of Babel was not greater than that seen and heard here. As all were frightened, each told a different story, in proportion to the strength or weakness of his or her intellects. They chatter'd together, without perceiving that they cou'd not hear one another speak. 'Tis said, that the relation of past misfortunes gives pleasure. The people in question verify the proverb; they taking such prodigious delight in talking, that not one of them observ'd, that the only candle they had burning, was almost extinguish'd. The old lady was going to dispatch three or four servants; or else to set

out, with them all, in order to seek after our fugitive princess; when the candle going out on a sudden, the whole company were again seiz'd with such a terror, as depriv'd them of motion till day-break. They now spend three or four hours, all lying higgledy piggledy, in this bed-chamber. There I shall leave them, gasping for breath like persons troubled with an asthma; imploring heaven for the return of day-light, as this only cou'd remove their dread; proving to the old lady the flight of the princess her daughter; and, at last, demonstrating to her the true cause of all the confusion of the preceding night; by informing her of the arrival of our rambles at her house; the very kind reception they had met with from her daughter; and thence making her conclude, that Cedalisia must have fled with Pharsamond. — Let us now return to our innamoratos. All things conspir'd to favour their flight; the panic fear rais'd by Clito; and the sudden extinction of the candle, which had oblig'd all the servants to stay in their mistress's bed-chamber.

By this means they had an opportunity of getting off, and securing themselves from the pursuit of a formidable posse. When Pharsamond and Cedalisia found themselves  
in

in the open fields, and took notice of their being on foot, our knight was half resolv'd to return back to the female forcerer's, in order to get, out of her stable, the horses they wanted ; but Cedalisa and Fatima dissuaded him from this attempt, which, indeed would have been as unsuccessful as the former. But the most urgent with him was Clito, who had not yet dar'd to let go the lappet of his master's coat, and was continually crying out : — ‘ Whither, my lord, are you going ?’ — For it may be proper to observe, by the way, that the imaginary danger from which Clito thought his master's valour had freed him ; the idea of the devils, whom he fancied had run after him ; and which he saw fly, by the glittering of Pharsamond's sword ; I must observe, (I say,) that these several particulars, had work'd more powerfully on the squire's brain, than any reflexions arising from his study of romances. That, on this occasion, he had discover'd an unfeigned respect for Pharsamond, as well as for the profession which both himself and his master follow'd ; Clito, concluding, that he ought to rely much more on things to which he himself had been an eye-witness, than on such particulars as he had read concerning the most renown'd knight-errants. Hence the title of

*Lord,*



*Lord*, which he then bestow'd on Pharsamond, (contrary to his usual custom) was owing to the sudden effect which the late adventure had produc'd in his mind. —

‘ Whither are you going, my lord, (said the squire;) do not exasperate the devil. Look ye now; we stand in great need of your assistance; and shou’d we lose sight of you but a moment, I wou’d not give a half-penny, either for my own life, for Fatima’s, or that of the princess. Who knows whether the devil is not this instant at our elbow? ’tis he who may suggest that wicked design, to have the better opportunity of swallowing us up. Now should you be absent, ’twould be to no purpose for us to cry out murther; he’d certainly devour us all, snapping up our heads first. Be therefore so good, (my lord,) as to pity your faithful squire, who vows to close your eyes, shou’d you happen to die before him. Have mercy on Fatima, who is as good as myself; and of princess Cedalifa, who is better.’ This discourse, (the turn whereof excepted being of the rustic cast,) was utter’d in so persuasive a strain, that it might justly be call’d beautiful, pathetic, and worthy the squire of the illustrious Pharsamond, who never had been more highly delighted with himself

self than at this juncture ; the lovely Ceda-  
lisa, adding as follows. — ‘ Take care,  
‘ my dear, dear lord, not to expose your-  
‘ self any more to so sinister an adventure.  
‘ Gods ! my Pharsamond wou’d lose his  
‘ precious life ! can there be a more shock-  
‘ ing thought ! ’Tis true that I cannot tra-  
‘ vel far on foot ; but then am I the first  
‘ princess who has met with difficulties ?  
‘ Be assur’d, my lord, that our present ca-  
‘ lamity is an indication of the happiness  
‘ which must infallibly await us, after we  
‘ shall have discover’d our true parents.  
‘ In the mean time, let us endeavour to ex-  
‘ tricate ourselves, in the best manner we  
‘ can, from our present dilemma.’

‘ My will, bright princess, (replied the  
‘ chevalier,) shall ever be obedient to your’s.  
‘ You are the monarch of my heart ; and  
‘ since you desire me not to go back, I’ll  
‘ comply with your request. Let us there-  
‘ fore, as you observe, endeavour to reme-  
‘ dy the present evil.’ — Upon this Ce-  
dalisa, by the aid of Pharsamond, who  
stretch’d forth his hand to her, sat down on  
a verdant turf, (which, as the moon shone  
bright,) look’d beautiful. The knight then  
seated himself by her. Fatima went a little  
farther, and plac’d herself at her mistress’s  
right hand ; and, as to Clito, who acted  
the

the part of a shadow, to his master, he squatted down close by him ; begging pardon for his not going farther off.

The company being seated, they began to consult what measures they should take.

—— Wou'd one not conclude, (will my critic say,) that we see here the assembly of the Areopagus, going to sit in judgment on some mighty affair ? that we behold the council of king Priam, during the siege of Troy ? at least, Telemachus relating his adventures, to Calypso and her nymphs ?

—— I am overjoy'd, (good Mr Critic) that this session, held on the grass, by our four personages, shou'd bring to your mind Troy, Priam, the Areopagus, and Telemachus. I, indeed, did not expect such illustrious comparisons. However, to proceed: Pharsamond open'd the conference ; but scarce had he utter'd three or four words, when Clito, eager to pronounce his opinion, interrupted him suddenly, and gave the judicious advice following. ——— ‘ My lord,

‘ and you, great princess, who listen to me ;  
 ‘ I return you all possible thanks for the attention you bestow ; I never dreaming that  
 ‘ I should have had such noble hearers.  
 ‘ And, (now I think on't,) it may be proper to introduce here a certain old proverb,  
 ‘ which I learnt from an old uncle of mine ;  
 ‘ I say



' I say old, for I believe he was as old as  
 ' his proverb, it being of his invention.  
 ' The proverb is this, *Who sees great things,*  
 ' *great things will come unto him.* Had  
 ' I continued to live among our oxen and  
 ' our poultry, I shou'd never have haran-  
 ' gued any where except in the yard, or in  
 ' the stable. Now, to come to the clearing  
 ' up of our doubts ; is there any need of  
 ' our sitting down, with so much ceremony,  
 ' on the grass, to catch a violent cold (by  
 ' which the devil wou'd be sufficiently re-  
 ' veng'd,) only to debate how we may get  
 ' horses? The time we lose, is not employ'd  
 ' by us. Perhaps the whole crew of infer-  
 ' nal spirits may be at our heels, should they  
 ' happen to have gone this way. Now you  
 ' know that devils are very nimble-footed,  
 ' and we are heartily tir'd. We then shou'd  
 ' be in a fine pickle. In my opinion there-  
 ' fore, the first thing we ought to do,  
 ' wou'd be, to fly from this place ; and to  
 ' reflect, as we go along, on the best me-  
 ' thod of procuring ourselves horses : for,  
 ' when all comes to all, the princess had  
 ' better tear her legs among brambles and  
 ' briars, than fall into the clutches of the  
 ' devil, who bears a mortal spite, both to  
 ' her and to you. Then wou'd our princess  
 ' wish, in sad leisure, that she had been  
 ' dragg'd

‘ dragg’d through thorns. Besides, we  
‘ shou’d all be taken for so many sheep;  
‘ but I, (body of me!) am resolv’d that  
‘ my legs shall save my life, even tho’ they  
‘ were to fall from my body like a pair of  
‘ crutches. Let me therefore prevail with  
‘ you, (august princess, and you our mag-  
‘ nanimous deliverer!) to leave this spot.  
‘ ’Twould be to no purpose for us to get  
‘ horses, when we should not have an op-  
‘ portunity of travelling; for this wou’d  
‘ be what is call’d, after meat mustard.  
‘ However, stop one moment, for, accor-  
‘ ding to the common saying, when we run  
‘ we go; a flowing stream does not stand  
‘ still; one nail drives out another; and  
‘ this is all, and therefore - - - An excellent  
‘ thought is now come into my head, which,  
‘ if Lucifer does not interfere, may extricate  
‘ us. Let us e’en walk to the first farm,  
‘ or other house, we may meet with; but  
‘ then, in walking, let us mend our pace;  
‘ and when we shall have reach’d the farm-  
‘ house I am speaking of, we shan’t be here.  
‘ Above all, offer not to interrupt me, for  
‘ I don’t know where I am. My great ge-  
‘ nius and capacity make me lose myself. —  
‘ But now I have it. When we shall have  
‘ got thither, we’ll ask to buy a few horses;  
‘ for country people have always some  
‘ hackney

‘hackney jade or other which they want to  
‘dispose of; and this wou’d be all we  
‘should want, to get at a distance from this  
‘place.’

Tho’ Pharsamond was quite impatient to  
have his squire come to a conclusion, he yet  
thought the advice he gave rational enough.  
He then ask’d Cedalifa her opinion; and,  
she did not object to a single article in Clito’s  
harangue. — ‘Faith and troth!’ (cried  
Clito, proud of his having hit upon an ex-  
pedient by which they might get away;)  
‘I know some men, belonging to our lord  
‘of the manor’s court, who ought not to be  
‘nam’d on the same day with me. I certain-  
‘ly was sent into the world to wear a square  
‘\* cap; a cap with four corners or horns;  
‘I mean horns of consequence, not such as  
‘sprout on the foreheads of husbands; for  
‘it requires no great learning to procure  
‘such.’

Whilst that Clito display’d, in this manner,  
the glee of his heart; and that, (like per-  
sons escap’d from a shipwreck, who enjoy  
at ease the pleasure of seeing themselves se-

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\* Divines, Lawyers, &c. in France, wear such. —  
As this turns on a pun, in the original, it loses greatly  
in English.



cure from the fury of the waves,) his tongue ran on with surprizing volubility; owing to the exquisite pleasure he felt, at having sav'd his life; Pharsamond and Cedalisa were got upon their legs, and determin'd to strike into the least rugged path. They now had taken their resolution, and were set out. Cedalisa walk'd between her lover and Fatima, who supported her; whilst that Clito jogg'd on, for some moments, by his master.

But after he had walk'd a little way, he recollected that he had been wanting in good manners, in not giving his arm to Fatima: and this was the first time he was sorry for his having forgot a ceremony, unworthy a man who profess'd himself the companion of the greatest knight in the universe. After making this reflexion, he slipt away from Pharsamond's side; and gliding along, goes softly, and places himself on one side of his beloved Fatima. At his first coming up, he addressess her with an air half rustic, half polite. ——— ‘ Pardon me, beauteous Fatima, (says he,) for letting you walk alone, as tho' you had the itch; but the reason is, I did not imagine that, on this occasion, when you and I, my lord and the princess were together, it was necessary for - - - (You know what I hint at, better

‘ better than I do myself;) I mean, I  
 ‘ thought it proper, that each of us shou’d  
 ‘ accompany our superior, and therefore  
 ‘ be so good as to excuse me. But now I  
 ‘ think otherwise, I perceiving that my  
 ‘ lord does not want me. I was quite tir’d  
 ‘ with ambling by his side, so that you’ll  
 ‘ be so kind as to let me chat a little with  
 ‘ you. I have something of the magpye in  
 ‘ me; women are quite such; and if we  
 ‘ begin to tattle, my word for it, we shall  
 ‘ play our parts to as much advantage, as  
 ‘ we shou’d at supper, were we hungry.’

—At this motley speech, (I mean this compound of romantic and clownish waggery,) our charming Abigail thought she must answer her lover in the same strain.—‘ I really  
 ‘ know not (says she) my lord, what to  
 ‘ think of your indifference. We have been  
 ‘ travelling near an hour, without your  
 ‘ once giving yourself the trouble to come  
 ‘ near me. I was angry; and am resolv’d  
 ‘ to make you pay for the hour which you  
 ‘ neglected to spend with me. In the mean  
 ‘ time, let us converse together. This  
 ‘ will be a pleasure to me, and I promise  
 ‘ not to do you the hurt I might.’

The reader will no doubt wonder at the discourse which I put into the mouths of our two subaltern characters. Cedalifa (will he say,) is

is between Pharsamond and Fatima; how then can the latter, without the greatest breach of the respect she owes to her mistress, talk like a parrot, with a man as fond of chattering as herself; and whose voice, (suited to his character,) was none of the softest?

To this I answer; or rather, I answer nothing at all, the question not deserving any. Is it not possible for two persons to converse together at this distance? Cedralisa's head was turn'd to Pharsamond, she being engag'd in a separate conversation with him; during which Clito and Fatima talk'd over matters, in a soft tone. I refer those who may think this impossible, to experience. Nothing appears to me easier, and I see it as clear as the sun.

To return to our characters, who, by this time, had travell'd about two hours. Already Cedralisa, like a princess whom kindness has spoilt, and who has just broke loose, discovers, by wry faces, that she is scarce able to go a step farther. On this occasion Pharsamond inveigh'd against the cruelty of fate, which never fails to chequer the lives of the most illustrious heroines. — Heavens! (cried he, nobly touch'd at Cedralisa's being tir'd;) 'must the greatest personages be ever doom'd to the most calamitous



‘ mitous disasters! Know, enchanting prin-  
 ‘ cefs! that almost all the ladies of your  
 ‘ rank, have met with reverses like to those  
 ‘ you are now curs’d with; but then their  
 ‘ courage surmounted every one of them.  
 ‘ Surpass them in that virtue which made  
 ‘ them triumph; as you excell them, by the  
 ‘ splendor of your birth, and by the novel-  
 ‘ ty of the adventures which seem insepa-  
 ‘ rable from your life.’

After advancing a little more, they per-  
 ceiv’d, by the light of the moon, a pretty  
 large house, in some of the rooms whereof  
 there seem’d to be a candle. Our travellers  
 now make all the haste they can towards it.  
 — ‘ Come on, my dearest heroine, (cried  
 ‘ Pharsamond :) Heaven smiles, so let us  
 ‘ proceed.’ At last they got to the house.

At their entring the court-yard, their  
 ears are agreeably struck with the sound of  
 many musical Instruments. The kitchens  
 are fill’d with cooks, who get ready the  
 most excellent viands; whilst other servants  
 carry dishes backward and forward. Every  
 thing is expressive of joy; nothing is heard  
 except loud laughs, and the voices of men  
 who are singing, eating, or drinking; in  
 short, plung’d in diversions. In a large  
 room below, peasants of both sexes were  
 dancing to a bag-pipe. Pharsamond and  
 Cedalisa

Cedalisa stop a few moments, in the courtyard, to listen to the noise, in order to find, (if possible) the occasion of it. Clito seems as newly risen from the dead.—‘ This was all  
‘ I wanted (says he, turning to Fatima,)  
‘ to recover me entirely. ’Tis certain that  
‘ Satan has now left us. Let us go forward ;  
‘ and, (by the by) ponder well the title I  
‘ bestow upon you. Remember what you  
‘ and I agreed upon.’

Pharsamond observ’d to Cedalisa, that it wou’d be proper to enquire where they were ; for which purpose he call’d Clito, who, being now more alive, than he had been frightened before, goes forward, and desires to know what his master wanted. —

‘ Go,’ (cries the latter, in a serious tone of voice, different from that in which he usually spake ;) ‘ Go to those people ; and desire them to acquaint their master, that we  
‘ want to exchange a word with him.’

Pharsamond had scarce issued his command, but Clito was got half way, he flying rather than going on his feet. The smell of the meat is a bait that drags him forward ; and the universal joy which reigns in this house, fills his soul with the more exquisite mirth, as it trod so close on the heels of the most melancholy incident. He now runs into the kitchen ; when those who  
perceiv’d

perceiv'd him, surpriz'd at seeing a strange face, ask what he wants. — 'Heavens pre-  
 'serve you all!' (says he, taking off his hat from his bald pate;) 'This (my good  
 'gentlemen,) seems to be the land of plenty.  
 'Swains you have more victuals, than wou'd  
 'suffice to fatten a whole village. Yet this  
 'is not what I wou'd say; but (faith and  
 'troth,) we always love to talk of what  
 'we see, and still more of what we feel.  
 'D'yese now, yon partridges look deli-  
 'ciously; and I am come here, to desire  
 'you to beg your master to let me have  
 'some of them - - - But, no, no; that's  
 'not the thing neither. Deuce take me,  
 'for I am always blundering. The kitchen,  
 'indeed, was not made for haranguing,  
 'and I cou'd employ my teeth much better  
 'than my tongue. But pardon me, if I  
 'can't speak as well as I eat. You under-  
 'stand me. You have good sense, and  
 'good victuals, and I a good stomach; and  
 'this comes as naturally as a sole to a shoe.  
 'Now I wou'd pray you.' — 'Oons!  
 'you may pray all night, but we have  
 'something else to do than to listen to you;  
 (says a short squat cook, who was rolling  
 the leg of a turkey in some high-flavour'd  
 sauce, and thrusting it into his mouth;)  
 'set down in yon corner. We'll give you

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‘ the remains of a fricassée of chickens,  
 ‘ with your skin full of wine; and then  
 ‘ you’ll pray us with a much better heart.’  
 — ‘ Body of me! (said the squire,) good  
 ‘ Mr Cook or scullion, (which soever you  
 ‘ please) the music of your tongue, is  
 ‘ sweeter than that of your jack.’

Clito was going to say much more; and perhaps he, (allur’d by the fricassée,) might have forgot to return to his master, who waited for him with the utmost impatience in the court-yard; had not the words *cook or scullion*, which Clito confounded, fir’d the cook, who, sitting on a table, took (with his five fingers) three or four hogs puddings out of a dish, standing half a yard from him. Observing the little difference which Clito made between him, and a scullion, he stopp’d, and fix’d his eyes upon him; holding in his hand four puddings, which he was going to carry to his mouth; the two extremities whereof, (the ears,) shone with grease: — ‘ Harkee, (cries he, cocking his cap, and putting one of his arms a kimbow; not observing that the hogs puddings which he held with the other hand, were trickling all over him:)—  
 ‘ Harkee, (says he,) thou calf or ass (it matters little which;) where didst thou ever  
 ‘ hear that cook and scullion are the same?  
 ‘ — D’ye

‘ — D’ye you know, (Mr Horfe,) that I  
 ‘ fhall bring the curry-comb to you?’ —  
 ‘ Odsfackins!’ (replied Clito, who now af-  
 fected the foftest tone, for fear left he, by  
 exasperating the cook, fhould lofe the wine  
 and the fricaffee of chickens;) — ‘ When I fay  
 ‘ fcullion, I have my meaning. Why lookee,  
 ‘ (my good friend;) I call’d you fo, (d’ye  
 ‘ fee,) becaufe you boil the great pot\*.  
 ‘ I am not as foolifh as I am fat. I know  
 ‘ what good victuals are, and the honour  
 ‘ due to thofe who drefs them. Long live  
 ‘ cooks (fay I,) and heavens blefs their chil-  
 ‘ dren. Was I a king, I wou’d get them  
 ‘ all wives, for fear they fhould die with-  
 ‘ out iffue. Scullions are pretty turn-fpits  
 ‘ indeed, to pretend to a comparifon with  
 ‘ cooks.’ — At this imprudent word *turn-  
 fpits*, up started two or three pot-fkimmers,  
 whose heads were heated by wine and the  
 fire: — ‘ Who can that fcountrel mean?  
 ‘ (cried they;) Oons! let us boil him in  
 ‘ the cauldron.’ — ‘ How!’ (cried Clito;  
 vex’d to the foul to find fate take up arms

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\* *The pleafantry of the pun here, (marmite and mar-  
 miton) is loft in the Englifh. ’Tis in the origi-  
 nal, Quand je dis marmite, c’eft à caufe de la mar-  
 mitte que vous faites bouillir.*

against him, in order to sever him from the fricassée ;) ‘ Rather leave me as I am ;  
 ‘ for I am good for nothing, either boil’d,  
 ‘ roasted, or stew’d.’ — ‘ And so (fellow)  
 ‘ you laugh at turn-spits,’ (cries one of them, coming up to him ;) ‘ You deserve  
 ‘ to be well drubb’d with the skimmer.’ — Blood ! (gentlemen, cried Clito,) not a little offended that his excuses shou’d be so ill receiv’d ; and encourag’d by the nearness of his master, (who he knew very well wou’d come to his assistance ;) ‘ How ! for  
 ‘ a tiny word that happen’d to slip my  
 ‘ tongue, shall you make as loud a noise as  
 ‘ a gun that bursts ? What wou’d you have  
 ‘ said, had I call’d you dish-washers ? for  
 ‘ every one knows that you are such. But  
 ‘ (thunders !) when folks like you get to  
 ‘ live upon the fat of the land, you are as  
 ‘ haughty as Lucifer. Set a beggar on horse-  
 ‘ back, and he’ll ride a gallop. Marry  
 ‘ come up ! because you are surrounded  
 ‘ with partridges and other kickshaws, you  
 ‘ are as proud as you are dirty. Why look  
 ‘ you now : your aprons are made of rags,  
 ‘ and stiff as horns with fat. Only smell to  
 ‘ them, whenever you happen to forget  
 ‘ your true name.’

Clito had scarce ended these fiery words, when one of the scullions, taking a dish-clout from



from under his arm, gave the squire a most violent wipe on the nose with it, and then spake thus : — ‘ Now call me by my name, ‘ thou jack-ass !’ — At this insult, (for which Clito’s fond expectation of meeting with tid-bits and wine, tho’ he lov’d both dearly, cou’d not compensate ;) immediately his cheeks grew red as scarlet : — ‘ Do you bear witness, (says he to the cook,) ‘ how that scoundrel there struck me. ’Tis ‘ your business, (good Mr Cook,) to take ‘ my part, since I engag’d in this quarrel ‘ for your honour and glory ; and, (let me ‘ tell you,) shou’d he be saucy again, I’ll ‘ run my fist into his chops.’ — The Cook thinking himself insulted, by the scullion’s saucy reproof of Clito, on account of the distinction which the latter had made, between a cook and a scullion, cry’d : — ‘ Why ‘ d’ye strike the honest fellow ? let him ‘ alone ; or know that I’ll side with him.’ — ‘ An excellent thought ! (replied the ‘ squire ;) and before you put it in execu- ‘ tion, I’ll give him a Rowland for his Oli- ‘ ver.’ — Do if you dare (answer’d the scullion). — ‘ O ! by my troth, (said the ‘ squire,) my courage is no less stout than ‘ my appetite ; and so take that.’ — The scullion, upon receiving a mighty blow, flew instantly at the squire, when Clito

C 3

roar’d

roar'd out for help. — ' For God's sake, ' (says he,) good Mr Cook, defend those ' who fight for you ! ' — There was no need of exciting the cook ; the reprimand he had made to the scullion, (which this latter had disregarded,) were motives sufficient to rouse his soul, already heated by wine and the fire ; when he started from a table he was sitting upon ; and threw, in the scullion's face, the carcase of a fowl he had taken up a moment before. The scullion, at this rough attack, call'd So ho ! Will, Peter, Jack, Tom. — Those fellows flock'd round him at his call, whilst the servants of the house reforc'd the cook : for I am to observe, that all the festivity in this house was caus'd by a wedding ; and that the cook had hir'd several of the same profession with himself, as also scullions, &c. to assist him on this occasion.

Thus a mighty war is lighted up in the kitchen. The weapons employ'd, were pokers, shovels, dripping-pans, and such like. The field of battle, tho' pretty spacious, cou'd not hold above a dozen of the combatants. Already the vigour of the fight is manifested, by the great number of bumps and bruises rising on the heads of the contending parties ; blood was

was seen trickling, from the nose or mouth of every one; prodigious was the tinkling of arms; chairs, stools, and tables, strew the ground; and the soot which kettles, frying-pans, &c. catch in the chimney, makes black-a-moors of all who are struck with them.

What pen cou'd describe the howlings, and drunken cries of our black-guard? In this battle, every thing that first comes to hand is made a weapon. Plates, dishes, bottles; and even the generous liquor they contain, are now the object of their fury. Whole chickens, half-eaten hares, and all the rest of the cates that had been brought back into the kitchen, serve as offensive arms and fly about like hail. Here we see one fellow, who quarrelling about a dish which held a fricassée, (in order to throw it at another person's head;) both dip their fingers into the sauce, and afterwards smear their respective faces with it; during which two others, who are fallen down, roll themselves in a dripping-pan full of fat.

By this time the noise and distraction were vastly increas'd. Those who had been the greatest sufferers in the battle, break into piercing cries, which echo to the hall, where the company were dancing to the sound of



the bag-pipe. Pharfamond, Cedalisa, and Fatima, quite impatient at Clito's long stay, and hearing a furious din ; come up at the very instant that the jovial crew of dancers, were likewise advancing to enquire into the cause of all this hubbub, and the lamentations they heard. Pharfamond marches forward first ; when entering the kitchen, he calls *Clito*, with a powerful voice : but alas ? the poor fellow was scarce able to answer him ; he lying under two enemies, who force him to squeeze his face, not against the dust, but against a large tart, which, on another occasion, he had thought himself infinitely happy to have fed upon, bit by bit. At the same time Pharfamond himself is struck with a whole partridge, which chance had directed to him ; is struck (I say,) directly in the pit of the stomach ; when he starts back, irresolute how he ought to act on this occasion. On one hand, his squire is abus'd, it is incumbent upon him to defend him. On the other hand, in what manner does it become the illustrious Pharfamond to behave, among combatants whose only arms are kitchen utensils ? However, he takes his resolution at once. He now draws his formidable sword, and roars out in an imperious tone : — ‘ Vile scoundrels !  
‘ I’ll strike you all to earth, if you don’t  
‘ instantly

'instantly release my squire.' — Those who stood nearest the door, seeing the glitter of his murdering instrument, rush out, and fly as far from him as they can; they fearing for their lives, and imagining that Pharsamond is but the hundredth trooper who will immediately rush in. This first instance of cowardice, which our doughty chevalier naturally expected, fortifies him in the resolution of repelling the rest of his foes in the same manner. And now going up to those who held Clito, he strikes them, but not with the edge of his sword. The disparity of the weapons soon frightens the latter at first; but the imminent danger they were in, calls up all their courage. Hereupon they leave the squire, and fall upon the knight, just as he was sheathing his weapon; when some catch hold of his legs, and others of his arms. At last our knight falls, but so as to revenge his honour; for all his enemies fall with him, and in such a manner, that Pharsamond held two fellows under him, he still grasping his sword. Nevertheless our chevalier refuses, like a generous enemy, to employ it against those whom he, with the greatest ease, cou'd have sacrific'd to his offended glory.

But those two black-guards, little affected with the generous treatment which their comrades met with from the chevalier, arm themselves; the one with a skillet, and the other with a skimmer; when they flourish their noble weapons over the knight's shoulders, which echo with the mighty bangs. Gods! who cou'd ever have dreamt that these shoulders, fram'd by nature for no other wounds than those of the sword or scimitar, shou'd be shamefully profan'd by bruises of so ignominious a kind! O times! O manners! In former ages, such a catastrophe wou'd have been follow'd by the slaughter of the whole kitchen-tribe. The knight-errants, justly enrag'd at this horrid insult, had extirpated the cooks, the scullions, their sons, their nephews, wives, fathers, mothers, grand-fathers, nay their whole race; and, perhaps, commanded mankind to let that species of people be annihilated. Alas! these noble ages are no more. But the blows given to Pharsamond, are not the only shocking outrage committed by these wretches. O fun! 'tis now that the horrors I am going to relate, wou'd have made thee, once again, stand still.

Cedalisa and Fatima, whilst Pharsamond march'd into the kitchen, had waited at the door.



door. The instant that our heroine saw these filthy creatures attack even Pharsamond, she was so exasperated at the insult put upon him, that forgetting the attention and respect she ow'd to her own person ; she resolv'd to fly and deliver him, but was hinder'd by Fatima. — ‘ What are you  
 ‘ going to do, Madam ? (cries Mrs Abigail) Do you consider who you are ?  
 ‘ What will future ages say, shou'd it  
 ‘ ever be read in history, that a princess,  
 ‘ illustrious as Cedalisa, had mix'd with a  
 ‘ mob of wretches ; among men who, in  
 ‘ comparision of yourself, are mere insects ; creatures whom you at a proper  
 ‘ season, cou'd annihilate with a single  
 ‘ word ?’ — These remonstrances check'd a little the imprudent impetuosity of the princess. But when skillets and skimmers began to annoy the noble shoulders of Pharsamond, her heart felt a kind of twitch ; when, fir'd by a rash animosity, and deaf to the representations of Fatima, she burst from her arms ; and, with tears in her eyes, and as one in despair, rush'd into the midst of this scum of the populace, whom she address'd in manner following : — ‘ Wretches !  
 ‘ what are you about ? How dare you  
 ‘ take up arms against a hero, whom  
 C 6                      ‘ monarchs

'monarchs themselves revere? Hold, vil-  
 'lains! or you'll repent the execrable  
 'deed.' ——— But cou'd it be expected,  
 that such an harangue wou'd have any  
 effect on men, who had dar'd to op-  
 pose a sword? In the mean time Clito,  
 (who during the heat of the battle, sees  
 and hears his princess,) cries: — 'For  
 'God's sake (Madam), take to your  
 'heels; otherwise expect some confounded  
 'wipe, over the face, with a skimmer.  
 'Oons! retire, I say.' — After these  
 words, his anger increas'd; when the  
 princess plunging among the thickest of  
 the combatants, Pharsamond endeavour'd  
 to shield her from the weapons lifted up  
 against her. This fir'd still more the  
 indignation of our knight, who now be-  
 gan to have a proper relish for fight-  
 ing; imagining that he should come off  
 for only a few bruises, which wou'd no  
 ways endanger his life. Finding his shoul-  
 ders still expos'd to the skimmer, he  
 started up, in order to take vengeance on  
 those who made so free with his carcase;  
 when the two scullions, who had laid  
 under him, rose likewise. During the  
 squabble, the princess was so unfortunate,  
 as to receive a most furious blow with  
 a clinch'd fist, just in the nape of the  
 neck,

neck, which caus'd her to faint away. 'Twas now that Pharsamond, (more than a mortal man,) perform'd feats, which it wou'd be impossible for the finest pen to describe. — Rage and despair are lighted up in his countenance, when he lays about him, both on the right and left; but alas! the point of his sword was blunted, and so cou'd not second the noble efforts of his valour.

The necessity I was under of following Pharsamond in the battle, made me omit taking notice of four dirty fellows who were fighting, two and two, in a corner of the kitchen. One pair declar'd in favour of the cook, (who was at their head;) whilst the other two oppos'd him. The partizans of the cook got the better, upon which the latter spoke as follows: — ‘ You scoundrel rascals!’ (says he, in a croaking voice,) ‘ Shall you presume to attack a master-cook? but I'll teach you better manners; and show you the respect due to me.’ — These last words were not suffer'd to pass unanswer'd. — ‘ I am a better cook than thou,’ (says he,) thrusting his foot into his back-side; ‘ And I'll lay thee any wager, (sowre-fac'd ass!) that thou art not able to  
‘ tofs



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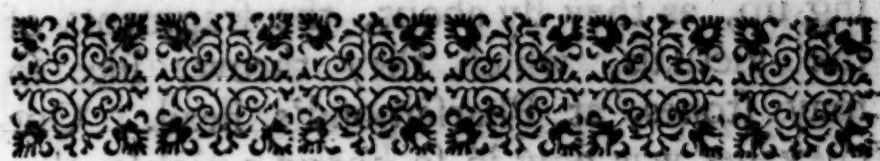
‘toss up a fricaffee.’ — ‘Here,’  
(said the cook, flinging a porringer of  
melted butter in his face,) ‘Here’s the  
‘sauc; if it is not strong enough, I’ll  
‘give you as much more.’

The remaining part of this battle will be  
related in the following part.

*The end of the sixth P A R T.*



P H A R



# PHARSAMOND.

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## PART VII.

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**W**HILEST that this second quarrel was carrying on in the kitchen, Pharsamond, who by this time had got again upon his legs, terrifies his enemies; and to complete his victory, puts them to flight. The deplorable condition of his enchanting Cedalis, makes him forget the vast inferiority of his opponents, whom he resolves to sacrifice to his dire vengeance. They, to escape his murdering sword, (as they imagin'd it to

to be, not knowing that it was pointless,) scamper up and down the kitchen; snatching up, as they fly about, the fragments of the victuals, which they throw, like so many stones, at Pharsamond's head. Our chevalier was now in so horrid a pickle, that it wou'd have been impossible for his uncle to have known him. The filthy hands of the scullions had impress'd, all over his face, colours taken from the bottom of caldrons; as tho' the god, (in case there be such an one) who presides over romances, to save the illustrious Pharsamond from the confusion of combating against such enemies, had resolv'd to make him, for some little time, resemble those dirty wretches; to put him upon a sort of level with the opponents; and to prevent his being known by those who should look at him. At last the scullions are worsted, and endeavour to escape his rage. They retire in the utmost confusion, and fly up the stair-case leading to the parlour. Pharsamond, rous'd to greater fury than a lion, runs after them, holding his trusty sword in one hand, and a dripping-pan in the other; which he had snatch'd up, in order to employ it as a shield, against the roasted fowls, and such like, which flew about like hail. These filthy varlets imagining, by the  
the



the dreadful air with which Pharsamond pursued them, that they wou'd certainly be butcher'd; and being now seiz'd with a panic, they burst into the room where their superiours were feasting. The company was very numerous; all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with their wives, being invited on this occasion. Dinner was over; every gentleman was singing his song; and speaking, with his eyes, to that fair-one whom wine, caprice, or inclination, painted, as most beautiful, in his imagination.

But now these noisy wretches fill the whole company with alarms. Each of them turns back his head, at hearing the din; when, like to those whom Medusa's head rendred motionless, one holds a glass of wine he was going to drink; another keeps his arm suspended, which he had stretch'd forth, in order to reach at something; whilst a third breaks off, with his mouth wide open, from a discourse or a song he had begun. A fourth was seen, who, having snatch'd a fair-one's hand which he was going to kiss, draws back his lips, without being able to gratify his fond wishes.

Immediately the run-away scullions cry, as loud, as they can bawl, —For Heaven's sake, (good gentlemen,) save our lives! —

Scarce

Scarce had they utter'd these words, when Pharsamond rush'd in at their heels, in such a trim as was fit to excite laughter, rather than frighten the beholders. His sable face shows that the combat had been obstinate; and the dripping-pan he brandishes, proves too evidently, what kind of foes he had encountered. His rage is so violent, that he scarce perceives the confusion he causes, nor even the guests themselves. Our hero flies about, big with slaughter and death. As a prelude to the battle, the dread of those who shun him is so great, that they throw down a side-table; and thus break to pieces a considerable number of bottles full of wine. At this accident, the guests start up, when all the pleasure of the entertainment vanishes like a dream. No sooner are they upon their legs, than the fugitives, rushing into the midst of the guests, push down some, who were not a little intoxicated with liquor. The falling down of these creates a new confusion; when, to complete the catastrophe, the large table itself is overturn'd. What a disaster have we! Ye gods! is this a second feast of the *Lapithæ*? Farewel wine, dainties, glasses; all, all are demolish'd! a sad omen with regard to a wedding, the two subjects of which, (very happily

pily for them,) had crown'd the ceremony three hours before.

This hubbub terrifies the ladies (who naturally abhor tumults) to such a degree, that they all set up a squawling, and hurry up and down as tho' they were out of their senses. Here one scampers down stairs, not knowing what she is about; whilst another, bursting open a door, flies thro' the apartments; and, at last, comes even to the bridal chamber, when her piercing cries disturb the felicity of the hymenæal pair. The gentlemen, exasperated at those who break in upon their pleasures, resolve to seize Pharsamond. Accordingly they seek for their swords, but seek in vain; the servants having carried them into another room. They therefore arm themselves, one with a chair, another with a stool, and a third with a half-broken bottle, which he hurls at the invincible knight, who, firmer than a rock, receives a multitude of blows, by the misfile weapons of various kinds. But then, on the other hand, he has the ravishing satisfaction to see his enemies retire, from time to time; entangle with one another, and fall to the ground. However, his whole fury is levelled at the scullions only; when he, to get at them, rushes forward, and tramples on such as are lying on the ground. How many



many fingers are bruised on this occasion! — Stop! stop! (cries one;) help! (cries another.) — During which our knight lays about him, most heroically, with the sword and dripping-pan.

During this hurly-burly in the dining-room, one of the ladies, who, as was observed, had fled for shelter to the other apartments, and whom fear had hurried quite to the bridal chamber, besought the fond couple to open the door of it. How unlucky was this? but now the mighty noise proves, that something disastrous had happen'd in the house. Love, (we are told) hates alarms. The disturb'd nuptial pair are very much frightened. Cupid takes his flight; and leaves them to all the anxiety which must necessarily attend on such an incident. The ill-fated bridegroom starting up, huddles on his night-gown, which he did not intend to put on again so soon. And now opening the chamber door: — ‘What’s the matter, Madam? (cries he,) and what is it you want?’ — ‘Ah! good Sir,’ (replied the lady, whose eyes are fascinated by fear,) ‘There is a bloody battle in the dining-room! several strangers rush’d into it with their drawn swords, and swear that they will murder us all!’ — These baleful words being over-heard by the bride, who

who was still in bed, she starts up, and cries,  
 ‘ O my dear father ! my dear mother ! ye  
 ‘ perhaps are kill’d.’ ——— Struck with  
 this just terror, she jumps upon the floor  
 in her shift ; and, in her fright, kicks under  
 the bed, one of her slippers, which she had  
 search’d for some time, but in vain. At  
 last she submits to go hip-hop with only one  
 on, when she is stopt by her kind husband,  
 who conjures her not to leave the room ;  
 declaring that he himself will run and see  
 what is the matter. But as our bride was  
 a good natur’d girl, and cou’d not be easy,  
 when she reflected on the extreme danger to  
 to which her parents might very possibly be  
 expos’d ; she burst from her husband’s  
 arms, with only a petticoat, which had got  
 no further than her neck ; and, thus equipp’d,  
 flies with a slipper on one foot (the other  
 having no better sole than her flesh). The  
 bridegroom scampers after her, leaving the  
 lady in the bed-chamber. And now our  
 pair of *lovers* (for, as yet, they were no  
 more,) enter the room which was the scene  
 of battle, when the bride bawls out for her  
 father and mother ; whilst the bridegroom  
 mixes among the combatants. Every head  
 was bare ; all the caps, and perukes being  
 jostled off in the battle. In opposite  
 corners of the dining-room are two ladies,  
 who

who had fainted away, and two gentlemen endeavouring to recover them; during which their noodles of husbands rush into the thick of the combatants; and not regarding the kind assistance which a couple of strangers give to their wives, they expose themselves to all the thunder of the dripping-pan.

During this interval, one or two of the scullions, running out of the dining-room, Pharfamond resolves to follow them. Despising all the rest, he rushes forward in pursuit of his real enemies. Such gentlemen as remain behind, gaze at one another; and seem to enquire the meaning of all this strange hubbub. The wedded pair find their respective parents, who cannot tell them the cause of this shocking scene. They are in so great a consternation, that they are unable to enquire into the cause of this wild distraction.

But one misfortune seldom comes unattended with more. 'Twas not calamity enough for Pharfamond, to see, not only his doughty squire, but even his enchanting mistress, most vilely abus'd. 'Twas decreed that the fatal sisters shou'd discharge this horrid night, all their venom at him. When our chevalier had got to the bottom of all the stairs, in pursuit of the rest of the scullions; his fury dragg'd him into the kitchen, where



where the remains of the horrid battle still existed. But good heavens! what a spectacle now blasts his eyes! poor Fatima, lying in a swoon, encompass'd by fricassees, dishes, and kettles; and Clito, bellowing like an ox, close by her. — ‘ Dear, ‘ sweet Madam! open your bright eyes,’ (cries our hapless squire, grasping her hand, the lilly-white of which, the blackness of his own fullied.) ‘ I’ll certainly murder ‘ myself with this cleaver, if you don’t assure me that you are alive.’ — He was advanc’d thus far in his lamentations, when Pharsamond entred: — ‘ My dear ‘ lord, and most worthy master, (says he,) ‘ I am utterly ruin’d and undone! know ‘ that Fatima flew, out of this kitchen, ‘ into the other world; and I am firmly ‘ resolv’d to follow her. Sure no squire was ‘ ever so wretched as poor Clito. O romances! romances! such as are lovers of ‘ you, pay dearly for the honours they acquire.’ — These wailings, shew plainly enough, that Clito had acquir’d the true taste, (in proportion to his capacity,) of heroic adventures. Pharsamond gaz’d on Fatima with an air of pity, worthy a knight of his eminence; and, after devoting this moment to a just and generous compassion: — ‘ Where is my princess, (cries he to

to Clito.) — ‘ Alas ! my lord, (replied  
 ‘ our squire,) I know not what is become  
 ‘ of her, ever since that I triumph’d over  
 ‘ my foes. I call’d her ; but, in all pro-  
 ‘ bability, she either is hid some where, is  
 ‘ deaf, or at too great a distance to hear me,  
 ‘ for not a word did she answer. I then  
 ‘ saw Fatima giving up the ghost ; and  
 ‘ you’ll judge how I was griev’d. Body  
 ‘ o’me ! every one has his troubles.’

Clito was hurrying on ; when Pharsa-  
 mond, hearing that Cedalifa was not to be  
 found, ran swiftly out of the kitchen, cal-  
 ling for his princess as loud as he cou’d bawl.  
 But alas ! not even one echo dar’d to reply,  
 for fear of increasing his pangs, in endea-  
 vouring to elude them. — ‘ Heavens !’  
 (cried he, lifting up his eyes skyward,)  
 ‘ Cruel gods ! strike me from the earth.’  
 — Having spoke these words, he was  
 seiz’d with a sudden weakness, which made  
 him stagger. At last he dropt down, in  
 presence of several peasants, who had put  
 an end to the fray, between Clito and such  
 scullions as had continued below stairs. Had  
 it not been for their interposition, our un-  
 fortunate squire wou’d have been mur-  
 ther’d. But those peasants had pull’d away  
 his foes, and held them still fast ; whilst that  
 Clito continued, in the kitchen, only with  
 Fatima,

Fatima, who, (by a blow struck, I know not where) was reduc'd to the deplorable condition above describ'd. The fall of our chevalier, whose words had not been understood, made those rusticks conclude, (such I mean, as had danc'd to the sound of the bagpipe,) that Pharsamond was, in all probability, kill'd by the wounds he had receiv'd. They now advance forward, to see whether he was really breathless; when one of the peasants, laying his hand on Pharsamond's heart, concluded that he had only fainted away. Whilst they were considering what assistance it wou'd be most proper to give him, two or three gentlemen came, with candles in their hands, from above stairs; to enquire the reason why the scullions, who were pursued by a man so whimsically accoutred, had fled to their room for shelter. They now mix among the crowd of peasants, who were endeavouring to recover Pharsamond; and immediately they know him to be the man who had brandish'd the dripping-pan. They then enquire into the cause of the fury of the hero, whose figure and air were so exceedingly remarkable. The scullions, whom the peasants held, to prevent their murdering Clito, not knowing the confusion which their quarrel had occasion'd, gave a just account of the cause of the mighty contest.



Above all, the cook, (who was one of those whom the rusticks held, for fear of his killing two or three pot-skimmers,) expatiated at large, on the insult he himself had met with ; as well as on the impertinence of the fellow who had struck the swooning knight's squire. He interlarded this account with a thousand oaths ; vowing that he wou'd spit any of those scoundrels who, from that time forward, shou'd presume to set his foot in the kitchen again. — ‘ The devil broil me, (says he,) ‘ if I don't make a fricassee of all ‘ those vile dogs !’

The reader will naturally suppose, that the guests were greatly surpriz'd, that such a quarrel should have occasion'd all the hurly-burly at the close of their banquet ; those gentlemen being told the manner in which the chevalier came to the kitchen-door ; and how he had summon'd, sword in hand, the combatants to restore him his squire : That, on their refusal to comply with his just demand, he had struck them ; and that, at last, he himself had fought, and been beat ; and, in his rage, had pursued some of them up stairs. They added, that this tremendous knight had been accompanied by two women, who must be then in the kitchen, since they both had been knock'd down.

This

The last article rais'd the curiosity of these gentlemen, who, without being incens'd at our hero, (whose adventure was so very comical, that they cou'd not be angry with him,) ran that instant into the kitchen, there to take a view of the two women abovemention'd. The ladies who, to shun the combustion, had left the dining-room, and were fled, some into stables, and others to the farthest part of the courtyard, perceiving that every thing was calm, ventur'd into the company. They were immediately told the whole story, as were the rest of the gentlemen; who finding the uproar ceas'd, came down at the same time, and mix'd with the company; after being told every thing, by those who were going to see the two women in question. They therefore enter'd the field of battle, which was strew'd with meat, carcasses of fowls, skillets, and every other kitchen utensil. In the center of all this regalia was Clito, who, the instant the inquisitive company entred, being fir'd with a certain pleasure to which he, till then, had been a stranger; at the thoughts of his being so happy as to be fighting (after a battle) at the feet of his mistress, who was lying in a swoon; roar'd out about an hundred passages he remembered to have read, all which bore an

affinity to his present situation. — ‘ You  
‘ were much happier (said he,) my antient  
‘ brother squires; than I, for never did  
‘ you use to fight with four opponents,  
‘ or rather you never fought at all; your  
‘ only duty being, either to stop the effu-  
‘ sion of the blood of your knights, or to  
‘ take them in your arms: But poor Clito  
‘ is infinitely more wretched; and it may  
‘ justly be affirm’d,’ (continued he, in a  
grave and studied tone of voice,) ‘ That  
‘ I surpass you as much in ill fortune, as  
‘ my enchanting mistress, who here lies pro-  
‘ strate, excels your’s in beauty. Ye cooks!  
‘ ye scullions! and ye several instruments  
‘ of luxury, stand forth; come, and be-  
‘ hold the miserable condition to which you  
‘ have reduc’d me; instead of favouring me  
‘ with the long’d-for fricassée of chickens,  
‘ you so solemnly promis’d me! Come hi-  
‘ ther (I say,) ye vile scoundrels, who rob  
‘ the most respectable squire, past, present,  
‘ or to come, of the sweetest object in na-  
‘ ture: Come, and with skillets or skim-  
‘ mers, bereave me of a life, infinitely  
‘ more hateful to me, than the rod to chil-  
‘ dren. Alas! my dearest, sweetest Fati-  
‘ ma! you are not asleep, but dead. Yet  
‘ stay, I conjure you, if you can, a few  
‘ days longer, till I may have settled my  
‘ little



‘ little matters ; and then I will set out  
 ‘ with you (much more conveniently,) for  
 ‘ the other world.’ ——— Such were  
 the lamentations vented by Clito, and heard  
 by those that entred the kitchen ; and who,  
 surpriz’d at his extraordinary harangue over  
 Fatima, had stopt, out of curiosity, to li-  
 sten to it.

Clito then cried : ——— ‘ Good gen-  
 ‘ tlemen, if you come to assist that lovely  
 ‘ creature who lies dead there, for God’s  
 ‘ sake fetch a little vinegar. Vinegar, you  
 ‘ know, is strong, and will make her cough.  
 ‘ Take compassion on my grief : you now  
 ‘ behold the famous squire of the most illu-  
 ‘ strious knight in the universe ! How ill-  
 ‘ fated are we ! To-night we narrowly  
 ‘ escap’d the devil’s fangs ; and lo ! a few  
 ‘ hours after, we get into the clutches of  
 ‘ scullions. You look like civil, honest  
 ‘ gentlemen ; and yet, you may be stark-  
 ‘ naught, for appearances are very deceit-  
 ‘ ful. At least assist that charming woman,  
 ‘ who, by an unlucky blow with a spit on  
 ‘ the shoulders, is reduc’d to the deplorable  
 ‘ state in which you see her lying. She is  
 ‘ the squireess of an august princess, who per-  
 ‘ haps, by this time, may be half shrivell’d  
 ‘ thro’ fear. Any one who might  
 ‘ search after that heroine, wou’d doubtless

‘ find her lying behind some door whose  
 ‘ hinges do not dare to creak ever so little.  
 ‘ With regard to Mr Pharsamond, (my  
 ‘ ever honour’d lord and master;) God  
 ‘ have mercy on his soul! for he pursued  
 ‘ three or four wretches, who, very proba-  
 ‘ bly may have beat out his brains behind  
 ‘ some hedge.’

This kind of speech; the words, *Phar-  
 samond’s squire, Princess*, and such like  
 names employ’d in romance, increase the  
 wonder of the spectators — Is not this,  
 (said one of them,) some poor, distracted  
 creature who has escap’d from a mad-house?  
 — However, they draw near to Clito;  
 and succour Fatima, who recover’d at once  
 from her swoon, by exhaling very strongly,  
 the interjection. — ‘ O! where am I, my  
 ‘ dear lord? (cries she;) is it you I behold?’  
 — ‘ ’Tis I myself, Madam, (replied Cli-  
 ‘ to,) but alas! much more bruise’d than  
 ‘ when we parted. Still take courage (Ma-  
 ‘ dam;) for here are some good natur’d  
 ‘ gentlemen, who were running to fetch  
 ‘ you a little vinegar.’ —

After these words, the ladies and gentle-  
 men being desirous of knowing what all this  
 meant, order’d Fatima and Pharsamond  
 to be carried up stairs; they being now al-  
 most recover’d, by the floods of water  
 thrown

thrown upon their faces. The ladies were vastly desirous of seeing our knight, who, when he was thoroughly scower'd, appear'd a very handsome youth. — ‘ I suppose (says one of the gentlemen to the ladies,) this is some unhappy young man, whose brain is turn'd by love. You see (fair-ones,) the miserable condition to which you reduce our sex.’ — One of the ladies, whose mind was of the most tender cast, said ; — ‘ Should love be the cause of his distraction, he wou'd appear infinitely more amiable in my eyes : And I will be so frank as to own, that nothing cou'd appear, to me, more worthy of love or compassion, than a man who might run distracted on my account. I shou'd be infinitely fonder of such an one, than of the most rational suitor that ever liv'd.’ — A multitude more such reflexions were made on this occasion, whilst the servants were carrying Pharfamond and Fatima from the kitchen into an upper room. The master of the house, whose son was the bridegroom, and who had been one of the auditors of Clito's humorous harangue, caus'd them to be laid in different rooms. However, some of the gentlemen still harbour'd a resentment against Pharfamond, for the many blows he



had dealt them, with his dripping-pan shield ; but it was observ'd, that the young man must necessarily be out of his senses ; and therefore, that they ought to laugh at every thing which had happen'd. In short, as soon as Pharsamond and Fatima were put to bed, the company left them till next day, with a fix'd resolution to be merry then at their expence. Clito declar'd that he wou'd stay by his Fatima, for fear, (as he observ'd) lest she shou'd faint away a second time. ' I'll divert her, all the night, (adds he ;) she loves laughing ; and I am as comical as courageous, when the maggot takes me.' — But all these arguments were urg'd to no purpose, the gentlemen obliging him to leave his mistress ; observing, that it was incumbent on him to go to his master's assistance, especially as he seem'd to be overwhelm'd, with grief. He thereupon came, with the rest, out of his mistress's chamber, to go into that where Pharsamond was laid. Before he could get to it, he was oblig'd to pass through the room of the wedding banquet. Clito, as he was crossing it, stopt ; when gazing on the fragments, which he thought excellent. — ' Oddsbobs ! (cried he looking round,) what delicious morsels lie here. Was corn to shoot up, like what we see lying here, we should have

‘ have no occasion for thrashers. Has there  
 ‘ been fighting in this room also?’ ———  
 ‘ Indeed has there, (replied the gentlemen,)  
 ‘ your master carried on the combat quite  
 ‘ hither.’ ——— ‘ Body of me! (says Clito,)  
 ‘ never in my life did I know so abstemious  
 ‘ a gentleman. As to myself, sooner than  
 ‘ throw down such dishes as I see scatter’d  
 ‘ about, I wou’d suffer my beard to be  
 ‘ rooted out, hair by hair.’ ——— Are you  
 hungry (Mr Squire,) said one of the com-  
 pany. — ‘ I don’t say that, (replied he;)’  
 ‘ however, shou’d you be extremely desi-  
 ‘ rous of seeing me eat, I wou’d be so  
 ‘ complaisant as to devour a fowl to the very  
 ‘ bones; nay more, provided you give me  
 ‘ a bottle of good wine to water it, for I  
 ‘ don’t love to do things by halves.’ ———  
 ‘ Well, Mr Squire, (said one of the com-  
 ‘ pany,) consider which of the two you  
 ‘ shou’d like best, either to go to bed, or  
 ‘ to sit down at table with us, for the cloth’s  
 ‘ going to be laid again.’ ——— ‘ Swaunds!  
 ‘ gentlemen, (replied Clito,) if this be the  
 ‘ case, you put me upon my mettle. I had  
 ‘ much rather eat and drink one hour in  
 ‘ good company, than snore away eight  
 ‘ alone.’

No sooner had Clito declar’d, that he  
 shou’d be very glad to eat with them, than

the master of the house bid some servants who were present, spread the table-cloth ; and serve up a fresh course, to excite the appetites of the guests ; all which was done in an instant. And now the bride return'd, with the bridegroom, to their bed-chamber, in order to put on a more decent dress ; but opportunity makes the thief ; and I forgive those who shou'd be such on the like occasion. Our wedded pair had promis'd to be again with the company, in a minute or two ; but they, in all probability, trifled away their time, since they did not come back till two hours after. — But we must return to our squire, who, (for the life of him,) cou'd not conceive how it was possible for the face of things to change so very agreeably on a sudden. The delicious hopes of the good cheer that awaits him, give him occasion to break into moral reflexions, which wou'd have been spun out to a furious length, had not victuals come in his way. But lo ! the entertainment is serv'd up, when the gentlemen take their places, as also the ladies. The master of the house places, in the middle of them, Clito, who sits down with the utmost gravity ; after making a multitude of ceremonies, with an air no less serious than that of a physician, whilst drawing up a prescription.

How



How beautiful is the imagination! (will some dull mortal say :) What ridiculous battles have we had here! how much confusion! and yet things were quieted in an instant. The tables are over-turn'd, the wine spilt, the victuals trampled upon, the wedding-dinner broke into, the hymenæal pair disturb'd; and nevertheless all this ends with as much ease, as if only two or three peasants had been concern'd in the fray.

A mighty subject indeed, for wonder! when parties are fighting, they imagine that it is proper for them to fight; and when they give over, they in all probability, think they ought to do so. — Those gentlemen who were invited to the wedding, fancy that the late incident was the mere effect of frenzy. They therefore resolve to divert themselves, with the man who had occasion'd all the distraction; wherein, indeed, they acted wisely: and the second entertainment to which I now summon them, is a natural consequence of the whimsical adventure that had broke in upon their joy. — But to return to Clito, who eats as heartily as he had complain'd. The master of the house had help'd him, from every dish that was serv'd up. Every mouthful he took in, was an interruption to his talking. He drank copiously from one hand, and eat lustily from the

other ; and, in such a manner, that he made the best use possible of time. — No man in the world, (says a lady to him,) ever us'd more dispatch. — ‘ By my troth, (replies he,) Madam, I have been always told, that time is precious. No sooner have we squander'd away a moment, than we don't know what is become of it. We find every thing we may have lost, (even to our purses ;) but I defy all the conjurors in England, to recover, to-morrow morning, the least crumb of this present night. Now (odds heart !) it becomes every man to make the best use of a thing whilst he has it. But Madam, with your leave, since we are speaking about time, let me employ it ; and be so good as not to interrupt me any more. When I have whisper'd a word or two to yon fricassée, (which pray hand this way,) I shall have an opportunity of chatting with you ; but, till then, mum.' — Clito kept his word, for, no sooner was the fricassée brought near to him, than he paid it all imaginable honour. 'Twas so delicious to his palate, that perceiving it to be half eat up : — Harkee, friend, (cries he to one of the servants,) take back my plate. You'll find nothing but bones in it ; so e'en throw them through the window. The dish will  
‘ serve

‘ serve me well enough instead of a plate ;  
 ‘ and I then shan’t have the trouble of  
 ‘ stretching out my arm.’ — Our  
 squire who, whilst he was prating so much  
 upon lost time, never lost his appetite, ex-  
 cited the admiration of all the company, see-  
 ing him swallow down the victuals with so  
 much rapidity. He clear’d the dish, and  
 wou’d not suffer the least marks of fauce to  
 be left in it. ’Tis true, indeed, that he  
 slabber’d his clothes and cravat therewith.  
 But, after the dish was quite emptied, he  
 survey’d himself, when perceiving that some  
 pieces were dropp’d : — ‘ So ! (cries he,)  
 ‘ these morsels are not in their proper  
 ‘ place ;’ upon which he took them up  
 with his fingers, and tofs’d them down like  
 so many sugar-plumbs. — ‘ Ah !’  
 (cries he, with a deep sigh, occasion’d by  
 repletion ;) ‘ An empty belly is a very  
 ‘ foolish thing ! Body o’ me ! I’m now as  
 ‘ easy as an old shoe. But come ! some  
 ‘ wine, to help digestion.’ — A large  
 bumper being brought, he tofs’d it off,  
 without drinking to any one. — This be-  
 ing done : — ‘ Now I think on’t, (cries  
 ‘ he,) I am quite short of my reckoning. —  
 ‘ Pour out therefore again, my good-lad.  
 ‘ I swallow’d down the other glass too ha-  
 ‘ stily. Landlord here’s towards your good  
 ‘ health.’



‘ health.’ — ‘ Much good may it do  
 ‘ you, (Mr Squire,)’ replies the gentleman.  
 — ‘ I am not call’d *Mr*, (cries Clito ;)  
 ‘ whenever you speak to me again, pray  
 ‘ say, *My Lord*. Hitherto, indeed, I am  
 ‘ but a squire ; but Oons ! I have done  
 ‘ noble feats enough, to merit the title of  
 ‘ lord ; and such as you now behold me,  
 ‘ was I but well acquainted with my own  
 ‘ pedigree, I’d lay any wager, that I de-  
 ‘ scend, as strait as a farthing candle, from  
 ‘ a prince. Be this said once for all. Yet  
 ‘ some people fancy, that my father was  
 ‘ but a clown. And I cou’d tell you far-  
 ‘ ther, ’twas whisper’d me, that this clown  
 ‘ lent me his name. But a fig for all such  
 ‘ nonsense. Were you to be but two days  
 ‘ in my company, you’d swear I cou’d be  
 ‘ no less than a prince. By the way, shou’d  
 ‘ I ever come to be one, I’ll give you  
 ‘ bread, wine, and fricassees, till the end of  
 ‘ your days.’ — ‘ I am vastly oblig’d to  
 ‘ you, my lord-squire,’ (says the gentle-  
 ‘ man.) — ‘ Faith and troth (cries Clito,)  
 ‘ you speak as finely as any schoolmaster.  
 ‘ ’Tis plain that you are not of the family  
 ‘ of the hard-sculls ; so that one might  
 ‘ stick what one wou’d into your’s.’ —  
 He told a multitude more pleasant particu-  
 lars, with regard to his pretended birth ; all  
 which

which wou'd have sufficiently repaid the company for their good nature in listening to him ; had they not been pleas'd with the entertainment.

But now, as every one was desirous of knowing exactly who Pharsamond was, as likewise his real adventures, Clito was entreated to favour the company with them.

— ‘ I will do you that honour, (says he;)  
 ‘ but a thought is just now come into my  
 ‘ head. I this moment dreamt, that in the  
 ‘ quarrel I had below ; one of the rascally  
 ‘ scullions was so insolent as to lift up his  
 ‘ arm against me. Now I take you to be  
 ‘ good natur'd gentlemen. That scoundrel  
 ‘ ought surely to make me some amends, and  
 ‘ be punish'd for his sauciness. I therefore  
 ‘ insist that you order, either him, or his  
 ‘ brother scullions, to appear immediately  
 ‘ before me, and ask my pardon, upon  
 ‘ their marrow-bones ; with their hands up-  
 ‘ lifted, and their caps off. Blood I am no  
 ‘ coward ! and the world shall never have  
 ‘ it in their power to say, that a prince, (or  
 ‘ one little remov'd from such,) receiv'd a  
 ‘ bang on the nose with a napkin, without  
 ‘ his feeling it. And therefore, (kind land-  
 ‘ lord,) if you want to be in my good  
 ‘ graces, do as I bid you, and you will do  
 ‘ well :’ — All the company laugh'd hear-  
 ‘ tily

tilly at the request ; and as the gratifying of it was humorous, one of the gentlemen, (a relation of the master of the house,) undertook to procure the reparation demanded. — ‘ I’ll gratify your desire, (lord-squire, cries he,) this moment ; and will call together all these rascals, upon condition that you’ll tell us your own story, with that of your master.’ — ‘ What I promise you, (said Clito,) is not a trifling matter ; and you may trust as safely to it, as you wou’d to the floor. Be quick then, and prepare the ceremony in due form.’ — The gentleman left the dining-room immediately, and went into the kitchen. By this time, the cooks and scullions were as good friends as ever ; they having been reconcil’d by wine, and the mediation of some clowns, belonging to the house, who had prevail’d with them to drink together. — ‘ I’m heartily sorry, that I gave you so many punches in the face,’ (cried one of the dish-washers, to the cook, just as the gentleman was coming in :) ‘ But ’tis best to forget injuries. The fist gives blows, but a kind heart is the best plaister to them.’ — ‘ Very true, (replied the cook ;) let us see this bottle out, and your shoulders will be quite heal’d. I suppose that they are black and blue ; but what signifies



‘ signifies that, as no one sees them ?’ The  
 gentleman interrupting them, cried ; —  
 ‘ My good lads ; those you just now had a  
 ‘ battle with, are persons of the highest qua-  
 ‘ lity. Nay, ’tis said that the master, is  
 ‘ a prince ; and the gentleman who accom-  
 ‘ panies him, his squire, and consequently  
 ‘ a man of importance. Now some one of  
 ‘ you has affronted this squire, and struck  
 ‘ him on the nose with a napkin ; for which  
 ‘ reason your master insists that you go and  
 ‘ ask his pardon ; to prevent the squire  
 ‘ from complaining to his prince.’ — The  
 cook, at these words, cried : ‘ Qons ! Sir ;  
 ‘ let those who bor’d holes into the kettle,  
 ‘ take it up and mend it. I did not so much  
 ‘ as scratch the squire you are talking about.  
 ‘ I am (good Sir) a cook by profession ;  
 ‘ I dress and eat of the best. I get my  
 ‘ skin full of wine, so don’t care a button.’  
 — ‘ Harkee, (continued the gentleman,)  
 ‘ wou’d you force your master to give you  
 ‘ warning, rather than make a trifling sub-  
 ‘ mission to persons of such high figure ?’  
 — ‘ Blood ! if that be all, (replied one of the  
 ‘ scullions,) I am as great, nay greater by half,  
 ‘ than they. If I am not a lord, ’twas my  
 ‘ own fault ; for I can tell you, that I refus’d  
 ‘ to marry the daughter of the bastard of our  
 ‘ master’s steward.’ — ‘ That’s nothing to  
 ‘ the

‘ the purpose, (replied the gentleman ;) be  
‘ advis’d ; for should you refuse to com-  
‘ ply, your master will certainly turn you  
‘ away. But this will not be all ; for these  
‘ two great personages will certainly find  
‘ you, go whither soever you will.’ —  
‘ If it must out, (cries the cook,) ’twas, —  
‘ ’twas old Simon that struck the stranger.’  
— ‘ Not only old Simon must come, (said  
‘ the gentleman,) but all who laid even their  
‘ little finger upon him. With regard to  
‘ yourself, good cook, (adds he ;) the gen-  
‘ tleman does not make the least complaint  
‘ against you.’ — ‘ By my life ! (cries the  
‘ cook,) ’tis a sign that he is a true gentle-  
‘ man ; and we really ought to be vex’d at  
‘ the drubbing he met with ; and therefore,  
‘ (good folks !) come, come along. You  
‘ must pass this way, as thro’ the door.  
‘ Rouze ; get ready. I’ll lead the jolly  
‘ company ; and shall be heartily glad to  
‘ prove, how much I am the squire’s most  
‘ humble servant.’ — The moment our  
cook had spoke these words, the scullions,  
out of respect to the late reconciliation,  
did not dare to refuse any more. They then  
walk’d after the gentleman, and the cook ;  
who obliging them to march one by one  
set himself at their head with as much pride,  
as a colonel places himself in the van of his  
regiment.

regiment. — ‘ Follow me, (says he,) and  
‘ keep your ranks. All this must be done  
‘ regularly, otherwise you must begin a-  
‘ new.’

The proceſſion arriv’d, in this order, at  
the dining-room door ; when the gentle-  
man entred, but could ſcarce refrain from  
burſting into a laugh. The cook oblig’d  
the ſuppliant troop to halt, at the room door ;  
when, after making them all pull off their  
caps, fall on their marrow-bones, and join  
their hands, he himſelf went in ; command-  
ing them ſtrictly not to move a ſtep, till he  
had ſtamp’d with his foot. — ‘ Sir, or my  
‘ Lord, which ſoever you pleaſe,’ (ſays he,  
directing himſelf to Clito, who, to receive  
the ſubmiſſion, had ſeated himſelf in the  
middle of the room, in an eaſy chair, where  
he ſtretch’d himſelf and ſat croſs legg’d ;)   
‘ May heaven beſtow peace upon you, and  
‘ keep your ſhoulders from bruises ! You  
‘ are very ſenſible, that I never once liſted  
‘ up my arm againſt you. Now I have  
‘ brought hither thoſe who had the info-  
‘ lence to lay violent hands on you. I hope  
‘ you’ll be ſo gracious as to pardon them,  
‘ for I make no doubt but that you are a  
‘ very worthy gentleman. I ſhall call in my  
‘ people ; and therefore do you only nod  
‘ with your head ; and they will enter, the  
‘ moment



‘ moment I knock with my foot. Shall I  
‘ stamp ? — Clito then complied, (literally,) with the manner in which he had been desir’d to signify his will ; I mean that he nodded, and immediately the cook stamp’d, when lo ! the scullions enter’d, one by one, with a slow and solemn pace, as had been agreed. The cook, who was permitted to act as commander on this occasion, marshall’d them round the squire. —  
‘ Now say your pleasure, my lord, (cries the cook ;) will you have them speak one  
‘ by one, or all together ?’ — ‘ They  
‘ must speak to me, (replied Clito, half asleep ;) they must speak to me, I say, as people are us’d to speak.’ — ‘ Come,  
‘ old Simon, (cries the cook ;) as you  
‘ gave the first blow, beg pardon for it this  
‘ instant.’ — Old Simon was beginning to make his excuses, without drawing nearer ; when the Cook, who wou’d observe the ceremony to a tittle, pulling him by the sleeve, dragg’d him to Clito. Old Simon coming forward, like a puppet mov’d by wires, cried : — ‘ I am very sorry, good my  
‘ lord, for the wipe I gave you with my  
‘ napkin. By my troth I am hot as pepper,  
‘ when put into a passion. You abus’d me ;  
‘ I abus’d you ; however, another time,  
‘ I’ll look twice, before I strike you once.’  
— ‘ The

— ‘The murrain seize your compliment !  
 ‘ (cried Clito, turning about ;) I suppose  
 ‘ then, that when you shall have look’d  
 ‘ twice, you’ll strike me at the third peep-  
 ‘ ing?’ — ‘ That’s not my meaning, (said  
 ‘ Simon ;) but if you can’t understand  
 ‘ me, that’s not my fault. — And to say the  
 ‘ truth, I can punch with my fist, much  
 ‘ better than I can speak with my tongue.’  
 — ‘ Take him to the stable, (cries  
 ‘ Clito :) he’s fitter to keep company with  
 ‘ horses, than to live among men.’ —  
 ‘ Look you there again! (cries old Si-  
 ‘ mon.) Oons! were you in the kitchen,  
 ‘ I’d kick you as stoutly as the strongest  
 ‘ mare in the stable wou’d.’ — ‘ A  
 ‘ fresh insult! (cries Clito, starting up :)  
 ‘ Good gentlemen, what shall I do with  
 ‘ the varlet?’ — ‘ My Lord-Squire,  
 ‘ (cries a lady,) this wretch has not the  
 ‘ least good manners about him. He does  
 ‘ not know what he’s talking about ; and  
 ‘ therefore I must beseech you not to punish  
 ‘ him as he deserves.’ — ‘ Body o’ me!  
 ‘ Madam, (cries Clito,) your commands  
 ‘ shall be obey’d. Here e’en let the scoun-  
 ‘ drel bring me a glass of wine ; whilst the  
 ‘ rest hold a napkin, by the four corners,  
 ‘ and wipe my chin.’ — No sooner had  
 our squire given out these orders, than the  
 cook

cook issued his. Old Simon went immediately to the buffet; the rest took up the napkin; and Clito toasted the lady stiling her his princess. After he had drank, he cast his eyes on old Simon; when throwing, in his face, the wine remaining in the glass; — ‘Take that, (cries he,) in return for the wipe on the nose you gave me. Get out, wretch; and never appear again before my worship. As for the rest of your brethren, I grant them a free pardon, and they may all troop off.’

The cook, as soon as these words were utter’d, marshall’d them exactly in the same order they had enter’d; and then bowing to Clito: — ‘I see plainly, my lord, (cries he,) that you are so very gracious merely upon my account. I have not the least spice of ingratitude about me; so that if you dine here to-morrow, I’ll toss you up such a dish; such a dish, (I say,) that you’ll find folks lose nothing, when they have to do with persons of honour.’ — ‘A precious fellow! (cries Clito:) draw near, my good lad; I must buss thee. If you intend a ragoo for me, remember to pepper it well, and besure not to spare the bacon: for I love hog’s flesh, and high-seasoning, to my heart’ — The cook drawing near, Clito kiss’d him very politely



politely on the chin; and clos'd his caresses with a gentle tap on the ear. — The cook, at his going away, made a thousand profound bows and scrapes, to the squire and the whole company, his bows reaching quite to the stair-case. — ‘ Did I not, look like  
 ‘ a prince, a moment ago, (cries Clito,) re-  
 ‘ turning back to his easy chair? and what  
 ‘ think you of the kifs I gave the cook?  
 ‘ you cannot say but that it was majesti-  
 ‘ cally bestow'd.’ — ‘ The generosity with  
 ‘ which you pardon'd your enemies, (said  
 ‘ one of the gentlemen,) is great, and high-  
 ‘ ly worthy of your exalted birth.’ — ‘ I  
 ‘ am overjoy'd, (cried he,) that you ap-  
 ‘ prove of my behaviour. But my good  
 ‘ gentlemen, this ceremony has interrupted  
 ‘ us. Here, bring some wine: the charm-  
 ‘ ing liquor inspires me with wit, which  
 ‘ dares not peep forth, when I am sober.’  
 — Bravo! says the master of the house.  
 ‘ But, my lord, be as good as your word.  
 ‘ Call to mind your promise.’ — ‘ I shall  
 ‘ keep closer to it, than to a red-hot iron,  
 ‘ (says he;) and to show you that I don't  
 ‘ forget any thing, tell me what it is you  
 ‘ require?’ — ‘ Be so good, (cries a lady,)  
 ‘ as to relate to us your master's adventure  
 ‘ and your own, for I long to hear them.’  
 — ‘ Well, I'll be your man-midwife on  
 ‘ this

‘ this occasion, (says Clito,) but let me tell  
‘ you, (by the by,) a secret ; shou’d the  
‘ productions of your longing be always of  
‘ this kind, your off-spring won’t want  
‘ nursing. But to come to the point. At  
‘ what end shall I begin ?’ — At which end  
you please, answer’d the lady. — ‘ ’Tis well  
‘ said (cries he :) I love dearly to have my  
‘ own way ; and will open with noble  
‘ Clito, for fear of forgetting myself. Lend  
‘ an ear therefore ; but start not your eyes  
‘ this way, otherwise I shall burst out a  
‘ laughing.’

‘ To return to myself. I shall tell you  
‘ ladies and gentlemen, something you did  
‘ not know before, which is, that my real  
‘ name is *Colin* ; and that I exchange’d it  
‘ for *Clito*, which fits me as nicely as the  
‘ coat upon my back. I was born in the  
‘ village of - - - my father, (or the per-  
‘ son who call’d himself so,) was one who  
‘ gave the feet a wooden covering ; he be-  
‘ ing the most renown’d maker, of this sort  
‘ of shoes, in all France ; a proof of which  
‘ is, that two thousand peasants us’d ever to  
‘ pay him before-hand. My mother’s name  
‘ was *Griffel*. She was a mighty good sort  
‘ of a woman, and always went strait for-  
‘ ward. I was told that she sold butter and  
‘ eggs, for I never once set eyes upon the  
‘ good

' good foul. All I know is, that she was  
 ' so very handsome, that the lord of our  
 ' manor fell in love with her ; and made  
 ' her his house-keeper in my father's life-time.  
 ' He was so overjoy'd at her good fortune,  
 ' that, in ten months, he got a charming  
 ' boy ; though he had tried, in vain, for full  
 ' six years together before. Some malicious  
 ' people, at that time, buzz'd certain ugly  
 ' things in his ear ; but as my mother knew  
 ' the affair thoroughly, she made her hus-  
 ' band as easy as an old shoe on that article.  
 ' 'Tis said, that I was this child ; but, to  
 ' speak the truth, I don't believe a word of  
 ' it ; for, when I was a little grown, my  
 ' father wou'd have brought me up to his  
 ' trade, (that of a wooden shoe-maker ;)   
 ' but I spoilt him above ten shillings worth  
 ' of wood, without being able to make any  
 ' thing except a top ; for which reason he  
 ' did not teach me any more of his business.  
 ' But as I was a very sprightly, promising  
 ' lad, I us'd to divert myself with looking  
 ' after the cows belonging to the lord of  
 ' the manor ; and sometimes with getting  
 ' magpyes nests ; for, you are to know,  
 ' that I was a very cute lad, and cou'd  
 ' climb up a tree like a squirrel. Our lord  
 ' being told all my pretty tricks, and what  
 ' a charming boy I was, my mother carried



‘ me to him ; and he was so kind, as to bid  
‘ me stand in the chimney corner, and there  
‘ roast myself, it being vastly cold weather.  
‘ After this he made a servant bring me a  
‘ large dish of meat and broth ; together  
‘ with the fragments of a leg of mutton,  
‘ which I guttled down to the very marrow.  
‘ How delighted was I ! and indeed,  
‘ I thought myself so happy, that I prattled  
‘ like any parrot. This diverted our lord  
‘ highly ; and, from this time, he took so  
‘ great a fancy to me, that I continued in  
‘ the house as a companion to his nephew ;  
‘ I mean to the valiant knight who triumph’d  
‘ so gloriously over you, and was just now  
‘ put to bed. Such were the noble beginnings  
‘ of my life, and now prepare to have  
‘ your ears entertain’d with wonders. Behold  
‘ me in my lord’s house. I must be so  
‘ frank as to confess, that it was necessary  
‘ for me to change my way of life ; for  
‘ when my father found that I cou’d be of  
‘ no use to him in his trade, he never had  
‘ the good nature to call me, when at meals ;  
‘ so that, whenever I return’d home, not a  
‘ morsel of Victuals cou’d I set eyes on.  
‘ Now, I defy any one to reproach me with  
‘ being a glutton ; but then, when I am  
‘ hungry, I eat as much as four ; and the  
‘ best joke is, I am never satisfied. This is  
‘ a great

‘ a great advantage, because a man may be  
 ‘ always filling his belly. But speaking a-  
 ‘ about my belly, puts me in mind of my  
 ‘ appetite. That cheese there looks well.  
 ‘ I’ll tell you, in a moment, how good it  
 ‘ is.’

Clito, saying these words, interrupted  
 himself by eating away ; and, after drinking  
 two or three bumpers more ; ——— ‘ I am  
 ‘ brave and hearty, (cries he,) for the pre-  
 ‘ sent, and heaven will provide for the future.  
 ‘ In what part of the story was I ?’ ———  
 ‘ You was speaking, (says one of the gen-  
 ‘ tlemen,) about your fasting at your fa-  
 ‘ ther’s.’ ——— ‘ Right (says Clito :) yes,  
 ‘ I us’d to fast there, tho’ there were neither  
 ‘ Ash-wednesdays nor Good-fridays. But,  
 ‘ in short, that time is past ; and, as I  
 ‘ justly observ’d a little while ago, will  
 ‘ return no more ; and efackins ! we may  
 ‘ do very well without it. Now, when I  
 ‘ liv’d at my lord’s ; (body of me ! ) I us’d  
 ‘ to take in four meals a day : and was so  
 ‘ afraid of mis-reckoning, that I always eat  
 ‘ eight meals, to quiet the grumblings of  
 ‘ my stomach. But this was not all ; for my  
 ‘ father, tho’ so clever a wooden shoe-  
 ‘ maker, he yet, let me go barefooted ; in  
 ‘ order, (as he declar’d,) that I might  
 ‘ have no occasion for shoes : and, odds my  
 ‘ life !

‘ life! I wou’d trudge as boldly to the fo-  
‘ rest, with naked feet, as tho’ I had walk’d  
‘ on velvet. But, swaunds! ’twas quite  
‘ another thing at my lord’s. There a  
‘ charming pair of nice, new wooden-shoes  
‘ were bestow’d upon me every month;  
‘ not to reckon all his nephew’s old pumps,  
‘ which serv’d me every Sunday, to sing  
‘ at church in. Farther, there was given  
‘ me an old cloak of my lord’s, wore by  
‘ him, about thirty years before, in his first  
‘ campaign. But our people found the se-  
‘ cret to make a complete new suit out of  
‘ it, with a pair of breeches into the bar-  
‘ gain. Believe me, I had the air of a little  
‘ king; and, (by my life!) after this, all  
‘ who saw me, said, that I should certainly  
‘ make my fortune one day or other. I was  
‘ very young then, (not above seven, I  
‘ think;) but, you know, that little folks  
‘ get years as their teeth increase. During  
‘ my childhood, I was set to look after a  
‘ flock of turkies; and, (wou’d you think  
‘ it?) I lost but three in two years; and  
‘ the devil himself must have run away with  
‘ them, purposely to spite me. I shot up  
‘ insensibly, and my lord’s nephew made  
‘ me his companion. Odds flesh! I was  
‘ more stubborn than an ass, whose leader  
‘ will force him to drink against his will.  
‘ ‘Sdeath!



‘ ‘Sdeath ! I wou’d not yield to him even  
 ‘ the value of a pin, without securing to  
 ‘ myself either the head or point. One blessed  
 ‘ day, (and I shall never forget it, no more  
 ‘ than I shall your scullions, nor even you,  
 ‘ gentlemen ;) one day, I say, each of us  
 ‘ took up a pistol, in order to go and pop  
 ‘ at sparrows, as they might be setting on  
 ‘ the hedges. We then walk’d round and  
 ‘ round our house, to see for a good parcel  
 ‘ together ; and, wou’d you think it ? these  
 ‘ paltry creatures made us wait as long ; as  
 ‘ long, (truly,) as if they had been birds  
 ‘ of value. But as good luck wou’d have  
 ‘ it, at last, up came four, who perch’d  
 ‘ just by me. I staring full in their faces,  
 ‘ without once stirring. Harkee ! harkee !  
 ‘ (says I to myself,) I’ll bring you down a  
 ‘ bough or two lower. Efaith ! I was go-  
 ‘ ing to let fly, when my booby-head of a  
 ‘ companion cock’d his pistol ; and firing,  
 ‘ made so confounded a noise, that away  
 ‘ flew my sparrows, yet left the boughs  
 ‘ they had been perch’d on behind them.  
 ‘ But, (gadzookers !) this was enough to  
 ‘ anger a man of spirit ; so I declar’d, that  
 ‘ if he ever took it into his head to disturb  
 ‘ my game again, I’d fling a cart-load of  
 ‘ stones at him. He replied, that he’d  
 ‘ blow my brains out. Do if you dare,

‘ (says I.) This exasperating him : Do you  
‘ dare me ? (cries he.) Yes, (answers I.)  
‘ Take care, (says he.) I don’t fear you  
‘ (cries I ;) upon which I ran and took up  
‘ a huge stone, and firmly resolv’d to heave  
‘ it at him, in case he mutter’d ; but  
‘ (sfaunds !) he was not a changeling ; for  
‘ just as I was stooping, he pour’d all the  
‘ shot design’d for the sparrows into my  
‘ right arm, and down I plump’d, like  
‘ one dead. This frightened him sadly, upon  
‘ which he crept up to see how matters  
‘ stood with me ; when finding that I nei-  
‘ ther stirr’d hand nor foot, he left me, and  
‘ ran to a farm-house belonging to his uncle,  
‘ crying and slabbering all the way. The  
‘ clowns enquiring what was the matter. I  
‘ have kill’d, (cried he,) our Colin. Whilst  
‘ he was telling them his fine feat, I return’d  
‘ to life, as it were ; and immediately  
‘ squall’d like a cat who is fleaing. The  
‘ blood trickled from every part. And now  
‘ the servants came running from our house ;  
‘ when assuring them that I was dead, and  
‘ that my lord’s nephew had kill’d me, they  
‘ carried me along ; put me to bed ; and, a  
‘ few days after, I got quite well again.

‘ In the mean time, the little villain who  
‘ had plaid this trick, did not dare to ap-  
‘ pear before his uncle, he threatening to  
‘ whip

' whip him : but my mother, (the house-  
 ' keeper,) finding me recover'd, prevail'd  
 ' with my lord to forgive this youngster.  
 ' And indeed, be this said to his praise,  
 ' never did I see poor lad take on as he did.  
 ' After this, we became better friends than  
 ' ever. We us'd to fight sometimes; but  
 ' then, we only gave stout punches, and  
 ' tore one another's hair. Let folks say  
 ' what they will, those who love, will not  
 ' be sparing of blows. We afterwards had  
 ' as much affection for one another, as two  
 ' pigs of the same sty; and, had I not re-  
 ' turn'd him as many blows as he gave me;  
 ' by my troth, we shou'd never have been  
 ' such good friends as we are now. I only  
 ' wish you cou'd see us together; you'd  
 ' find us as *familiar* as *Tully's Epistles* \*.  
 ' However, I am far from being unreason-  
 ' able. He is my master now; neverthe-  
 ' less, by the help of God and his saints, he  
 ' shall not always be so. But 'tis not  
 ' enough for a man to get salt, he must pro-  
 ' vide meat also. Know then, ('slife! I have

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\* The French is, *Nous sommes aussi familiers que les Epices de Cicéron*; 'We shall be as familiar as Cicero's *spices*.' The joke, in the original, is between *epices* and *epitres*, which is lost in the translation.



‘ long said that you shall know, and you  
 ‘ know very little yet, tho’ you’ll be some-  
 ‘ thing wiser by and by :) by going forward  
 ‘ we advance, as by working we finish.  
 ‘ I observ’d to you, that my young ma-  
 ‘ ster and I were good friends. But have I  
 ‘ told you, how we went one day to steal  
 ‘ some apples? Odds fackins, this made  
 ‘ me known, and I’ll tell you fairly how.  
 ‘ One evening, we had a strong desire to  
 ‘ eat some fruit, and there was not a bit  
 ‘ left in my lord’s orchard; but near it,  
 ‘ was another belonging to the parish-clerk  
 ‘ \* of our village, and we resolv’d to plun-  
 ‘ der it. My young master was, the eve-  
 ‘ ning I am speaking of, a meer nincumpoop,  
 ‘ he not daring to leap over the hedge.  
 ‘ But, (swaunds!) to shew him how coura-  
 ‘ geous I was, I jump’d over it before him;  
 ‘ for being resolv’d to go through stich, I  
 ‘ had thrown my hat into the orchard first.  
 ‘ This is what we call good blood. When  
 ‘ my young master saw that I was got into  
 ‘ the orchard, he took heart. How neces-  
 ‘ sary are good examples! he himself  
 ‘ jump’d over the hedge; when both of us  
 ‘ crept, softly, softly, towards a tree which

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\* The original is *Tabellion*, Scrivener or Notary.

‘ God had blefs’d, it being as thick of ap-  
 ‘ ples as of leaves. — Come, let us climb it,  
 ‘ says I to my young gentleman; do you  
 ‘ climb it, (cries he,) and I’ll serve you in-  
 ‘ stead of a ladder. — How will you do that?  
 ‘ says I.) — You’ll see presently, (replies  
 ‘ he.) — He then put his head to the tree,  
 ‘ stretching out his back or backside, (words,  
 ‘ you know, don’t stink. — ) As to myself,  
 ‘ I did not examine matters so narrowly,  
 ‘ but clapp’d both my legs at once upon  
 ‘ his back, as he bid me. — Thou  
 ‘ art as heavy as a sack of corn, (cries he.)  
 ‘ So much the better, (crys I;) ’tis a sign  
 ‘ that I am in good health. — By this  
 ‘ time I was got to the top of the tree; and  
 ‘ presently climb’d from bough to bough,  
 ‘ for I don’t omit a tittle. When we com-  
 ‘ pute a thing, we must take in the bad  
 ‘ with the good. But (efackins!) as I was  
 ‘ telling you, being got into the middle of  
 ‘ the tree, I began to shake the boughs, (bing  
 ‘ bang;) when down dropt the apples as  
 ‘ thick as hail in summer. Presently my  
 ‘ young master fill’d his pockets, his  
 ‘ breeches, and his hat; whilst I began by  
 ‘ cramming my belly, on which occasion  
 ‘ you cannot but applaud my judgment;  
 ‘ for a man is never sure of what he carries  
 ‘ off in his pockets, or such like; but he is  
 ‘ so of what he has eaten.

Having proceeded thus far, I made a proper advantage of the remainder, but alas! fortune is a very cat, who first fondles, and then scratches you. The poor dear apples!—You are to know, that I never forget any ill office that may have been done me. The devil ow'd me a grudge, and was resolv'd to be even with me: for as I was preparing to slide down the tree, up comes a son of a whore (I mean of the devil,) who had skew'd at us slyly, as we crept along the hedge. Now this little rascal happen'd to be the son of the man to whom the orchard belong'd, when immediately he bawl'd out; —  
Father! father! our apples are carrying off, and the thieves are in the tree. —  
Immediately this boy snatch'd up a parcel of stones, and hurl'd them at us from his sling. Slap, came they, like a canon-ball!  
'Twas now (fwaunds!) that the battle grew hot! I shou'd tell you, that the parish clerk's house stood at the end of the orchard; when out bolts he, and flies swifter than a creature on four legs. Immediately my young master runs away; and was seiz'd with such deadly fear, that he did not dare to take up his hat he had let fall. As to my own dear self, I presently look'd out sharp, to see whether I had



' had climb'd to a great height; and then  
 ' consider'd, whether I had best break my  
 ' neck, or let myself be taken. Like a  
 ' wise man, I took my resolution at once,  
 ' when down jumps I. But alas! I was a  
 ' fool, not to consider, that it would be  
 ' impossible for me to run away, after I had  
 ' broke my leg; and just as I thought, so  
 ' the thing happen'd. I set up a squealing  
 ' like a wheel that wants grease. Ah! I  
 ' am dead, (cries poor Colin.) — The  
 ' devil take the apples (thought I, to my-  
 ' self,) and the bastard who scar'd me. I  
 ' am now bruis'd from head to foot; and  
 ' shall be forc'd, so long as I live, to go  
 ' hopping on a wooden leg. — Whilst I was  
 ' in the midst of these agonies and lamenta-  
 ' tions, up ran the clerk and his graceless  
 ' son. — And so you rob my orchard,  
 ' you little villain! (cries he, banging me  
 ' on the nose with his hat; during which  
 ' his scoundrel of a son was pulling my hair  
 ' behind.) — Good clerk! (says I,) par-  
 ' don me; I'll never injure you more, but  
 ' will give you, (to make amends for the  
 ' apples stole) three pair of wooden shoes for  
 ' your son, which I'll go and steal this mo-  
 ' ment from my father. — Thou little  
 ' thief, (cries he;) if thou goest on with  
 ' these tricks, the gallows will certainly be

' thy portion. — Dear, sweet Sir ! (cries  
 ' I,) I promise never to do the like again,  
 ' if you will but forgive me this one time.  
 ' And now they were for turning me  
 ' out of the orchard ; but they might as  
 ' well have attempted to roll a cart without  
 ' wheels, as to make me move from the  
 ' spot where I lay. — The poor creature  
 ' (says the clerk,) is stone dead ! and I  
 ' doubt not but that he'll be hereafter  
 ' rank'd among the saints in the almanack.  
 ' — The clerk was quite sorry that he  
 ' had struck me ; and flew into such a pas-  
 ' sion, that he gave his son, who was  
 ' still pulling me by the hair, a stout kick  
 ' which laid him sprawling. — This little  
 ' villain, (cries he,) has broke his leg.  
 ' Fly then (Tony,) and call thy mother,  
 ' and bid Jemmy come with her. We'll  
 ' carry him to my lord's ; and when he is  
 ' recover'd, I'll get him soundly flogg'd.  
 ' The boy went away, and soon after his  
 ' mother and Jemmy came hurrying to us.  
 ' But old nick take the woman ! (say I ;)   
 ' for her coming only made things a thou-  
 ' sand times worse. — Mercy on me !  
 ' (cries the vixon ;) not one apple is left  
 ' upon our tree ! I'll break every bone in  
 ' the little dog's skin. Leave it to me ;  
 ' since he has broke his leg, 'tis so much  
 ' the

' the better. He now won't be able to run  
 ' fast, and I shall have full time to thrash  
 ' the little varlet's jerkin. — No, no,  
 ' wife, (cries the gracious clerk,) he is hurt  
 ' enough already. Look ye now, Tho-  
 ' mas, (cries she,) I wou'd lose every thing  
 ' in the world, even to my shift, rather  
 ' than not have the pleasure of beating him  
 ' to a mummy. — Saying these words,  
 ' she was going to fly at me, like a wolf at  
 ' a lamb, but was kept back by good ma-  
 ' ster Thomas, her husband. She then  
 ' call'd him a thousand names, such as  
 ' blockhead, fool, rascal; which putting  
 ' him into a passion, he cuff'd her hand-  
 ' somely. She then fell a crying, and went  
 ' off; muttering all the way to herself.  
 ' — What shall I say farther? I have laid  
 ' this long while on the ground, and know  
 ' not when I shall be taken from it. —  
 ' However, I'll now tell you what was  
 ' done. Jemmy and master Thomas lifted  
 ' me up, the one by my head, and the other  
 ' under my waist; and carried me, like a  
 ' dead calf, to my lord's, they knowing  
 ' very well where I liv'd.

' They then return'd me my young ma-  
 ' ster's hat; and after that, — you'll guess  
 ' the rest. The surgeon dress'd me; and  
 ' who shou'd this be but old Tom the bar-  
 ' ber.



'ber. Odds bodlikins! do you know that  
 'I'd rather have the cramp than a broken  
 'leg? 'twas the merriest thing in the world  
 'to hear my voice at those times: for the  
 'moment I set up a squall, it wou'd have  
 'drown'd twenty organs, had all their pipes  
 'play'd together. Bless us! I swore more  
 'oaths than there are letters in my prayer  
 'book, that I wou'd never, so long as I  
 'had breath to draw, hoist upon any one's  
 'shoulders again, to get apples. But 'twas  
 'impossible for me to shun the calamity; I  
 'having read, some where or other, that  
 'apples were the ruin of all mankind: but  
 'it must have been much worse, had they  
 'broke every one's leg. Now, from that  
 'curst day, (looker; ) whenever I spy  
 'apples upon a tree, I fancy that I see ma-  
 'ster Thomas's wife, with a huge club in  
 'her hand, ready to fall upon poor me.  
 'Apples are good for naught, except to  
 'fatten hogs. But I am got heavens knows  
 'whither, and shall never have ended my  
 'story, at this rate.  
 'To make short, I will observe that, af-  
 'ter this confounded accident, I grew much  
 'more staid. I learnt to read, in books,  
 'and my young master also. My lord de-  
 'clar'd that he wou'd make a man of me;  
 'and I was afterwards assur'd, that he in-  
 'tended

P H A R S A M O N D. 111

attended I should be taught pastry. But I  
 was not to be so happy, for surely this  
 would have been a thousand times better  
 than my robbing orchards. How many  
 thousand cakes should I have eat, between  
 that time and this! — But now give me  
 all your attention, for I am going to en-  
 tertain you with very different adventures.  
 — In an old closet, belonging to his lord-  
 ship, was a rare parcel of fine old books;  
 and my young master and I us'd often to  
 visit them. The books I speak of were  
 noble romances. In them we us'd to read  
 of gentlemen, who fell in love with beau-  
 tiful ladies; and the whole was as soft as  
 new bread. My young master and I were  
 so enchanted with these books, that we  
 thumb'd them all day, and all night too.  
 — His lordship was overjoy'd to see  
 how sage we were grown. You are to  
 know that it was our custom, to inform  
 my lord of all that we had read; and we  
 were so enraptur'd with this study,  
 that the young gentleman fancied, (every  
 now and then,) that I was a princess, and  
 that he was smit with me. After this  
 (gadzookers!) we us'd to suppose, (agree-  
 ably to our books,) that I had been lost  
 for a long, long time; when he wou'd  
 feign, that he had found me by mere  
 chance,

‘ chance, just as we meet with a purse,  
‘ without seeking after it. Have I found  
‘ you again? dearest princess! (wou’d he  
‘ cry, falling at my feet;) on which occa-  
‘ sion I ap’d the fine lady; tofs’d about my  
‘ head; put on a thousand finical airs;  
‘ and answer’d him in a voice much softer  
‘ than a flute or a hautboy. — I am here  
‘ again, sweet prince, (squeals I:) I have  
‘ rambled over seas; been forc’d away  
‘ from one place, and kindly succour’d in  
‘ another; but, heavens be prais’d! I have  
‘ met with you at last. — I then wou’d  
‘ pretend to weep, on account of our cruel  
‘ fate; for which purpose I always carried,  
‘ in my pocket, a bit of onion, and never  
‘ fail’d to rub my eyes with it. Heaven is  
‘ my witness how sadly I us’d to take on,  
‘ on these occasions; and, indeed, I some-  
‘ times wou’d be too long a snivelling.  
‘ ’Twas to no purpose for my prince to  
‘ say, — Dear, sweet Madam, console your-  
‘ self, dry your tears, — for O! the foun-  
‘ tain ran incessantly.

‘ Sometimes we wou’d take another kind  
‘ of diversion, which was, to fight with  
‘ wooden swords, made by us for this pur-  
‘ pose; and I will be so frank as to own,  
‘ that I seem’d much better cut out for  
‘ love, than for fighting. My young ma-  
‘ ster,



‘fter, in the twinkling of an eye, wou’d  
 ‘difarm me; and then I own’d myself con-  
 ‘quer’d; and fo on, all which I have not  
 ‘leisure to tell you at this time. In a word  
 ‘- - - But, faith and troth, now I think  
 ‘on’t, I have prattled this half hour, with-  
 ‘out taking in a fingle drop. Body o’ me!  
 ‘my ftory is excellent, but wine is ftill better.’

— A huge glafs was then handed to Clito,  
 which he tossing off, the guefts observ’d, that  
 it was too late for him to finifh his ftory; for  
 which reason he was defir’d to ftop till  
 next day. ’Tis not but the humorous  
 manner in which our fquire told his tale, di-  
 verted the company exceedingly; but they  
 faw plainly, that fhould they ftill attend to  
 him, he very poffibly wou’d continue four  
 and twenty hours longer. — ‘Odds  
 ‘bobs! (cries he,) gentlemen, you are in  
 ‘the wrong not to hear me out; for you  
 ‘are to know, that I have enough to regale  
 ‘you with, till this day fe’n-night. Swaunds!  
 ‘I’ll be fo bold as to fay, that there is no  
 ‘hiftery in the world, (that of England  
 ‘excepted,) fo beautiful as mine; and even  
 ‘this is a tofs-up. But fince you are fo de-  
 ‘firous of going to bed, good night. To-  
 ‘morrow is the day when I am to have the  
 ‘promis’d fricafsee; which will be much  
 ‘more

‘ more to me than the finest new year’s  
‘ gift.’

The whole company then rose, after which every one went to rest; and the master of the house order’d Clito to be shown to Pharsamond’s bed-chamber.

How dull a character is that of Clito, whenever he is made to spin out his discourse to so tedious a length? (will some grave reader cry, whose stomach the apples have sower’d;) and how greatly am I oblig’d to the guests, for saving us from the remainder of his tale! — Harkee, reader. I cou’d take upon me to defend the story of my squire, and assert that it is excellent. I’ll warrant you, (may I argue) because it mentions apples, sparrows, and children diverting themselves, you thence conclude that the whole must be heavy and insipid. But know, that the materials are what make a relation sprightly or dull. The gravest historian, in relating the fall of an empire; in drawing up, in battle array, armies of an hundred thousand men each; in giving victory to the one, and describing the overthrow of the other; his grave relation, (I say,) is sometimes as dull, as an account of two boys, playing at blind man’s buff, cou’d possibly be. The pleasure or uneasiness we feel, at hearing a story told, arises wholly  
from

from the manner in which the subject is treated. And if the sport of such children as we are speaking of, is but naturally describ'd, and in a manner suitable to the subject; such a narrative may divert the mind, as much in proportion, as the relation of a great and tragical story shall exalt it. An apple is indeed an insignificant thing; sparrows are no more than sparrows; but then every subject, how low soever, may be rais'd by throwing the proper beauties round it. The only difference then is in the *manner*; and therefore it would be ridiculous to assert, that a rural maid, tho' adorn'd by nature with the most lovely charms, is not beautiful; and consequently cou'd not enchant the eye, merely because she is unaccompanied with all the pomp that glitters round a princess.

But, gentle reader, I shall not take upon me to say, that you yourself are in the wrong to imagine this part of my work dull; at least I won't tell you so, whatever I myself may think. Your finding it heavy may, perhaps, be my fault, perhaps your's; which is all I will observe on this head, whence you cannot fail of concluding me extremely modest. But tho' Clito shou'd really be an insipid historian; I yet will venture to affirm, that he now and then is entertaining;



taining ; and that this gives him (as well as many others, whom a little success has flatter'd,) a right of being dull at times. Was our squire to be always jocular, there then wou'd be too much *sameness* in him ; the reader would be satiated with his waggery, or true simplicity ; and these, consequently, cou'd no longer be entertaining. Upon the whole, 'tis better that he venture to give us both good and bad, since this will prevent his strokes from becoming too familiar.

But whereabouts am I ? 'tis a most heavy task, that of attempting to please every reader ! However, happen what will ; shou'd he take me to be an author, he wou'd find himself bit. I divert myself ; and 'twill be happy if I sometimes divert him also. Be not offended, (courteous reader,) at this stroke : be assur'd that it is not levell'd at you. You must be a genius, and consequently think me one. I pretend not to play cunning with you. I am no author, I declare to you once again. I trifle away my time in telling you a parcel of fictitious tales ; but this, (let me observe,) is better than being quite idle. Let us therefore proceed. — Our whole company are now got to bed. 'Tis three in the morning, with regard to them ; but 'tis no more than nine at night with respect to myself ;

self; for which reason, I'll bring them all into action again, as tho' they had snor'd away the four and twenty hours round.

Up! up! — I am instantly obey'd. — Already the servants stretch forth their arms, and rub their eyes. They have slept till they are sober, but find themselves a little tir'd. Grooms, coachmen, scullions, cooks, maid-servants, all turn out of bed. I see some of them there, opening the window, and looking at the weather. They recollect the adventures of the foregoing night, when some laugh, and others think nothing at all about what has pass'd. The master of the house rises, like the rest; orders breakfast to be got ready for his guests, the moment they shall wake. In pursuance of this command, the cook lights his fire, and sets his pots on; and, whilst this is doing, the servants empty certain bottles of wine, which had escap'd the guests the night before.

Already part of the gentlemen are walking about; whilst that the ladies, lying at ease in their respective beds, and broad awake, consult their eyes, to know whether they have had sleep enough. I hear two, in the same bed chamber, who, pursuant to the laudable custom of pretty women, strive to out-do each other, in airs and affectation. And  
whilst

whilst the one is complaining of a swimming in her head, which she terms dreadful ; the other yawning, cries : ——— ‘ I have a  
 ‘ a sad pain in my stomach ! I am so vastly  
 ‘ weary, that I can scarce move hand or  
 ‘ foot. I shall be indispos’d to day, as sure  
 ‘ as ever I was born.’ ——— ‘ the least thing  
 ‘ in the world, (cries the other,) affects  
 ‘ and disorders me. Alas ! I feel such a  
 ‘ weight all over me, I have not been able  
 ‘ to get a wink of sleep this horrid night ! —  
 ‘ And, pray Madam, cou’d you shut your  
 ‘ eyes ?’ — ‘ O Laud ! no, Madam, (re-  
 ‘ plies the other ;) a cruel indigestion pre-  
 ‘ vented my getting a moment’s rest. But  
 ‘ good now, what a clock may it be ? shall  
 ‘ we rise ?’ ——— ‘ I don’t know, (replies  
 ‘ the other ;) is it late ?’ ——— ‘ It may be  
 ‘ so, (cried the second ;) but decorum bids  
 ‘ us go and pay a visit to the bride.’ ———  
 ‘ if so, (cries the other,) let us e’en get up.’  
 ——— They then rise, with that lovely air  
 of indolence, which constitutes part of the  
 merit of women, with regard to the exte-  
 rior. ‘ Twou’d be idle in us to censure them  
 on this account ; on the contrary, we shou’d  
 consider it as an improvement of their  
 charms ; consequently the indolence for  
 which they are reproach’d, must differ  
 from that in question ; a little of this latter  
 becoming



becoming admirably an agreeable woman. 'Tis for men only, to boast a strong and uninterrupted health, with a masculine vigour in all their actions. But the fair-one who has the art of somewhat diminishing, a perfect state of health, by a proper dash of affectation; who can whine agreeably, complain at intervals of the head-ach, or of a tremor in her eyelids, caus'd by her looking askew; who saunters as quite fatigued, and speaks in such a gentle languishing tone as no ways implies sickness: the fair-one, (I say,) who can employ these little secrets seasonably, and in a due proportion, is possess'd of such charms as are the most dangerous to, and have the greatest ascendent over, male hearts, which a mere trifle can allure and captivate. All the above characteristics speak a mind of a tender cast. Such a lovely pair of eyes as are sweetly languishing, can soonest find the secret to gain the heart, and shall preserve it's victory the longest; whilst sprightly eyes divert the heart rather than conquer it. I myself shou'd soonest be caught by the former. Being young, I am better skill'd in those artifices, by which women ensnare our sex, than an old dotard, who, tho' he may secretly assent to the above particulars, he yet

shall

shall censure them, in public, merely from a jealous caprice.

'Tis to no purpose that we find fault with the amiable affectations of the fair, and the various little arts employ'd by them, these being as so many snares by which they catch male hearts. Beauty indeed strikes, and makes the first impression; but to engage, and to conquer, the artifices above hinted at must be practis'd; and if such artifices ought to be disapprov'd, this can be meant only with regard to those awkward females to whom nature has refus'd the secret of pleasing; and who, tho' providence may have indulg'd them the most lovely system of features, it yet does not teach them how to set them off to advantage: Females, who, by badly imitating the innocent artifices which the amiable part of their own sex practise, disgust men by the very things which charm in others; those things, (I say,) which act upon us, but in so delicate a manner, that we often receive the impression, without our being able to account for it; or, if we can, are charm'd to such a degree, that nothing is found so alluring, except a passion of long continuance.

The things I here hint at, work sometimes so powerfully on the heart of men, that some of them (observing the charm which these

these little affected airs give the other sex,) endeavour to imitate them, but extravagantly and monstrously. Reflect that the beauty of the peacock's plumage was design'd to adorn the peacock only. 'Twere foolish, in other birds, shou'd these attempt to be fine in them. The things which please, which inchant in peacocks, excite our contempt, and appear ridiculous in other birds. They are like gourds set *espalier*-wise, as an agreeable writer of our age has it; 'tis a pearl in a dunghil; a rich saddle fix'd upon an ass's back; 'tis the braying of that animal, instead of the melting sounds of the sweet nightingale. Return therefore to your species, ye insipid motley creatures! ye fantastical half-men! ye are monsters whose characteristicks cannot be drawn. Know that your merit consists in a noble air, in vigorous actions, and in a masculine politeness: these are your charms, these are the gifts bestow'd upon you by indulgent nature. Leave then the rest to the most lovely, and, at the same time, the weakest part of the rational creation. The merit which nature bestows on woman, is suited to her other weapons. She triumphs over our sex by tears, by tenderness, and a gentle, insinuating carriage: but the proper characteristicks of men are courage, probity; a



generous and haughty submission ; such a complaisance as discovers a superiority over the fair, and arises from the regard men ought to pay to their weakness. This is the part which our sex ought to act. In case a man should add, to the above qualifications, that of an handsome person ; let him not change and disfigure it, (as it were,) by a discordant mixture of ridiculous, affected airs.

But I have moraliz'd enough, on occasion of a little chit-chat between two women : and if I take the liberty to write what comes uppermost ; and to change my style, according as the subjects I am writing upon happen to please me, I therein follow my own taste ; and so far is natural. — To return to our two ladies. They get up, at last ; after having long resisted the fond desire they had, to lie a little longer. But in truth, I myself know some of our own sex, who, when a bed in the morning, never rise but with the utmost reluctance. I will be so ingenuous as to own, that the pleasure of finding myself warm, in an attitude which befriends repose, is such a pleasure as I cannot resign, without a struggle ; I say *resign* ; for tho' I protract it ever so much, I yet must give it up at last. — But why am I so idle, as to mention myself, and my own humour, on this occasion ?

sion? I will confess, (gentle reader,) that I am quite silly for so doing. You wou'd not forgive me, except for the sake of my negligence, which you find to be my darling passion. However, I hope to give no opportunity of making such objections for the future. A chamber-maid of the house, whose name I do not know, came to see whether our ladies were up, and if they wanted her. Her service being accepted, she assisted the fair-ones in putting on their clothes; some time after which, the gentlemen entred, with other ladies who were not so lazy; and perhaps, for that very reason, not so engaging. Presently after came the master of the house, when they all wish'd one another good morrow; and ask'd the many important questions usual on such occasions. The whole company then left the room, in order to go into the chamber of the bride, who was still kept in bed, by the lawful fatigues she had undergone. They jok'd for a long time on the adventure of the preceding night; and were merry, in particular, on the confusion with which a scar'd lady had fill'd the nuptial pair.

' I shou'd have pitied you both heartily,  
 ' (said a wag,) had you been married a  
 ' twelve-month, and been forc'd to get out  
 ' of bed at two in the morning; but to be

F 2

' oblig'd

‘ oblig’d to give up your possessions, on the  
 ‘ hymenæal night, is cruel beyond expres-  
 ‘ sion! ——— ‘ You are not polite enough  
 ‘ (cried a relation of the wag’s,) in say-  
 ‘ ing, had they been married a twelve-  
 ‘ month; for ’tis my firm opinion, that  
 ‘ our wedded couple, lovely as they are,  
 ‘ wou’d be as much griev’d and disappoint-  
 ‘ ed a year hence, as they were last night.’  
 — ‘ I am infinitely oblig’d to you, (said  
 ‘ the bridegroom;) your reflexion is very  
 ‘ just with regard to my blooming partner,  
 ‘ for I certainly shall not love her less,  
 ‘ shou’d I live ever so long.’ ——— ‘ Ha!  
 ‘ ha! ha!’ (cries a cunning old fox, who  
 had been a husband thirty years :) ‘ ’twill  
 ‘ be very happy for you if, thirty years  
 ‘ hence, you find yourselves able to live upon  
 ‘ esteem; ’tis long since this has been my  
 ‘ sheet-anchor; I mean with regard to my  
 ‘ wife.’ — ‘ ’Tis very pretty in you, (says  
 ‘ a gay blade,) to measure other people’s  
 ‘ corn by your bushel. Give me but a wo-  
 ‘ man with a face, a shape, an air, a hu-  
 ‘ mour; in a word, one resembling the  
 ‘ bride; and I will oblige myself, in a  
 ‘ bond of one thousand pounds sterling, to  
 ‘ be as amorous, as fond of her, (one day  
 ‘ with another,) twenty years hence, as the  
 ‘ first day.’ — ‘ Thou speakest without  
 ‘ thinking,



‘ thinking, (replied old grey beard ;) be-  
 ‘ lieve those whom years have made wise ;  
 ‘ for thou certainly, (my dear knight,)  
 ‘ woud’st lose thy thousand pounds.’ —  
 ‘ I won’t believe you, (replied a smock-  
 ‘ face young fellow ;) for a woman charm-  
 ‘ ing as the bride, will always appear a  
 ‘ new object.’ — — ‘ You really make  
 ‘ me blush, gentlemen, (said the bride  
 ‘ who, hitherto, had spoke very little ;)’  
 ‘ I know not what you mean by this  
 ‘ evenness of passion ; but I hope that  
 ‘ my behaviour, my conduct ; and, let  
 ‘ me add, my fondness, will be such, as  
 ‘ may engage my bridegroom, who now  
 ‘ loves me with the utmost tenderness, to do  
 ‘ so for ever.’ — The husband made no reply  
 to these obliging words ; but taking his fair-  
 one’s hand, he kiss’d it with a warmth,  
 which seem’d to imply, that she shou’d not  
 be deceiv’d in her expectations. — ‘ I must  
 ‘ beseech you, genteels, (said a middle ag’d  
 ‘ bachelor) to end this conversation. I was  
 ‘ determin’d to lead a single life, but you  
 ‘ really stagger my resolution. The attend-  
 ‘ ing to such discourses, may prove the  
 ‘ shipwreck of my liberty.’ — ‘ I advise  
 ‘ you,’ (replied a friend of his lately mar-  
 ‘ ried, and who, perhaps, wish’d he had ne-  
 ‘ ver been so ;) ‘ I advise you to break from

‘ a sett of reflexions, calculated to confirm  
 ‘ us in the duty we owe our wives : I have  
 ‘ been married some time ; and I will assure  
 ‘ ye, that the passion which this bridal pair  
 ‘ discover one for the other, makes me son-  
 ‘ der of my better half.’ — ‘ This is car-  
 ‘ rying your complaisance too far, (said the  
 ‘ old gentleman ;) and ’tis my opinion,  
 ‘ that no husband can go such lengths for his  
 ‘ wife.’ — ‘ Gad ! (cries the other,) you have  
 ‘ been so many years in the hymenæal fetters,  
 ‘ that ’tis no wonder you shou’d find them  
 ‘ heavy ; whereas I, (you know,) have but  
 ‘ just put them on.’

A thousand more such things were said,  
 with all the pleasantry imaginable ; after  
 which they digress’d, insensibly, to the drip-  
 ping-pan hero, to his doughty squire, and  
 to the lady who accompanied them.

*The end of the seventh P A R T.*

P H A R-



# PHARSAMOND.

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## PART VIII.

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**P**HARSAMOND and Fatima were still in their respective bed-chambers ; or, to be more particular, Pharsamond was up ; but his absence of mind, and his uneasiness, had suspended in some measure his strong desire of going in search of Cedalifa. With regard to Fatima, the blows which had been so liberally bestow'd on her, the night before, together with her mistress's restlessness, wou'd not permit her to close her eyes soon ; so that when Morpheus had once seiz'd her, he held her long fast, she being still in his downy arms. As to Clito, (who was very near slipping my memory,) a chair serv'd him for a couch. Intoxicated with the great quantity of wine



he had swallow'd, and fill'd with the victuals he guttled down, he had not been able to find time, nor cou'd he take the pains to undress himself, in order to go to bed. His master was so wrapt in contemplation, that he did not hear Clito enter ; and the latter having seated himself in a chair, found his head heavier than the rest of his body, just as he was untying his garters, in order to step into bed.

And now the whole company thought it their duty to send into the chevalier's chamber, to enquire how he did ; during which a niece of the master of the house, was so good natur'd as to go to Fatima's room, when finding her snoring, she let her lie, till she might wake of herself. As to Pharsamond, the servant who came into his bed-chamber, drew him from his profound musings, by roaring, — that all the company desired to know how he had rested the night before. — Pharsamond replied, with an air of the deepest melancholy, that rest did not become a man, who had lost the darling of his soul ; that he wou'd go and thank the gentlemen for the regard they show'd to his repose, and then set out. — The servant came back, and telling the company the answer given by our knight ; they form'd a judgment of his cast of mind, from

from the return made by him to their compliment.

And now Pharsamond, the moment the servant had left the room, resolv'd to leave this house. However, before he came out of his room, he threw himself into the attitude of a man prey'd upon by despair; when, crossing his hands, and turning his eyes skyward; — ‘ O place! (says he,) witness to the most pungent grief with which mortal was ever seiz'd: O cruel night! the most horrid I ever pass'd.’ — He utter'd these words only, which were cut in two by a deep sigh. Some turns about his room, which he measur'd in the most dreadful agitations, clos'd in expressive tho' dumb language, the sad period begun by him. He then turn'd towards his squire, who, with his triple chin upon his stomach, thought neither of the place where he himself was, nor of the deplorable condition to which his master was reduc'd. Clito was sleeping with his mouth wide open, and his nose stopp'd; that is, in plain English, he blew and snor'd. His cheeks were painted with a bacchanal red, which sleep, and the posture he was in, render'd still more florid. — ‘ Wretch that thou art! (cries Pharsamond,) can'st thou indulge in slumbers, whilst thy master is at death's door?’ — But

'twas to no purpose that Pharsamond call'd him, in a most lamentable tone ; Clito sleeping very soundly, which, however, sav'd him from the confusion of hearing such bitter reproaches. Our knight perceiving that he did not stir yet, call'd him in a loud tone ; — Thou nothing of a man ! — He was forc'd to exalt his voice still more ; for Clito slept as he eat ; I mean, his slumbers were as surprizing as his appetite. Pharsamond grew still more vociferacious, and pulling him by the arm : — ' Let ' me alone,' (replied Clito surlily, he being still fast ; and having felt, no otherwise than mechanically, the pulling of his sleeve :) ' In the devil's name, (adds he,) have we ' not rambled about enough yet ?' — Saying these words he turn'd his head, and began again to play thro' his nostrils. But now his master, perceiving that he was not yet awake, did not allow him time to snort above a dozen times more. — ' Move, ' move, (adds he,) wretch that thou art ! ' Awake, or I shall abandon thee to thy ' cowardly conduct.' — ' Coward thy ' self ! (replied Clito, opening his eyes,) I ' fought like a dragon.' — ' Dost thou ' laugh at thy master ? (cries the knight ;) ' and wilt thou dream on to eternity ?' — At these words, sleep really took it's flight ;



flight; when Clito, opening his eyes still broader, star'd wildly at Pharsamond. —  
 ' O! is it you? (cries he :) Odsbodlikins!  
 ' I am not mistaken! but harkee, do you  
 ' stand upon the watch all night, like the  
 ' mice?' ——— ' Ungrateful creature!  
 ' (cries Pharsamond,) thy master is reduc'd  
 ' to the extremes of despair, and still  
 ' thou sleepest unconcern'd!' ——— ' Now  
 ' you talk of despair, (cries Clito, rubbing  
 ' his eyes,) you must say right, for I fancy  
 ' your shoulders are grievously bruis'd: call  
 ' for some vinegar.' ——— The words,  
*bruise'd shoulders*, vex'd our knight for an  
 instant. ——— ' What meanest thou? (said  
 ' he;) know'st thou not that the princess  
 ' cannot be found?' ——— ' Well, (cries he,)  
 ' we find a pin on the ground after losing  
 ' it; why then d'ye fancy that the princess  
 ' will not be met with again?' ——— ' Rouze,  
 ' rouze, (cries Pharsamond,) thou art not  
 ' awake yet.' ——— ' Swaunds! (cries  
 ' Clito,) you have done the business at  
 ' last; farewell Morpheus, till you and I  
 ' are so happy as to meet again: behold me  
 ' now more wakeful than *Cbaunticleer*.  
 ' Come, good Sir, let us march this mo-  
 ' ment. I remember to a tittle all you in-  
 ' tend to say. You really deserve the ut-  
 ' most compassion; and I should love you

' as dearly as I do now, were you begging  
 ' from door to door: however, consider,  
 ' that shou'd you plunge headforemost into  
 ' a well, 'twould not be in your power to  
 ' remedy your evils,' ——— ' Alas! (cries  
 ' Pharsamond,) after the fatal accident  
 ' which has befallen me, there is nothing I  
 ' dread so little as death. Cedalifa, my dear  
 ' enchanting Cedalifa! where are you?' —  
 ' Swaunds! (cries the squire,) how shou'd  
 ' she be able to tell you where she is, when  
 ' she herself may not know it? But good  
 ' my lord, how are we to act?' ——— ' Set  
 ' out,' replied the Chevalier. ——— ' Well  
 ' then, my lord, (cries he,) let us march:  
 ' but harkee; must we go upon the hoof  
 ' like a couple of geese?' ——— ' I'll desire  
 ' the master of the house, (cries Pharsa-  
 ' mond,) to furnish me with horses.' ———  
 ' Body o'me! (says Clito,) you won't find  
 ' the three horses we want, as easily as you  
 ' will pebbles in the water. We shall stand  
 ' in need of a modicum of silver; and you  
 ' have no more than what is upon your  
 ' waistcoat, and that wou'd be but just  
 ' enough to pay for our next night's supper  
 ' and lodging.' ——— ' I have a diamond  
 ' in my pocket, (cries Pharsamond;) 'tis  
 ' of a considerable value, and I don't fear  
 ' the getting any money upon it. Let us  
 ' go.

‘ go then.’ — ‘ But, my lord, (said Clito,) with an air of some respect, (for being now broad awake, and the wine evaporated, his love for feats of chivalry return’d;) My poor, dear Fatima is in a sound sleep, and we must not leave her behind.’ — ‘ Ah! Clito, (answer’d the knight,) ’twas needless for thee to refresh my memory on this occasion; she bears too near a relation to an adorable princess, for Pharsamond not to have all imaginable regard for her. To take her under my protection, ’tis enough that she is a woman, and requires my aid.’ — ‘ I expected no less, (answer’d the squire, thanking him a thousand times,) from the greatness of your soul; and the great Pharsamond is a man, who — — — — — I mean that you are a great man.’ — This compliment (tho’ unfinish’d) of Clito, with regard to the greatness of Pharsamond’s soul, gave the latter not a little pleasure, upon which he stretch’d forth his hand for him to kiss. — ‘ My Lord,’ (says Clito, who did not know what he meant by this action, which Pharsamond had hit upon, as thinking it conformable to his dignity, and the wide distance there was between him and his squire :) — ‘ What am I to do, (my lord,) to your hand?’ — ‘ I held it forth for you to kiss,’ (replied our chevalier,)



valier,) a little nettled that Clito did not understand his meaning. — ‘ Permit me, my Lord, to atone for my stupidity,’ (says Clito, seizing the knight’s hand, as he was drawing it back.) — He then kiss’d it in the most respectful manner he cou’d ; the squire feeling not a little delight in his own mind, on reflecting that he belong’d to a gentleman, the kissing of whose hand was an honour. This ceremony being so happily ended, Pharsamond and Clito went down to the guests, who long’d to see them. — The master of the house, as had been agreed, ran to meet him, the instant he appear’d in sight. — ‘ My Lord, (says he,) we all are exceedingly sorry, that you shou’d have been so shockingly treated last night. Our ignorance, with regard to your quality, and your appearing in arms, oblig’d us to defend ourselves against the greatest and most respectful of all heroes. I beseech you to erase from your memory, the base insults you then met with ; and to command what satisfaction soever you shall think proper.’ — ‘ No more of this, my Lord, (said Pharsamond ;) things of this sort do not once enter my mind ; my soul is now engross’d by far different cares. I have lost the idol of my heart, know that I was accompanied by princess Ceda-

lisa,

' lisa, who had been forc'd to fly along  
 ' with me, to free herself from the cruel  
 ' and unjust treatment of an enemy, whose  
 ' captive she was. I have lost her, my  
 ' Lord ; and, alas ! may never set eyes on  
 ' her more.' — ' What's that you say ? my  
 ' Lord, (cried the master of the house ;)   
 ' what can have befallen her, in this scene  
 ' of confusion and tumult ? is it possible  
 ' that any wretch could have been so auda-  
 ' cious, as either to carry her off, or to  
 ' force her to follow him ?' — ' Something  
 ' of this kind, my Lord, must have hap-  
 ' pen'd, (replied the chevalier). I there-  
 ' fore have but one favour to request, after  
 ' thanking you a thousand times for those  
 ' you have already indulg'd me, which is,  
 ' that you wou'd be so gracious as to fur-  
 ' nish me with three horses out of your  
 ' stable ; and, in the mean time, accept of  
 ' this little ring, which I beg of you to  
 ' keep.' — The gentleman took the ring,  
 when perceiving that there was a valuable  
 diamond in it, he presented it to one of the  
 ladies of the company, who desir'd to look  
 at it ; then turning to Pharsamond : —  
 ' My Lord, (cries he,) not only all my horses  
 ' are at your service, but even myself, in  
 ' case I can be of any use to so very worthy,  
 ' and so very amiable a gentleman as I am.  
 ' persuaded

‘persuaded you are. With regard to your  
‘ring, I’ll keep it, since such is your  
‘command; but be assur’d, my Lord, that  
‘I shall be always ready to return it to you,  
‘upon demand.’ — The lady who had  
look’d at it, desired the gentleman of the  
house to let her keep it? — ‘You must  
‘go along with me, Sir,’ (says she direct-  
ing herself to Pharsamond;) ‘I don’t live  
‘above three miles from this place; we  
‘will set out in an hour or two; I’ll fur-  
‘nish you with as many horses as you de-  
‘fire; and make you the same promise as  
‘the gentleman, that is, I will return your  
‘your ring upon demand.’ — Pharsamond  
consented to these overtures, as did the  
gentleman, who imagin’d that the lady  
wou’d be proud of keeping the diamond.  
The knight only observ’d, that he was in-  
finitely desirous of setting out, and there-  
fore, intreated her to oblige him as soon as  
possible. — In the mean time, the whole  
company were impatient to hear the story  
of so romantic a personage as he appeared to  
be, for which reason he was requested to fa-  
vour them with it; but he replied, his un-  
easiness was so great, that it wou’d be ab-  
solutely impossible for him to once enter  
upon it.

And



And now the guests went into a large parlour, where the breakfast had been prepar'd. Pharsamond follow'd, but with a countenance expressive of the deepest anguish. ——— ‘I heartily commiserate him,’ (said one of the ladies;) ‘tis really a great pity, that so handsome a gentleman shou’d be seiz’d with this strange frenzy!’ ——— They wou’d fain have plac’d him at the head, among the ladies; but as his sorrows did not make him forget the regard due to the fair-sex, of what rank soever, he seated himself below them. They then help’d the knight, who assum’d the most melancholy aspect of the heroic kind ever seen; such a one as was perfectly suitable to the mighty loss he had sustain’d. The only words he utter’d, were, to beseech the master of the house to bid some person go and enquire after Fatima. The gentleman’s niece rose immediately, and went down to her. Our Mrs Abigail had been awake some time, and was huddling on her clothes as fast as possible; and after giving the young gentleman a multitude of thanks for the civility shown her, she attended her to the parlour. Fatima was well shap’d, and her features handsome; in short, she was so smart a girl, that she delighted most of the gentlemen, some of whom dallied with her. However, she

she appeared with an air of the deepest sorrow, but less noble than that of Pharsamond. They forc'd her to sit down with them; tho' 'twas with the utmost reluctance she cou'd be prevail'd upon to seat herself at the same table, with a mighty prince (as she was pleas'd to style Pharsamond). — That title surpriz'd all the company at first; but recollecting what Clito had observ'd to them the night before, they accounted for it at once.

In the mean time Clito, who also had been desir'd to draw in a chair, stood behind that of his master. Being most agreeably surpriz'd, to see his fair-one put upon a level with the rest of the company, he was less impatient, than he otherwise shou'd have been, at the distinction made between himself and Fatima, he saying, in his own mind: — That it was natural a woman shou'd be treated with more complaisance than men. Besides, the honours then paid her, inflam'd his passion for her to such a degree, that observing the whole company silent for a moment, he bawl'd out: — ‘ Oddslife! Madam, ‘ (I mean the squiress of a lost princefs,) I ‘ cannot gaze on you without being per- ‘ suaded that you, very possibly, may be ‘ as great a lady as your mistress! and, from ‘ this time forward, may I be soundly ‘ flogg'd, if I ever fail to style you other-  
‘ wife

‘ wise than my princess ; for (body of me!)  
 ‘ that title is writ on your forehead.’ —  
 Our Mrs Abigail blush’d at this compli-  
 ment, which yet wou’d not have displeas’d  
 her, had it been a little more politely turn’d;  
 but Clito’s discourses were for ever a com-  
 pound of the heroic and comical. — ‘ I have  
 ‘ not the vanity, (said Fatima in a modest  
 ‘ tone,) to think that I deserve so glorious  
 ‘ a title.’ ‘ This wou’d be vanity indeed,’  
 (replied Pharsamond, who hitherto had  
 mov’d only his eyes, which he frequently  
 turn’d towards the skies,) ‘ This wou’d be  
 ‘ vanity : but, you lovely Fatima, must be  
 ‘ free from every thing of that sort, since  
 ‘ the employment you hold, under the illu-  
 ‘ strious personage just hinted at, might sa-  
 ‘ tisfy the most craving ambition ; but was  
 ‘ the title of *princess* to be bestow’d purely  
 ‘ on merit, Fatima wou’d be the first ho-  
 ‘ nour’d with it.’ — Nothing cou’d be more  
 gracious than this answer, or more suitable  
 to the modesty which it was proper for Fa-  
 tima to assume on this occasion. — ‘ Why  
 ‘ shou’d she not be call’d *princess*?’ (cries  
 Clito, who was no ways satisfied with the  
 knight’s compliment ;) ‘ You, my Lord,  
 ‘ are a prince ; and yet literally, you are  
 ‘ no more than nephew to John Trumping-  
 ‘ ton, Lord of Pimlico, I argue justly, or I  
 ‘ am



‘ am a blockhead.’ ——— ‘ Hold your  
 ‘ tongue,’ (said the knight very gravely,  
 ‘ turning towards Clito ;) it does not be-  
 ‘ come you to speak in my presence.’ ———  
 ‘ I did not say this to anger you, (said the  
 ‘ squire ; but, gadzooks ! every lover ought  
 ‘ to stand up for his sweetheart ; and I talk  
 ‘ to the company, who delight in hearing  
 ‘ me.’ ——— ‘ A princess cannot but resem-  
 ‘ ble Fatima, (said a gentleman ;) and you  
 ‘ shall be mine, (added he,) beauteous mai-  
 ‘ den, if you please.’ — ‘ Fair and softly !  
 ‘ (cried the squire ;) Oons ! I must speak,  
 ‘ tho’ my tongue were to drop off. That  
 ‘ charming creature, (let me tell you,) is  
 ‘ too delicious a morsel for your tooth ; and  
 ‘ no man except the squire of the illustrious  
 ‘ personage who now condescends to sit at  
 ‘ table with you, deserves so precious a  
 ‘ windfall.’ ——— This rant was not displea-  
 sing to Pharsamond, who then left Clito at  
 full liberty to maintain his rights. — ‘ But  
 ‘ harkee, my lord-squire, (cried the gen-  
 ‘ tleman,) shou’d the young lady be so kind  
 ‘ as to accept of me for her humble servant,  
 ‘ how wou’d you hinder it ?’ — ‘ Blood !  
 ‘ I wou’d hinder it, (cries Clito ;) I’d hang  
 ‘ myself for madness ; and who wou’d be  
 ‘ fool then ?’ — ‘ Fear nothing, (says Fa-  
 ‘ tima, darting a ray of comfort on her lor-  
 ‘ ver,)

‘ ver,) fear nothing, I say, my lord ; that  
 ‘ gentleman will not attempt to rival you ;  
 ‘ and, shou’d he do so, I am not fickle ; a  
 ‘ lover of your rank, and possess’d of such  
 ‘ excellent qualities, reflects so much ho-  
 ‘ nour on any woman of sense, that she  
 ‘ cou’d never be weak enough to forsake  
 ‘ him for another.’ — ‘ Whew ! (cries  
 ‘ Clito,) I only wanted these honey’d words.  
 ‘ Heavens continue your health, my sweet-  
 ‘ est princess ! and bestow on you, an hun-  
 ‘ dred fold, what you are now so good as  
 ‘ to load me with ; you really delight me  
 ‘ more, than if you had tickled the soles of  
 ‘ my feet.’ — Clito said many other things  
 to the same happy purpose, in which his  
 passion, and his wit, display’d themselves  
 with as much beauty as ever ; after which,  
 the whole company rose from table. And  
 now the lady, who was to furnish Pharsa-  
 mond with horses, took leave of the com-  
 pany, and gave the knight and Fatima,  
 places in her coach ; whilst the master of the  
 house ordered a horse to be saddled for Clito,  
 the lady promising to send it back again.

The reader will, no doubt, enquire after  
 princess Cedalifa ; and be surpriz’d to see  
 her vanish in so extraordinary a manner. —  
 What accident, (will he say,) cou’d possibly  
 prevent our losing her all this time ? an ac-  
 cident,

cident, (gentle reader,) to which you must be a stranger ; tho' you shall be told it, — when I think fit. In the mean time let us consider which course I had best take. I mean, proceed with Pharsamond, or inform you what became of his princess. To say the truth, I myself am not a little puzzled on this occasion. I yet must be forc'd to determine. — Let us then follow our knight, as we know where he is. Chance will throw Cedalifa in our way, by and by.

The coach they were in, was, by this time, got two miles from the house they had left ; when, riding through a little wood, Pharsamond and the lady spied a country girl, flying from a shepherd who was in close pursuit of her. The maiden shriek'd lamentably ; and seem'd to shun, in the utmost terror, the man who ran after her. Pharsamond perceiving this, roar'd out to the coachman to stop ; when the former alighting, and drawing his sword, he bid Clito dismount. This the squire did so very eagerly, that he tumbled headlong from his horse, which had jolted him several times out of the saddle. Pharsamond then leap'd upon the horse with incredible swiftness, and gallop'd full speed after the shepherd ; when coming up with him presently, he struck him furiously with the edge  
of



of his sword, and fell'd him to the ground. The knight then flew to the maiden, who stopt, seeing him come to her assistance. — ‘How greatly, (Sir! says she,) am I oblig'd to your generosity, for rescuing me out of the hands of my most cruel enemy!’ — ‘Draw nearer, lovely maid, (cried Pharsamond :) if I may credit your face, you are not the mean creature which the dress you wear, seems to declare you. Accept of the aid I offer, and mount this horse. ’Twill carry you to a coach, that is waiting for me hard by.’ — Having spoke thus, he alighted, and mounted the horse again with the utmost agility. The fair peasant being seated behind him, he rode full speed towards the coach, into which he put the maiden; and sat down by Fatima, after returning the horse to Clito. The beauteous stranger was seiz'd with such dread, that she cou'd scarce recover herself, tho' in a place of safety. The lady to whom the coach belong'd, sympathiz'd with the misfortunes of the fair unknown; and, as our knight had observ'd, she seem'd to be a person of distinction disguis'd under a mean habit. The coachman was order'd to drive as swift as possible; so that, in half an hour, they arriv'd at the house of the lady, who was a widow; one of those women

men whose beauty is upon the decline ; an antiquated coquet, who was loth to quit the pleasure in which the juvenile part of the world usually indulge. This lady had not spoke much in the company they came from. She was struck with Pharsamond's person ; and begg'd the diamond of him, with no other view than to engage him to go to her house, where she hop'd to banish from his mind the remembrance of his lost princess. She flatter'd herself that, by talking rationally to the chevalier, she shou'd recover him from his frenzy ; and prevail with him insensibly, by her engaging carriage, to make her his wife ; (I say, make her his wife, for 'tis no ways my inclination to bring a scandalous story upon the carpet.) She suppos'd him to be a gentleman by birth ; and knew that she was rich enough, to make the fortune of a man who shou'd be pennyless, and might please her.

They now were got to the house. As the fair stranger seem'd to want rest, a chamber was prepar'd for her, where she lay a considerable time on the bed. The deep sighs she vented as they rode along, evidently show'd she had but too much cause to grieve. Our chevalier recommended her to the care of the lady, whom I shall call *Felunda* ; observing that he himself  
must

must set out very shortly. The lady made as tho' she was ready to furnish him with every thing he might want ; but at the same time, she privately order'd her servants to say, that most of the horses had been taken to another of her estates ; and that such as were then about the house, were no ways fit for Pharsamond ; but that the others wou'd be brought back, next day after dinner. — This artifice was follow'd by a discourse, in which she represented to him, (agreeably to her own views,) that the fair-stranger, whom he had rescued out of the hands of her enemy, might possibly stand in farther need of his aid ; and therefore she imagin'd that it wou'd be best for him to stay, till she shou'd have told them her story. — The violent passion which Pharsamond had for Cedalifa, prompted him to be civil to all her sex ; so that he consented to continue in this house till next day. Dinner was serv'd up, when a servant was sent to the country maiden, to know whether she wou'd take some refreshment. The young woman then rose, and appear'd in the dining-room with that languishing air, which piercing grief spreads over the countenance. She still seem'd greatly confus'd. Pharsamond saluted her in a manner suitable to the noble personage



sonage whom she was supposed to be; and tho' she was in plain rural weeds, yet Felunda paid her the same compliments, as she might have expected had she been magnificently dress'd. The maiden, indeed, return'd their civilities with so much politeness, as plainly shew'd they were not mistaken in the idea they had form'd to themselves, of her family and education.

The beauties of her face were her least charms. She yet had a lovely and most delicate system of features; and her complexion was such as a rural maiden cou'd not preserve \*. Her hand was delicately soft, such as a princess might wish for: and a certain air of her whole person; a something inexpressible, in her way of returning thanks; in the answers she gave; and even in her manner of eating, seem'd to denote a superior education. Felunda, whilst they sat at table, treated her with the utmost complaisance; hoping thereby to sooth her deep

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\* 'Tis natural for a Frenchman to write thus; few of the female peasants in this country having fine complexions, by reason of their being exposed so much to the sun.

melancholy. The stranger seem'd touch'd with the endeavours of the lady to oblige her; and put a constraint upon herself so far, as to speak much more than she otherwise shou'd have done. The repast being ended, Felunda led her, (with Pharsamond, as also Fatima who had din'd with them, and Clito who sat apart,) to a delightful arbour, in which were many seats of turf. They first talk'd of indifferent matters, when the stranger shew'd, that the beauties of her mind equal'd those of her person. In the mean time Pharsamond, who was very desirous of knowing the reason why she had fled the shepherd who pursued her; and overjoy'd at the favourable opportunity which presented itself, of his being entertained with particulars so well suited to his own cast of mind; besought the fair-one to tell them her history, in case this wou'd not be too much trouble. — The young stranger replied; — ‘ My obligations to you, my lord, are so great, that I cannot deny your request. Besides, I see no danger in it; and therefore am very glad that you give me this opportunity of obliging you.’ — After answering in this manner, with an air of modesty which attracted love and respect, she began thus.



## *The History of TARMIANA.*

**M**Y name is Tarmiana. My father was a lieutenant of a man of war, and but two and twenty when he married my mother; they both being natives of France. Her love for my father was so great, that she went on board with him; at the time that the ship he belong'd to, with others, were order'd to sail to a certain island belonging to our monarch, and which wanted succours. 'Tis said that their voyage was, at first, as prosperous as cou'd be wish'd; but that, about a fortnight before they might have reach'd the destin'd port; several ships, which hoisted foreign colours, oblig'd those of our nation to keep upon their guard. These ships spying us, crouded all the sail possible; and coming near, were found to be Turks, and much more numerous than our countrymen. Immediately



mediately they fir'd at us, hoping we shou'd soon be forc'd to strike, but they were mistaken; our people, spite of the great superiority of the enemy, making a most gallant resistance. Nevertheless the Turks, by dint of numbers, gain'd the victory; but it cost them dear, they losing above two thirds of their crew.

My father was one of those who had chiefly signaliz'd themselves; and accordingly the Turks mention'd this circumstance, as soon as they had taken our ships. He was the last who fought, with the utmost bravery, against three young Turks; whose courage he inflam'd by his vigorous resistance, whilst they were endeavouring to board him; but, at last, he receiv'd so many wounds; that he fell. The fight being over, he was taken prisoner; when the captain of the Turkish ship, charm'd with the gallant feats perform'd by my father, was so generous as to order him to be carried to his own cabin. The Turks took three-score prisoners; and, on the division of the plunder, this captain made my mother his prize. They likewise seiz'd upon several trading vessels in their return. I was then but eighteen months old. Coming afterwards on shore, tho' the Turkish Rover, (for he was one,) had order'd all imagi-

nable care to be taken of my father, he nevertheless expir'd, in my mother's arms, of the wounds he received.

The Turkish Rover, whose name was Hasbud, took me to his house, together with my mother, whose youth and beauty fir'd him, the moment he saw her. He liv'd in a village near the sea. Hither his father had been forc'd to retire, after having enjoy'd some considerable posts under the Grand Seignior, to whom he nevertheless afterwards became obnoxious through the envy and artifice of his enemies ; for which reason he made this village his sanctuary, to avoid greater evils. In this place his wife, then a young woman, was deliver'd of Hasbud, who had always resided there. Both his parents dying, three years after they had retir'd to this village, Hasbud was left to the care of a relation, who did not cultivate, so well as he might have done, the child's happy disposition. Tho' not master of the vast wealth amass'd by his father, he yet had enough to enable him to make a considerable figure as a private man. The kinsman, whose ward Hasbud was, died when the latter was but fifteen ; at which time, finding himself rich, he devoted his opening years to love and pleasure only. Living near the sea-coast, and seeing

so many pirate-ships sail in and out from thence, he resolv'd to try his fortune upon the ocean. Accordingly he enter'd into partnership with another person; after which they went to sea for fifteen years; and met with prodigious success, by which he was not a little encourag'd. In a word, after having long been a rover, merely for lucre-sake, this way of life became so habitual to him, that he continued it thro' inclination. His partner dying in an engagement, Hasbud married one of his daughters, and thus got possession of the greatest part of his estate. It was Hasbud's custom to return, every year, to the place of his birth, which he had fix'd upon for the residence of his wife. He then made a considerable additional purchase of land; built so noble a house, and bought so great a number of slaves, that he was look'd upon as the richest and most powerful man in those parts. 'Twas hither he brought my mother and myself. But before I enter into the particulars of my own story, and all things relative to it, I must take notice of the situation of Hasbud's family at that time.

He was then fifty; and his wife, whom he married very young, but thirty. She was one of the handsomest women ever seen, but cruel, malicious; and the more dangerous,



as she had the easy art of concealing, beneath the specious appearances of the highest good nature, the most bitter rancour. She had a son, the only child she brought Hasbud. This Turk, immediately on our arrival at his house, inform'd his wife of my father's uncommon bravery; and the generosity of soul he discover'd in his last moments. He added that this man, a little before he expir'd, had earnestly besought him to treat his wife gently; and permit her to bring me up in whatever manner she might see fitting. I promis'd (said he) to comply with his desires; and will be as good as my word. Do you therefore keep a watchful eye over her; and let her educate the child as she may think proper. Alcania, (for so the rover's wife was nam'd,) endeavour'd to persuade her husband, that it was not necessary the captive (my mother,) shou'd live in their house; and therefore advised him to send her to another belonging to Hasbud; adding, that my mother wou'd be under less restraint in the latter, and less troublesome to themselves. Alcania said all this, in no other view than to judge, by the answer her husband shou'd make, whether his tenderness for his captive, might be the effect of generosity only. She had seen Tarmiana, and thought her exquisitely beautiful;

beautiful ; whence she concluded, that this care which Hasbud order'd shou'd be taken of her, arose, very possibly, from the great impresson her charms had made on his heart.

To this Hasbud made the following reply. ——— 'Twou'd be a singular pleasure to me, cou'd Tarmiana be brought up in our house, as this will give us a much better opportunity of looking after her. How ill shou'd I keep my promise made to her dying husband, was I to begin by putting her out of my house ; and sending her to another, where she cou'd not but fare much worse ? Let me add, that she must needs be a person of distinction, for which reason her misfortunes claim the greater pity. ——— Hasbud was induc'd to speak thus, from his rising passion, and in order the better to deceive Alcania. She yet was not impos'd upon by the pretended generosity of her husband, she perceiving that it was wholly the work of art ; and soon guess'd the real motive of the inconveniences hinted at by Hasbud. However, to be more certain of this, she resolv'd to teize him no more about it : and so complete a dissembler was she on this occasion, that her husband easily became her dupe, and imagin'd he had won her over to his opinion.

After this, Alcania was inexpressibly kind to my mother, who, tho' a captive, needed but form a wish, and it was immediately indulg'd. She daily thank'd Hasbud, and his wife, for their prodigious kindness. — To your generous care, (wou'd she sometimes say to them,) I owe my life, which must have been ended long since, after the fatal death of my husband, and my loss of liberty, had not your goodness sooth'd my sad sorrows. — In this manner wou'd Tarmiana express her gratitude.

In the mean time Hasbud's fondness for my mother increas'd. A sincere passion fills the boldest and most savage minds with fear. Hasbud, tho' he had never met with any resistance from Tarmiana, he yet did not dare to disclose his love. The perpetual sorrow into which she was plung'd; a sweet majesty diffus'd over her countenance; something, above the power of words, which grandeur bestow'd on her, and a noble way of thinking: these several things restrain'd Hasbud, and wou'd not permit him to venture at a declaration; he keeping within the bounds of common civility. He advanc'd towards her, an hundred times, with a firm resolution to reveal his flame; and was as often withheld from speaking, thro' respectful fear. However, his burning  
ing



ing flame grew so violent, that, at last, it got the better of his excessive modesty ; so that he, one day, was determin'd to go and meet her, as she was walking in a kind of maze, within a magnificent garden, adjoining to the house.

Hitherto Alcania, tho' she play'd the *Argus* with her husband, had not yet perceiv'd any thing, which shew'd that he was smit with Tarmiana ; so that she wou'd sometimes say to herself, that Hasbud was, very possibly, kind to the deserving captive merely from a principle of generosity, and in remembrance of her deceas'd husband's virtue. But chance, which disturbs and repairs all things successively, at last inform'd her of particulars, which the art of the rover, and his awful love of Tarmiana, had long conceal'd. — I before observ'd, my Lord, (continued the fair-stranger, addressing herself to Pharsamond,) that Tarmiana was walking in a maze near to the house. 'Twas then that Hasbud went up to her, imagining his wife busied with her maids. He enters the maze ; he throws his eager eyes round, in hopes of spying Tarmiana, when his deep sighs lead him towards her. He now goes up, trembling, to the fair-one, who was seated on the grass, and leaning on one arm. — Will your for-

rows never end? (cried he in a falt'ring voice; and showing, by his countenance, the occasion of his addresses;) Will not my uninterrupted endeavours, to soften your captivity, as much as lies in my power, make the least impresson on your heart? — Tarmiana, whom he had come upon by surprize, wou'd have rose to salute him, but he prevented her eagerly. — Surely, my lord, (replied she,) the grief or joy, with which I may be affected, can touch no person but myself; and you are too gracious, in wishing thus ardently that my woes may soon end. What you have done, and still continue to do, in my favour, are sufficient to make me almost not regret my past felicity: but then, (my Lord,) can it be possible for a hapless wretch like me, to feel the least sensations of joy; one who has lost her worldly goods, and a husband whom she idoliz'd above all things? I do not mention freedom; my present condition no ways resembling slavery. Be therefore persuaded, (my Lord,) that gratitude for your uncommon goodness, wou'd blot out the memory of my past misfortunes, was it possible for the sad idea of them to be ever banish'd from my heart.—But consider, fair charmer, (replied Hasbud, the flutter of whose spirits was now lessen'd by the gentle words utter'd by

by Tarmiana;) because persons have been once unhappy, must they always continue so? Is it not usual for time, and the kind endeavours of friends, to alleviate misfortunes; and extinguish, in a great measure, the remembrance of them? can calamities leave eternal wounds, when every one exerts his utmost endeavours to heal them? unseal therefore your lips, (enchanted fair;) Hitherto I have left no expedient untried, to charm your griefs. Tell me, then, what can I do farther? your tears melt me, nay pierce me to the soul. Till that heavenly face of your's appear'd, compassion was a stranger to my breast. You inspire me with sensations I never felt before. Command every thing in my power; my estate, my life, my blood, all are at your service. I have long been prompted to assure you of this, but was withheld, by I know not what awe, whenever I approach'd you. And since I have proceeded thus far, I will no longer scruple to declare, that I love you to distraction; and let it suffice, (sweetest of your sex!) when I declare solemnly, that if you smile upon my love, both your happiness and mine will be secur'd. I, indeed, am married; but then, a remedy is found for every evil. From the moment I first set eyes on you, I entertain'd an aversion to my wife.



wife. Heavens! how mighty is the difference between you! speak then, dearest Tarmiana, but one favourable word, and all the obstacles to my felicity will immediately vanish. Know, that I intend not to make an ill use of that power which I might naturally exercise over you, as being my captive. I plainly foresaw, that you wou'd not consent to my happiness, except such ties were propos'd, as might induce your heart to satisfy the burning wishes of mine. Once again, adorable Tarmiana, favour me with a kind word; be secret, and then I'll hasten both your happiness and mine.

How was Tarmiana struck, at this warm declaration of Hasbud! the horror of his proposal, was, that instant, united to the little inclination she had for him, as well as to the contempt in which she imagin'd he deserv'd to be consider'd; since the regard shown her, which she fancied to flow from generosity, arose solely from a criminal passion. She therefore answer'd him, at first, by a kind of silent rage; the coldness of which was, nevertheless, very expressive. Insensibly, the unhappiness of her condition forc'd tears from her eyes; after which she discover'd, by sighs and broken words, the effect which his addresses had wrought upon her.——How completely wretched am I!  
(cried

(cried Tarmiana.) Whom shall I (gracious Heavens!) address for succour? barbarous man! if you really love me, why not rather save me from the torments into which you now plunge me? reflect on my deplorable state; solitary, friendless, and undone! the sole friends left me, were you and your spouse. 'Tis you who were the source of my misfortunes; for which you yet seem'd to atone, by your generous treatment of me. But, Gods! I find that this generosity was a mere feint. Fate has left me a daughter, the sight of whom sooth'd all my woes; and enabled me to bear up under the load of sorrow with which I otherwise shou'd have been overwhelm'd. The principles of my religion differ widely from those of your's. I am a wretched captive, in a barbarous country, and far distant from my own. The only refuge left me was your goodness; alas! how dreadful a refuge! what will become of me now? To whom shall I complain? I am your slave; you only are my judge; and, (woe is me!) are also my executioner! — But now tears wou'd not permit her to proceed. She then threw herself upon me, who was seated near her; when clasping me with the utmost fondness, she vented such groans as might have mov'd the most savage breast. Her grief seem'd to

to heighten her strong affection for me, and even to work her up to distraction. Hafbud had the patience to continue silent, till her anger was cool'd; when perceiving some time after, that her transports were abated, he spake thus: — I'll leave you, Tarmiana. This declaration of my violent love, disorders you much more than I expected, or intended it shou'd. But lay aside the aversion you may harbour against me. Believe that I am strongly affected by your sorrows. I therefore will mention my passion no more, since this will only prejudice you farther, and banish from your mind the esteem you once entertain'd for me. Know that I'll use all my endeavours to root out my passion; and, provided you will but conceal the motive of your present uneasiness, I solemnly declare, that the disregard you have shown to my addresses, shall not lessen the kind usage which, you yourself confess, you have hitherto met with from me.

Having spoke thus, he left Tarmiana, who, whilst he was saying these last words, held down her head, and fix'd her eyes on the ground. — Grant Heavens! (cried she, as he was going) that your heart may agree with your lips! If so, my gratitude, for your generosity, shall continue as long as my wretched life.

Tarmiana



Tarmiana staid some time after this in the maze; whilst Hasbud went back into the house, his soul tortur'd by a thousand passions at once. His repentance, when he address'd Tarmiana, was mere hypocrisy, which he employ'd to succeed the better in his designs. In his perplexity, arising from a thousand doubtful resolutions; that of going to sea, and taking Tarmiana, with him, seem'd the most feasible. For this purpose, he thought he must flatter her with the hopes of seeing her native country again; and assure her, that he himself intended to visit it e're long. He was sensible, that, when he shou'd have got her on board, she wou'd be much more in his power, than at his own house, where he was restrain'd by Alcania, (of whom he stood in some awe;) as well as by the fear he was under, of being thought a cruel man. However, chance defeated his views, (as has been observ'd,) by acquainting his wife with all that had pass'd between him and Tarmiana.

Alcania happen'd to come into the maze, a moment before Hasbud entred it. She had spied Tarmiana, at a distance, thro' the trees, but did not come up to her; which, probably, might be owing to the gloomy state of her mind at that time; or rather,

rather, to the secret jealousy she entertain'd with regard to my mother.

Alcania was walking a different way, when she overheard her husband make his addresses in a loud voice. Her curiosity to know what he said to Tarmiana, during an opportunity which, she was persuaded, he wou'd not let slip, in case he lov'd his captive, caus'd Alcania to walk to the other side; when, advancing no nearer than was necessary for her to listen distinctly to her husband's voice, she, by this means, overheard all his passionate declaration, (the few first words excepted,) as well as his violent designs against her; the secret of which he confided to my mother. Alcania was a thousand times prompted, by rage and jealousy, to show herself, and vent a thousand reproaches against Hasbud: but then her wicked cunning, join'd to the fear she was under, with regard to her own life, check'd the impulses of her fury. She therefore withdrew, the moment he had done speaking, without waiting to hear Tarmiana's answer: She being afraid lest her husband shou'd see her, and thence be induc'd to hasten her death.

The first motive of Alcania's jealousy, was the strong affection she bore to her husband; but the instant she perceiv'd, that  
he

he disregarded her so far, as not to scruple the sacrificing her to his lust; her jealous love vanish'd entirely; and was succeeded by a frantic resolution, of taking vengeance on him, before he cou'd have time to rid himself of her. She yet conceal'd her resolves under an air of satisfaction and content. Hasbud met with his wife in the court-yard, where she was giving out orders to her servants; when she ask'd him, with her usual familiarity, where he came from? — Hasbud did not scruple to answer, that he was just come out of the maze; and had had a moment's conversation with Tarmiana, who, (he added,) was still there. He spake these words in so easy a manner, and with so unaffected an air, that Alcania was thereby the more firmly persuaded, it wou'd be absolutely necessary for her to strike the blow as speedily as possible, to prevent the dire mischiefs with which she herself was threaten'd. Night approaching, Tarmiana left the maze, and feign'd an indisposition, to avoid supping with Hasbud and his lady: for, Tarmiana, notwithstanding Hasbud's pretended repentance, had been struck with so much horror, that she cou'd not yet restrain the flood of tears, which the hated compliment made her, by Hasbud, so justly forc'd from her eyes.

Hence



Hence Alcania and Hasbud supp'd together, with no other company, that night; Alcania pretended to be uneasy on account of my mother's indisposition; so that, the moment the cloth was taken away, she left the room, and went to Tarmiana.

At Alcania's coming in, she found my mother in bed, her arms folded round me, with her cheeks close to mine, and bedewing my face with her tears. — What ails you, Tarmiana, (cries she,) with an air of malicious pity? your sorrows must surely be vastly obstinate; will you for ever take on in this manner? — I, perhaps, shall not weep much longer (replied my mother). I'll leave you then, to night, to your grief, (answer'd Alcania,) as this, no doubt, will entertain you much better than my company. — Alcania's company, (replied Tarmiana very politely,) will always give me true pleasure; and, spite of my present sad condition, I am neither so wretched, nor so ungrateful, as to be weary of those persons from whom I receive benefits. — 'Tis not to me, Tarmiana, (reply'd the other,) that you owe the kindness indulg'd you in your captivity; Hasbud, does every thing; and the only advantage I reap on this occasion, is the delight I feel, because of his generous treatment.

treatment of you. Good night, Tarmiana, I'll go and inform Hasbud of your indisposition, and assure him that it is but slight. However, you cannot but be persuaded, that this will give him pain. — Here Alcania ended a conversation, which she wou'd gladly have season'd with infinitely more malice, had she thought she might do it with safety. But she was afraid of throwing out too many hints; and if a sharp word or two escap'd her, they arose wholly from the resentment she harbour'd against her husband; it being impossible for her to stifle it entirely.

Alcania in the mean time, made all the advantage possible of the flying moments. She had fully satiated her vengeance, Hasbud having been poison'd that very night. His wife, at her leaving my mother's chamber, had return'd to that of Hasbud, who was suddenly taken ill. She easily guess'd the cause, but feign'd the deepest sorrow, and seem'd to assist him to the utmost of her power. Whilst she was pretending to think of every thing which might do him service, a slave flew in. This man had liv'd twenty years with Hasbud; us'd always to go to sea with him, and was not to be corrupted. The slave, who show'd a distracted look, shut the door after him; when running

ning up to his master ; — Take, take, my lord, (cries he,) this draught ; 'tis an antidote you stand in the utmost need of ; for know that, if you don't swallow it instantly, you are a dead man. — Heavens ! (cried Hasbud, raising himself as well as he cou'd) am I then poison'd ? — You are indeed, my Lord, (replied the slave ; ) but, without enquiring at present how this horrid accident came about, frustrate as quickly as possible, the execrable aim of your barbarous enemy.

Hasbud snatching the glass, drank off the liquor, when returning the former to the slave ; — Mehella, (cries he,) 'tis not enough that thou hast sav'd thy master's life ; thou also must tell him who was wicked enough to contrive this abominable deed ! —

Alcania had continued silent hitherto ; all her artifice not having been able to put a stop to an unforeseen accident, that frustrated the execution of her designs ; and which, in all probability, by betraying her guilt, wou'd prove her ruin. However, she endeavour'd to put the best face possible on the matter, when summoning all her spirits : — What wretch, (cried she, fondly embracing Hasbud,) can have been so wicked, as to attempt the murder of my dear lord ? — The slave continued some time dumb, in the posture



posture of a man who is eager to speak, and yet restrains his tongue; but afterwards, gazing on her with eyes, whose glances were emboldned by the duty which he ow'd his master: — My Lord, (cries he, directing himself to Hasbud,) behold the woman who exerted her utmost to bereave you of life: — Me! insolent wretch! (replied Alcania, redning more thro' rage than fear.) — Yes, you, (cried the slave;) I am acquainted with the whole scene of your iniquity, and will lay it open this moment. — Hasbud, at these words, looking furiously at his wife. — Speak, (cries he to Mehella;) and prove this treacherous woman guilty of the most horrid of all crimes. — Alcania then threw herself at her husband's feet, conjuring him not to give credit to the suggestions of the slave; but Hasbud, driving her away with his foot; — Get up, (cries he;) thou miscreant! vain will be thy hopes to calm my rage. Thou hast endeavour'd to dispatch me, so thou thyself shalt die. Rise, (I say,) and let this faithful servant speak; the servant, without whose kindly aid I shou'd have been dead e'er now. — Well! (cries Alcania, getting up with fury,) he need not inform you of what I have done. I confess that I wou'd gladly have rid the world of thee; and was it in my power, wou'd attempt

tempt it again. The only thing I am sorry for, is my being betray'd. Thou dost justly deserve to die, since thou hast endeavour'd to take away my life. I overheard thee; not a word escap'd me, when thou reveal'dst thy curs'd passion to Tarmiana. Call to mind, with what contempt thou talkest of the ties by which we are united. Thou observ'st, that means might be found to dissolve them; and thou hadst the cruelty to add, that provided she wou'd but give thee a favourable answer, thou then wou'dst hate me; and remove every scruple which she might naturally entertain on this horrid occasion. Thou knowest that such were thy expressions. Now was it not natural, (vile perfidious man!) for a wife who has ever idoliz'd thee, to act in this manner? a wife, who saw the fondness she has ever indulg'd thee, so basely rewarded? Cruel wretch! put me then instantly to death. In breathing my last, my only regret will be, that I was not able to revenge my shocking injuries; so far am I from repenting, that I strove to take away thy life, or lose my own. Strike, therefore, with all the fury of a cruel enemy, that murders a woman, who, was it in her power, wou'd still frown thee from the earth. — These words were utter'd with all the rage which disappointment, hatred,

hatred, jealousy, and the horror of dying wou'd inspire.

Hasbud then seiz'd his scymitar, in order to free himself, at once, from the just reproaches of a woman, who yet was guilty of a shocking crime ; but Mehella withheld his arm, observing, that he might take a proper revenge, without exposing himself to the ill consequences which must arise from his putting her to death with his own hand. ——— My lord, (says he,) the proofs of her wickedness are clear to a demonstration ; she endeavour'd to commit this horrid deed ; and, tho' you shou'd escape with life, you yet wou'd not be any ways oblig'd to her. As she attempted to poison you, will not the judge sentence her to die ? — He then fully inform'd Hasbud, of the methods employ'd by her to poison him.

Alcania, (says he,) has brib'd your man-cook. As all your servants, in this house, are at her devotion, she easily prevail'd with him to aid her horrid design. She oblig'd him to promise, (giving him money then, and sending him jewels afterwards,) to throw, into two dishes of which you are very fond, a certain powder ; and this must be a most subtle poison, since she assur'd the cook, that it wou'd be impossible for you to live till next morning. The cook



took the poison, solemnly declaring that he wou'd throw it into the two dishes above hinted at, and kept his word. Now I happen'd to go into the kitchen just after supper was gone up. At a few steps from the door, I perceiv'd our cook, talking to Murcia the slave, concerning a prosecution. Curiosity only prompted me to listen to them, when I heard her speak as follows :—

‘ Hali, thou didst wickedly, in throwing  
 ‘ that powder into the dishes. That poi-  
 ‘ son will not work expeditiously enough,  
 ‘ to prevent thy master from suspecting Al-  
 ‘ cania ; and causing her to be immediately  
 ‘ apprehended ?’ ——— I suppose there is no good understanding between our master and mistress. Our sex is naturally fearful ; and often betrays the utmost weakness, after taking the most vigorous resolutions. Thou didst most wickedly, in aiding her vengeance ; and tho’ it had been impossible for our master to know that he was poison’d, surely thy religion ought to have restrain’d thee from so execrable a crime. Thou art sensible that I idolize virtue, and never complain’d about the narrowness of thy circumstances. I promis’d to marry thee, so soon as our master shou’d make me free : but now blame only thy self, if I refuse to be thy wife, after the share thou hast had, in  
 the

the blackest, and most abominable, of all crimes.

The instant I heard these words, (continued Mehella,) I rush'd into the kitchen, and drew my sabre, in order to sacrifice the vile cook. Terrified at the sight of it, he endeavour'd to fly; but being nimbler than he, I ran out, and lock'd him in the kitchen, together with Murcia the slave, whose virtue deserves reward. This being done, I flew for the draught I put into your hand, and which a Turk had given me, for some piece of service done him; he assuring me, that it was a certain antidote against poison. I then pour'd the liquor into this glass, and flew (my Lord,) with it to you. The accomplice in Alcania's guilt cannot possibly escape; I having lock'd him in the kitchen, and brought the key of it in my pocket.

Alcania, all the time the slave was speaking, sat in the posture of a woman oppress'd with despair. Mehella having made this full discovery, Alcania drew a little bundle of papers from her pocket, when holding them out:—See here, (cries she to Hasbud,) the same kind of poison which thou hast swallow'd; but since it did not serve my purpose against thee, I myself will reap one advantage by it; it shall now finish my wretched life, and put it out of thy reach.

in a quarter of an hour. ——— She had no sooner utter'd these words, than she took down all the powder in the paper. The poison work'd much more powerfully than Alcania had imagin'd, for, presently after, her face was overspread with a deadly pale; her mouth was frightfully writh'd; her eyes shot horrid glances, arising from her dread of death, the tortures she suffer'd, and the rage which fir'd her. Afterwards the most hideous distortions shew'd that she was near her end. She died, uttering the following words, in a shocking tone: ——— O cou'd the poison which now racks my bowels, glide into thy heart, and that of thy captive! ——— Scarce had she spoke thus, when she expir'd.

During this interval, Hasbud had sent for the judge, who came himself to the house, Hasbud having done this magistrate several favours. The kitchen was now unlock'd; but the villainous cook, conscious of his guilt, and dreading the just punishment which awaited him, had stabb'd himself, with a knife, to the heart. Murcia, spite of the horror with which that wretch's crime had fill'd her, was found lying by his body, and indulging him the compassion he no ways merited. Hasbud not only made Murcia free, but also gave her a considerable sum



sum of money. She then left her master's house ; but what became of her afterwards was not known. Tarmiana kept her bed, during this sad scene. When she arose next morning, Hasbud, overjoy'd at his having got rid of a wife, whom mad jealousy destroy'd, sent Mehella, to tell my mother what had happen'd. You will naturally conclude, that Tarmiana was all astonishment, after Mehella had acquainted her with these lamentable incidents. She said very little to the slave, who, by Hasbud's command, was to come back, and inform him how she receiv'd the message. Mehella perceiving that Tarmiana scarce open'd her lips, return'd to his master, and inform'd him of this circumstance ; when Hasbud fondly imagin'd, that, shou'd he himself speak to her, he cou'd not fail of winning her to his wishes, by soothing words and gifts. However, he thought it wou'd be best for him not to visit her all that day, in order to give her full time for reflexion. He even went abroad, and did not return home till evening. Tarmiana, knowing that he was gone out, went to bed early, to prevent her being oblig'd to eat with him ; so that he supp'd alone that night. But of what avail were these several precautions ! cou'd it be possible for her, to always shun the hated

addressee of the man whose captive she was? Hasbud went and visited her next morning, the moment he heard she was stirring; when going up to her, with a respectful air; — Providence, (says he,) has rid me of a perfidious woman, who was determin'd to murder me. Exasperated at failing in her attempt, she poison'd herself; and, now she is dead, I can affirm, with truth, that I never was happier. — The tragical incident, my Lord, (replied Tarmiana) which has destroy'd your wife, and had almost prov'd fatal to yourself, shou'd point out to you, the punishment which heaven, (whom you thank very unjustly,) has in store for you, in case you do not lay aside all thoughts of putting your abominable designs in execution. Alcania died, in endeavouring to destroy you: do you, therefore, reflect seriously, whether you may not deserve the like fate. Her death shou'd serve as a lesson, and therefore let me advise you to make a proper use of it. — Heaven (replied Hasbud,) does not consider those things, as crimes, to the commission of which we are prompted by a sudden gust of passion. Man, on such occasions, is not master enough of his reason, to listen to the silent compunctions of his heart. The punishment I wou'd have inflicted on Alcania, ought

ought to be look'd upon as one of those crimes, from which I can have nothing to dread. But, fair charmer, I did not expect these inauspicious answers. The flame with which I burn, shou'd restrain you from all such speeches. You know the promise I made, never to mention to you my passion, which I justly detested, because of the ties wherewith I was then bound to Alcania; and I shou'd have kept my word, had not her guilt disingag'd me from the promise. I am not married now; I am free; you therefore can have no farther excuses to make, except you entertain an aversion to my person; which aversion wou'd be unjust, shou'd it extinguish the gratitude you ought to retain for the kind treatment I have shown, and the generous offers I am going to make you. I therefore hope, if you have maturely consider'd this affair, that you will no longer oppose my felicity. — Alas! my Lord, (replied Tarmiana,) can you have so soon forgot the frame of mind in which you last left me? Do you imagine, that your being a husband, was the only lawful obstacle to my gratifying your wishes? — My religion, so different from your's, and which you wou'd force me to change, the moment I shou'd be your wife; my daughter, the care of whose education is my first,



my darling object, but which then wou'd no longer be in my power ; are not all these things sufficient to plead my forgiveness, in case you will listen to the sacred voice of reason, tho' my heart shou'd not be disinclin'd to you?" — These several reasons (said Hasbud,) are faint in comparison of mine : for, as to your religion, I, without your being my wife, cou'd oblige you to quit it immediately. But once again, (sweetest creature !) be assur'd that I will not employ force on that, or any other occasion. Weigh seriously this matter. I may be happy ; and if I am not permitted to be so, whom can I blame for it except you ? — Cruel man ! (cried my mother,) I perceive too plainly, that you have not the least compassion for me. Why must I be the object of your passion ? What happiness can be communicated to you, by a wretch, whose misfortunes, and whose captivity, sentence her to eternal tears ? permit me therefore to end my sad days, in undisturb'd repose, which is the only blessing I have to crave from heaven and you.

— Treat me like your captive, but cease to love me. I am far from being engaging in my passion ; anxiety, and the griefs which brood over my soul, are incompatible with the ideas of happiness, which you fancy I  
can

can bestow. — She was going on, when Hasbud interrupting her : — I no longer hope, (cries he,) to conquer your obstinacy, by dint of argument ; and plainly perceive, that you yourself will be the cause of all the calamities which may befall you. However, I shall allow you two days more for reflexion. In this interval, either resolve to make me happy, or expect to feel the most dreadful effects of my resentment. 'Tis with the utmost reluctance that I proceed to such lengths ; but I feel, (alas ! too sensibly !) that my passion is now risen to such a height, as will not bear the least resistance. — Farewel ! think on what I have said.

He then left my mother, who now was plung'd in inexpressible grief. But heaven, who sports with the designs of men, and can instantly put a stop to the effects of every unjust resolution, sav'd her from the destruction with which she was menac'd. A slave related to the cook, exasperated at the death of the latter, to whom he was united, not only by the ties of blood, but likewise by those of friendship ; and who now found himself depriv'd of many advantages he had enjoy'd in the life-time of his kinsman ; secretly resolv'd to set fire to Hasbud's apartment, in order that his master might perish first in the flames ; the wretch hop-

ing that, during the confusion, he shou'd have an opportunity of plundering the house of more than wou'd be sufficient to maintain him in another country. Accordingly he perpetrated his horrid design, the night of the second day appointed by Hasbud, for Tarmiana to give her final answer.

The slave carried on the preparations for this execrable deed, unperceiv'd by any one. But now Hasbud, being awak'd in the dead of night, by the smoak which almost suffocated him, saw, the moment he open'd his eyes, mighty flames preying on his bed-chamber. He then started in the utmost distraction, and call'd out for help; when such servants as lay at some distance from him, burst from their slumbers likewise; and were terrified, at seeing the black and thick smoak with which the house was then fill'd. They rose, in order to go and see where the fire proceeded from. But now Hasbud's bed chamber was half consum'd; and himself, being unable to escape, was burnt alive. The faithful Mehella ran to his aid, and perish'd also.

By this time the fire had catch'd every part of the house. The servants, howling dreadfully, fly up and down in the utmost terror. All the neighbours, awaken'd by the noise, rise from their beds; when every one endeavours



vours to save his house and furniture from the all-devouring flames. During this distraction, the slave who had caus'd this sad catastrophe, and stole sufficient to support himself, fled; leaving to the other slaves, and the neighbours, the care of extinguishing the fire.

*The end of the eighth PART.*





# PHARSAMOND.

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## PART IX.

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ARMIANA who, by this time, had been awak'd by the fire, was seiz'd with such a panic, that she flew up and down in the utmost distraction ; being more terrified on my account, whom she carried in her arms, than for her own sake. And as the dread and confusion were universal, she ran for a considerable time about the garden, without knowing whither she directed her steps. At last, being quite tir'd with posting here and there at random, she got to the house-door ; when, her terrors still increasing, she ran bare-footed, and with only a single petticoat on, into another house, distant about  
 forty

forty yards from that which was all in flames. The mistress of this house was standing at her door, where she waited for the return of some domesticks, whom she had sent to enquire, whether the fire was likely to reach her habitation. The candles, which some servants held, to light their mistress, serv'd to discover the beauty of Tarmiana. Immediately these servants seiz'd my mother by the arm, to prevent her rushing into the house ; whereupon she threw herself at the feet of the mistress of it, imploring that she, with her child, might be admitted in. — I fly, (cries she,) from the flames and from death ; and in hopes of preserving my virtue, which is now expos'd to imminent danger ; I therefore beseech you, excellent lady, to conceal me in your house. — But all this moving language was thrown away, the lady not understanding a word she said ; tho' she cou'd not but know, by her gestures, that she stood in the utmost need of succour ; as indeed, might easily have been guess'd, from the condition she then appear'd in. The lady made signs to Tarmiana to stay ; a little after which, the servants sent by her to enquire about the fire, being come back, and declaring that the progress of the flames was stopp'd ; the lady return'd within doors, with Tarmiana, and order'd a room to be  
 got



got ready for her. Every thing, after this, was quiet that night.

Next morning, the mistress of the house, who seem'd a rich lady, and possess'd of a considerable number of slaves, imagining that Tarmiana spoke French, sent a young woman of that nation, to enquire the reason why she had fled, the night before, in such terror. Tarmiana inform'd the young woman of every thing, and consequently acquainted her with Hasbud's addresses. The young slave then employ'd every argument which, she fancied, might give my mother the least consolation, and embrac'd her several times. — Fear nothing, (cries she ;) the lady who has given you this kind shelter, is Hasbud's aunt, but quite unlike him as to disposition. Fate cou'd never have directed you to a more auspicious asylum; and after I shall have told her who you are, and your whole story, I am sure that she will treat you with as much tenderness and humanity, as you cou'd possibly have met with from the most compassionate christian.

The young woman having thus endeavour'd to comfort Tarmiana, went and told her mistress all she had heard. The old lady, whom I will call Bosmira, was strongly affected with the relation of my mother's  
mistress

misfortunes, as well as with her nephew's perfidy, who had lost his life in the flames.

However, a son of Hasbud escap'd it's fury. He was but six years old, and had been snatch'd out of the fire by some faithful domesticks. This child, the day after the sad catastrophe, was brought to Bosmira's. Some time after, the judge, of whom we have made some mention, entrusted Bosmira, and certain other of her relations, with the direction of the child's education and fortune, who, after this was brought up in the old lady's house.

As to Tarmiana, the troubles and dangers to which she before had been expos'd, were now succeeded by the most delicious calm. Bosmira treated my mother with all possible civility and tenderness; so that she now spent her days very happily, in bringing me up, and in waiting, with due resignation, for death. Thus ten years slid away, after Hasbud's miserable end, without there happening any thing remarkable in our family.

During this interval, I was considerably grown. Hasbud's son was, by this time, a tall youth, and us'd frequently to dart kind glances at me. — Daughter, (wou'd Tarmiana sometimes say,) Heaven has happily spun out my thread of life so far, as to give me an opportunity of instructing you  
fully

fully in the true religion. Those among whom we live, profess one that is abominable. You are now thirteen, and entering upon an age, when a thousand snares may be laid to ruin your virtue; and destroy the principles I have so painfully instill'd into your mind. My health is decaying daily, and I find that I have not long to live. My life has, indeed, been unhappy; but then the reflexion on my calamities now gives me pleasure, as these have taught me to adore the hand by which I was scourg'd, in order to make me worthy of a reward in the world to come. I shou'd never have known God, as I ought to know him, had he not reduc'd me to so miserable a state, as has evidently prov'd to me, that his love is the only true good. Thrice happy those who know how to make a proper advantage of this good, and consider it as the greatest and only blessing! forget not, (my darling child!) the words I now tell you. Alas! I foresee that you will be expos'd to numberless perils. I have often taken notice, that Hasbud's son beholds you with eyes of affection. You, perhaps, may have lighted up a flame in his bosom; the consequences whereof, without the strictest care on your side, may prove fatal to you. E're long he will come to the possession of his estate.

You,



You, (my sweet child,) form part of it, so that he will find himself master of a person whom he loves. Promise me therefore, solemnly, (dear, dear girl!) to give up your life, rather than forfeit your chastity, should he make any attempts against it. Learn, from this moment, to sigh for the dangerous beauties you possess; beauties which Heaven, very probably, did not bestow on you, merely to procure you earthly happiness, but rather to give you an opportunity of meriting eternal felicity. Know that all things conspire to the views of Heaven. Resolve to die a thousand deaths, rather than to cast the least stain upon your virtue. What can be your portion but death? but ought death to be consider'd as an evil, when it secures us from rocks, against which our virtue wou'd have suffer'd shipwreck; and puts a period to a transitory life, which leads to another, when we shall be blest for evermore?

Such were the virtuous instructions which Tarmiana pour'd into me daily. All this time Hasbud's son us'd to dart such glances at me, as plainly shew'd that I was not indifferent to him. He was finely shap'd, and his face handsome; and I fancied that I cou'd perceive virtue, and a dignity of soul, in his every action. Being now of an age  
to

to inherit his father's estate, it was surrender'd up to him. About this time, my mother sicken'd; on which occasion Bosmira employ'd her utmost endeavours to comfort, and restore her to health. The old lady was so well pleas'd with my mother's person, as well as with her sweet resignation to the will of providence, that, tho' she did not understand a word of French, she yet cou'd scarce bear her a moment out of her sight. But now, spite of all the endeavours us'd to recover my indulgent parent, she died in my arms, to the grief of all who had known her; and particularly of Bosmira, who was so strongly shock'd at her death, that she was seiz'd with a deep melancholy, which did not leave her till she died. The good old lady liv'd but a year after my mother, and I had continued with the former ever since. Hasbud's son, who had the same name with his father, at his taking possession of his estate, took the slaves belonging to him. But Bosmira had conjur'd him, to let me continue with her; which request Hasbud granted in so gracious a manner, (particularly with regard to me,) that I cou'd not forbear being affected with his humanity, spite of the warning given me by my mother; which, however, I had no ways forgot.

As Bosmira, found herself very weak, and had given freedom to a great number of her slaves, she express'd the deepest concern, that it was not in her power to indulge me the like favour. Hasbud happen'd not to be with his aunt at this juncture; tho' he had been very little absent from her, during her whole sickness. The old lady therefore order'd Hasbud to be sent for immediately. ——— I will oblige my nephew before I die, (says she, directing herself to the french female slave who was in her bed chamber,) to promise me to set at liberty Cælia (for by this name I was call'd). The servant who was order'd to look for Hasbud, set out immediately; but as it was some time before he cou'd find him; at their coming back together, Bosmira was taken speechless. Those who had heard the kind words which she utter'd in my behalf, were now so mov'd with her languishing condition, that they did not inform Hasbud, why his aunt had sent for him; and he, observing the grief of all those round her bed, ascrib'd it only to his aunt's approaching exit; the reflexion on which drew some tears from his eyes, as he gaz'd at me. Alas! I myself cou'd nor forbear weeping likewise; the remembrance of all Bosmira's generous kindnesses to me, having made the deepest impression.



pression on my heart. And now this incomparable lady breath'd her last, to the inexpressible grief of our whole family, and of every one who had been acquainted with her. Dying without issue, Hasbud inherited her whole estate. I now had been three days in his house, oppress'd with anguish, and in the utmost consternation ; friendless, lost to all resource, and at the entire mercy of a master, who, merely from his power over me, might be induc'd to take many liberties. The fourth day Hasbud entred my chamber, where he found me dissolv'd in tears. — Lovely Cælia ! (cries he in the Turkish language, tho' he had learnt a little French of some slaves of that country, whom Bosmira had order'd to instruct him in it ;) Lovely Cælia ! You, indeed, have lost a most generous protectress in Bosmira ; however, give not so great a loose to your sorrows, for know that you have a friend still left. The son of Hasbud is not such a master as ought to inspire terror ; and be assur'd, that you shall meet with no less humanity from me, than from Bosmira. Your own misfortunes, and those of your family, (all which I have heard,) oblige me to behold you with an eye of awful pity. Suspend then your griefs, the recollection of which ought now to be your only misfortune ; and  
come

come and live in my house, with all that confidence which your inherent virtue may naturally inspire.

I will confess that these words surpriz'd me. Instantly I felt a halcyon calm diffuse itself over my soul. I, indeed, might naturally have expected the gentlest treatment from one educated under the excellent Bosmira; and in whom she had carefully instill'd the same generous principles, by which she herself was so eminently distinguish'd.

My Lord, (replied I, in the Turkish language,) I certainly must be unjust to your goodness, if, after the kind words you have spoke, I shou'd be afraid to follow you. Your gentle expressions, cannot give me the least pain. Besides, your humanity, in permitting me to stay a whole year with Bosmira, at a time when you might have forc'd me to go and live at your house, show that you are resolv'd to act with the highest generosity towards me. — I then rose, and follow'd him to his house. 'Twou'd be impossible to describe the humane treatment I met with in it, I being only a slave, in name. Hasbud, studious of every thing that might give me pleasure, was so exceedingly indulgent on every occasion, that I was quite charm'd. He never  
spake

spake to me, but with the utmost respect; for which my heart made him all the returns in my power. Things continued in this state three months, without my once knowing positively that he was smit with me. I liv'd contented. The remembrance, indeed, of my mother, wou'd sometimes make me melancholy; but Hasbud strove, so very kindly, to recover me from it, that he never fail'd to gain his point, by calling up all my esteem and gratitude. One day as he was speaking concerning my father's sad death, and seem'd affected with the calamities which his had brought on my mother.

—— Beautiful Cælia, (added he,) had I been the master then, you wou'd not consider me now as the son of your most cruel enemy, and Tarmiana had been still living. I wou'd have endeavour'd, by heaping favours upon her, to banish the sad idea of her past misfortunes: and her daughter shou'd find, in me, a friend who out of gratitude, wou'd think himself infinitely more oblig'd to her, for accepting these kindnesses, than she can fancy herself to be to me, for bestowing them. — My mother's misfortunes, (replied I, with a soft tone, in which the gratitude he spake of, and something more, might be concern'd;) my mother's misfortunes, which were brought



brought upon her by the father of Hasbud, do not prejudice me in the least against his son. The very different turn of his mind, serves only to display the more his generosity; and the obliging pity he indulges to my past woes, is a certain proof of his kind intentions, with respect to the future, for which he may depend on my eternal esteem.

—— You grant me too soon, (said Hasbud,) this precious esteem, which, however, I hope one day to merit. But in the mean time, lovely Cælia, I flatter myself that my behaviour will be such, as may one day prevail upon you, to behold me with an auspicious eye; and be persuaded, that I shall do all I can to deserve so great an indulgence. — These words were utter'd, not with that passionate tone which frantic love inspires, but in a most insinuating, and respectful manner; in short, such a manner, as cou'd not fail of making an impression on my heart. When he had done, I cast my eyes modestly on the ground, and spake thus: — Require not, (my Lord,) with so much warmth, gratitude from a hapless captive, who has nothing else to bestow, but which she will entertain, so long as life shall last. In the mean time, if this gratitude can give you the least pleasure, be assur'd that my heart overflows with

with it at this instant. — I said no more. — Charming Cælia, (cries he,) I am enchanted with your expressions; and I dare not yet own, how prodigiously I prize them. When my actions shall, one day, have prov'd to you. - - - - - Here he stopt, and seem'd confus'd. — I have not the confidence to go on, (charming Cælia, added he;) I'll therefore leave you. I cou'd never have apologiz'd for the words which were at my tongue's end. — He then went away, when I continued motionless, and perhaps touch'd; for I will not scruple to confess, that I had always beheld young Hasbud with pleasure. His mind, as well as his person, was extremely amiable; and his every action discover'd a grace, which I saw in no one except himself. Even in my good mother's life-time, spite of her repeated advice, (I mean for me to guard against Hasbud's rising passion, with the utmost care;) yet, whenever he look'd at me, I wou'd feel a secret pleasure, the true cause of which I myself cou'd not account for. I even had sometimes directed certain kind glances at him; and, in my present state, I wou'd reflect on the great kindness he had shown me, during the twelve months that I liv'd at Bosmira's, after my mother's decease. Add to this, his  
constant

constant attention to oblige me, and the secret inclination I had for his person. I yet wou'd be greatly perplex'd whenever he left me. — What am I going to do? (wou'd I whisper to myself;) Hasbud professes a religion quite different from mine; Hasbud, indeed, is a most engaging man, and is struck with me; but then, can I prefer him to my religion, to virtue, and to the sage instructions of my dear, deceas'd mother, who earnestly conjur'd me never to listen to his love? What can I expect shou'd I give ear to it? Gods! how ill fated am I? is it not enough that I have been unfortunate from my birth; but shall I increase my wretchedness, by favouring addresses which all things call upon me to flight?

Such was the silent language with which I us'd to entertain myself. Hasbud continued to behave towards me with his usual gracious reserve. His eyes only, and his officious behaviour, seem'd to hint a passion, which (I suppos'd) he wou'd gladly have discover'd, had not his respect for me forbid it. Things were in this situation, when a Turkish Rover arrived in our port, with a great number of christian slaves on board. These being offer'd to sale to Hasbud, he purchas'd three or four, born in different provinces of France. Among them was one,



about twenty ; a handsome, well shap'd man, who was thought to be a person of quality. Hasbud wou'd oblige me to see them ; and presenting all four to me ; — I did not buy these slaves (said he,) for my own use : but hearing they were natives of France, I thought that your conversing with them, in the French tongue, might give you pleasure ; and so make your hours pass away more chearfully. — Then turning to the slaves ; — I bought you, (says he, to them ;) but you are hence forward to look upon this lady as your mistress ; and expect to be treated with more or less indulgence, in proportion to the zeal with which you may serve her. — 'Twas impossible for a man to behave with more generosity than Hasbud did on this occasion. I was quite charm'd with this last instance of his goodness, and had never discover'd so much esteem for him as I did then. — I see, my Lord, (says I,) that my past woes will be more than compensated for ; and your humanity towards me, must obliterate the least traces of them from my memory. — You are less oblig'd to me, lovely Cælia, (cries he,) than you may imagine ; for, be assur'd, that all I do, in your favour, is more to please my own inclination, than to soften the remembrance of the calamities which

which my late father brought upon you. — From this time I was serv'd by the slaves in question, none of the rest ever approaching me ; and, the former us'd frequently to entertain me with the description of the provinces in which they were born. I wou'd enquire into the maxims of them ; our religion was often the subject of my discourse ; all which, join'd to Hasbud's excellent treatment, contributed to calm, by insensible degrees, my griefs. He ask'd me, from time to time, whether I was satisfied with my slaves, (he calling them by that name.) — I am very much so, my Lord, (wou'd I reply ;) but had they no other recommendation than their being a present from you, that circumstance alone wou'd make me be pleas'd with them. But after all, (my Lord ;) supposing that I had any just cause of complaint against them, 'twou'd become me to consider, that I myself am no better than they ; and they are oblig'd to serve none but you. — Cælia, (said he,) I intreat you not to speak thus any more. Be assur'd that you are their mistress ; and I do not know any person here, who is not a thousand times more a slave than yourself. They are not all your captives, whom I have given you ; but some time hence, I will offer you one, whom you do not yet know,

and who thinks his captivity the only blessing he enjoys.

These slaves had now attended upon me about six months. He, among them, most solicitous in his duty, to me, was the handsome captive I spake of before. I observ'd that his every action was expressive of something more than mere friendship. One day when I was with him only, (the rest of his fellow-slaves being employ'd in other business:) —— 'Tis a great blessing to me, (says he,) that I chanc'd to be purchas'd by Hafbud, since I thereby have the pleasure of serving the most amiable mistress in the world. Her professing the same religion with that in which I was brought up, and her being of the same country, are circumstances which lighten infinitely the weight of my chains ; and even make me sometimes prefer them to my lost liberty ; and to the advantages I might have reap'd in my native country, had I not been enslav'd. —— I am overjoy'd, (cries I) to hear, that 'tis in my power to soften the rigours of your captivity : and depend upon it, Cleontius, (for this was his name,) that I'll do all I can, some time hence, to restore you to your freedom, which must be the only object of your care. —— Alas ! Madam, (cries he,) tho' your goodness was to procure me my liberty,



liberty, I shou'd not be the less your captive ; I being more such from the impulses of my heart, than from the material chains which bind me? — You abuse (said I,) Cleontius, the favour I shew, and the confidence I put in you. Shou'd the person whose property you are, be inform'd of the words you now utter'd, your life wou'd be in imminent danger. — To lose it on such an occasion, (replied he,) wou'd be so glorious, that I shou'd yield it a most willing sacrifice. But, (Madam,) why take umbrage at the confession I now make? You are a christian, and I am so happy as to profess the same pure religion. I descend from a noble family ; and the chains I wear, in this place, do not reflect the least dishonour on me. Be therefore, Madam, so indulgent as to hear with patience what I have to say. I plainly see that Hasbud entertains a passion for you ; that infidel presented us to you as a free gift ; but be assur'd, that he will not always discover so respectful a passion for you, as he does at present. The highest favour you cou'd expect, wou'd be for him to make you his wife ; but consider, that shou'd you, after being bound to him by the ties of marriage, adhere sincerely to the christian religion, he wou'd be for ever urging you to embrace

the false one profess'd by him. Soon Hasbud, more cruel than he now is kind, wou'd have recourse to every severity, to force you to apostatize. Reflect seriously on all this, but listen first to a proposal I have to make. — You are mistress over us; and, as such, we all are oblig'd to obey your commands, and your will is a law. Assist therefore my escape. Trust yourself to me; let me have the enchanting satisfaction to convey you to the place of your birth; and there permit me to sigh out, at your feet, as fond a passion as ever was breath'd by man.

Here Cleontius ended his speech, and gaz'd upon me with eyes of the utmost tenderness, expecting my answer. — Cleontius, (says I,) your proposal wou'd be just and rational, was Hasbud really the wicked man you describe him; but I know him far better than you can possibly do. Be assur'd that I'll never marry this Mahometan. I am sensible, that the religion I profess forbids my ever engaging in such ties; and I hope that he'll never force me to apostatize, or to join with him in the bands of wedlock. But let me observe, that it would be making the most ungrateful returns for all his generous treatment, was I to run away from him; and therefore, to avoid such a crime, I need but request him to give me my liberty,

berty, and I am positive he wou'd instantly comply with my petition. 'Tis certain, indeed, that he loves me ; but then I am sure his passion is of such a nature, that he wou'd chuse to lose me for ever, rather than grieve me. For these reasons, Cleontius, you must never hope that I will comply with your offer. I abhor ingratitude ; but I myself must be the most ungrateful of wretches, shou'd I acquiesce with your proposal.

If you, Madam, (replied Cleontius,) consider it as an act of ingratitude, to fly from dangers you cannot yet see, but which will one day surround you ; 'tis a sign that your passion for Hasbud throws a mist over your eyes ; and makes you insensible of the fears you ought to entertain with regard to time to come. You love Hasbud ! The reflexion on this circumstance raises a blush in my cheeks. — Taking it for granted, Cleontius, (says I,) that I really had an inclination for him, wou'd this be ever so little injurious to my virtue ; since he himself is unacquainted with the situation of my mind in that particular ? He is a person to whom I am oblig'd upon a thousand accounts ; who, in his behaviour, considers me as a mistress rather than as a slave ; who pays an implicit obedience to my will ; and instead of employing that rigour which ma-



sters usually exercise over their captives, makes it his whole study to oblige me. Can you imagine, that I shou'd be less guilty in entertaining an affection for you, who, at the very first declaration of your passion, prepose to me the committing an act of treachery; and, from that very circumstance, makes me suspect that you yourself may one day not scruple to be guilty of the like? what greater right can you fancy you have over my heart, than Hasbud? except you suppose, that your being brought up in a religion, for which you, (perhaps,) have very little reverence, may be one? I will take it for granted that you are well born; and indeed I thought you was so, and yet I may be mistaken in my conjectures. 'Tis impossible for me, residing here, to know any thing about this; whence, all things consider'd, 'tis my opinion that so humane a Mahometan as Hasbud, who has done me so many important services, ought in justice to be preferr'd to a Christian, who may be such only in name, and the greatness of whose birth I may naturally doubt. — I no ways expected, (said Cleontius,) such suspicions; I imagining that these were what I might be least apprehensive of. I therefore, (adds he, in a melancholy tone,) will never trouble you more with a passion, which,  
hence-

henceforward, must be my torment. May my captivity be perpetual, since I am lost to all hopes of ever being able to move your heart! Every species of life will, henceforward, be equal to me. But what do I say? (cries he, catching back his words,) I plainly perceive that, was I to continue here, I shou'd oblige you, by my repeated importunities, to end a life which wou'd be burthensome to me. Save me therefore from the anguish, of one day seeing my life brought to a period, merely thro' your cruelty? save yourself also from the remorse with which you cou'd not but be tortur'd, for having caus'd the death of a miserable wretch, who suffer'd infinitely more from your indifference, than from the chains which surround him. Desire Hasbud to set me at liberty, this being a favour he cannot deny you. — Cleontius (says I,) be assur'd that I'll employ all my interest with him, in order to gratify your wishes. I will mention it this very day to Hasbud; and do whatever lies in my power, to procure your return to your native country, and that in the most agreeable manner possible. — Cleontius thank'd me, with an air of the deepest melancholy; when Hasbud coming in, the slave withdrew. Hasbud smil'd at his approaching me, and spoke thus; — So,

Cælia : this captive has been entertaining you about his native country. — Yes, my Lord, (replied I ;) but this was not the chief subject of his conversation. — What else cou'd he talk to you upon ? (answer'd Hasbud, hastily.) ————— Shall I answer your question ? (replied I :) — I will, (my Lord ;) know that he intreated me to beg you to make him free. — I make him free ! (replied Hasbud :) I don't know what you mean by speaking to me about setting him at liberty. 'Tis not I who can restore him to it, since he is not my slave, but your's. — Good, my Lord, (cries I,) your uncommon benevolence has not blinded me to such a degree, as to make me insensible of the reverence I owe you. ————— Cælia (cries Hasbud,) must not employ the word *reverence*, in speaking to me ; and I desire you to never use it more. With regard to the liberty of that captive, I again declare, that he is your's only ; and you may dispose entirely, not only of Cleontius, but of all his fellow-slaves belonging to me. — You will force me, my Lord, (says I,) to leave him in his captive state. — How ! Cælia, (cries Hasbud, gazing stedfastly at me,) will you not oblige me so far, as to give Cleontius his liberty by virtue of your own command ? — I will then, (replies I,) set him free ;



free; this uncommon goodness of your's shall not be indulg'd in vain. The least I can do, will be, to comply with your gracious injunctions; for which reason, (my Lord,) I pronounce this slave free. — He being then call'd in; — Cleontius, (says I,) you, from this instant, are your own master. 'Tis I who break your chains, and you are to thank me for your freedom. Thus you see, my Lord, (continued I, directing myself to Hasbud,) whether I refuse you the satisfaction of employing, in a manner suitable to your generous Views, the power you are pleas'd to bestow upon me.

Cleontius, after I had spoke thus, threw himself at my feet, and return'd me a thousand thanks. I bid him rise, and seem'd pleas'd with these demonstrations of his gratitude. I observed, all the time he was speaking to me, that Hasbud approv'd of Cleontius's behaviour. — Lovely Cælia, (says Hasbud,) how many slaves soever you may set free, still some will remain in your chains. However, (added he,) you must not only restore Cleontius to his freedom, but give him an opportunity of enjoying it agreeably. Yet as this would be too much trouble for you, I'll undertake it, (adds he smiling.) Cleontius shall therefore stay a week longer. In that interval, an English

trading vessel will set out from hence, and I'll put him on board her. I am acquainted with the owner; she is to sail for England: and when Cleontius shall have reach'd that island, he may easily cross into his own. — Cleontius retir'd the moment Hasbud had spoke thus. Hasbud gave him, that very day, a considerable sum of money, with several diamonds and other precious stones. — 'Tis fit, (adds he,) that a slave whom Cælia has set free, should have wherewithal to show, that she receiv'd that favour from him. — Cleontius accepted of those gifts, with an air which seem'd to speak his soul all gratitude. The seventh day was come. During all the interval in question, Cleontius was perpetually thanking me for my goodness. — I am oblig'd to you, (says he,) Madam, for my liberty, which I would gladly sacrifice to you, for ever, did not the hatred which you still harbour for poor Cleontius, forbid him that satisfaction. — On the evening of the seventh day he came to take his farewell of me, accompanied by Hasbud, who had order'd him to be ready by four next morning, at which hour the ship was to set sail. — I come, excellent Lady, (says he,) to throw myself at your feet; there to pour forth my gratitude, which will never forsake my breast.

breast. May gracious heaven shower down the numberless blessings I wish you, and which you deserve! — Go, Cleontius, (says I;) you have already paid me too much honour for a blessing which you owe to Hasbud only. To him all your gratitude is due; and had it not been for his generosity, you would not have had an opportunity of thanking me, at this juncture, for my indulgence.

Cleontius then went away, and Hasbud continued with me; when he talk'd, as usual, on a thousand agreeable subjects, all which he treated with infinite wit and good sense; and was overjoy'd whenever he perceiv'd, that his stories diverted me. We now went to supper; and after it was over, he conducted me to the door of my bed-chamber, the windows of which, being not above seven or eight foot from the ground, look'd into the garden. Heavens! how fatal had this night like to have prov'd to me! Tho' I were to live a thousand years, it would be impossible for me to forget it! What artifices will a frantic passion suggest, to those whose souls are not directed by virtue!

That wretch Cleontius, whom I had freed, had conceal'd from me the despair with which our last conversation had overwhelm'd him. I no ways doubted but that he had conquer'd



conquer'd the love with which he lately burnt for me ; and that one of his motives for intreating me to restore him to his liberty, was, that he might have the better opportunity of getting rid of his passion. But alas ! the treacherous villain had far different views. During the week he was permitted to go abroad, he employ'd the money which Hasbud had so generously given him, in suborning two wretches, one of whom was a Frenchman ; who, having suffer'd shipwreck, was oblig'd to reside here with his companion. They had liv'd by their wits, ever since fortune had thrown them into this country. I know not how Cleontius got acquainted with them ; but, to make short, these two men, with the money which Cleontius gave them, had found means to purchase, in conjunction with some other people, a sloop, which was to set sail on the morrow, an hour or two after the ship in question. 'Twas agreed that they, in the night between the seventh and eighth day, shou'd force me out of my bed-chamber ; and threatening me, in case I made a noise, make me follow them on board the sloop, where no one knew them except Cleontius. They had contriv'd matters so, that it would be very easy for them, to get into the garden. Cleontius had in-  
treated

treated Hasbud, to let his two companions lie in his room the night of his departure ; he saying, that they were his countrymen, and had not a bed to lie on ; they having, (added he,) long been in a miserable condition, and wou'd go away with him next day. — Cleontius had this request granted him readily by Hasbud, who did it with the more pleasure, as that slave ow'd his freedom wholly to me.

Matters being thus settled, Cleontius brought these two men to our house in the evening. It being very late, he pretended to conduct them to his room ; but, instead of this, he took them to the garden, thro' a dark walk, at one end of which was the garden door. He himself then station'd the ruffians, who had brought every thing necessary for their wicked purpose, that they might not be oblig'd to return to his room. I had been in bed near two hours, when they crept to my window, in order to climb up to it, and enter my bed-chamber. I was then in a deep sleep. Cleontius came up first to my window, with a dagger in his hand ; he having order'd the rest to follow, the moment he shou'd have jump'd into my room. To facilitate his detestable design, he broke, with little or no noise, a pane of glass ; which being done, it was easy for him

him to open the casement. But Gods! how justly ought wretches, who are going to perpetrate a wicked action, tremble! Providence frequently defeating their design, the instant they are going to put it in execution. Cleontius, as was observ'd, had open'd the casement. I was then wrapt in slumbers; when my surprize, the dread of death, and the violent efforts of Cleontius, must have put it out of my power to make a proper resistance. But as the villain was jumping into my bed-chamber, the casement catch'd his clothes, and he fell; when the perplexity and confusion, usually inseparable from such deeds, making Cleontius forget that he held a dagger, he grasp'd the murdering weapon, instead of throwing it from him; on which occasion his fall prov'd almost fatal, the dagger stabbing him in the breast. The wound he receiv'd, forc'd from him a dreadful scream. Cleontius's accomplices, one of whom was then scaling the window, hearing him cry, fled in the utmost terror; and not knowing what accident had befallen him, ran up and down the garden, in search of a way to escape. But both were oblig'd to hide themselves in a little thicket, where they expected to be instantly seiz'd, and put to death.

In



In the mean time, the cries of Cleontius, and the noise he made in falling, wak'd me. I then heard him venting dismal groans, and crying, — Lord! what will become of me? The panic which then seiz'd me, together with my drouziness, made me scarce know his voice. I then started from my bed, screaming dreadfully. Hasbud, whose chamber was not very far from mine, and on the same floor, burst from his slumbers; when hearing me cry, he ran, like one who flies to save a treasure which he values a thousand times more than life. 'Twas happily his custom to keep a lamp burning all night. And now putting on his night-gown, he snatch'd the lamp; when opening the chamber door, and holding his drawn scymitar in his hand, he ran thro' the apartments till he got to my room. At his coming into it, he found me upon the floor with my head bloody, occasion'd by a blow I had struck myself in falling. — Heavens! (cried he, his eyes sparkling with love and fury,) what ails you, Cælia? Whence is it, that the loveliest of women is in this miserable condition? Cælia! Cælia! my dearest Cælia, what can be the matter? — My terror was now so great, that I cou'd scarce make him any answer. — Alas! my good Lord, (cries I,) I myself don't know the

the meaning of all this ; but I beseech you, in the name of every thing you most dearly prize, not to enter my bed-chamber. — Was I to die a thousand deaths, (replied he,) I will know who are those enemies that dare to hurt my adorable Cælia. — I held him by his gown sleeve, but to no purpose ; he forcing from me, and flying into my bed-chamber. But how horrid a spectacle soon met his eyes ! Cleontius weltring in his blood, which stream'd from his wound ; and the dagger he himself had drawn out, lying by his side.

Hasbud started back at this baleful sight, when Cleontius gazing on him with dying eyes : — Give the finishing stroke, (cries he,) O Hasbud ! to the life of the most unfortunate of wretches. Thou now beholdest the dire effects of a passion with which I burnt for Cælia. The sole motive of my requesting my liberty, was, that I might have an opportunity of running away with her ; but I am punish'd for my treacherous guilt, and deserve to die. Only save me from the dreadful mortification, of hearing Cælia reproach me for my ingratitude ! Strike, strike O Hasbud ! — Whilst the villain was speaking thus, I crept softly towards my chamber-door, to hear what was doing, when I presently found it was Cleontius's voice. I  
then

then went in, but unperceiv'd by him. — Wretch that thou art, (continued Hasbud,) thou justly deservest to die ! The blood is trickling from the head of the excellent woman, whom thou, in all probability, hadst resolved to carry off. Alas ! tho' thy treachery has been unsuccessful, yet this miracle in goodness may, perhaps, live but a few moments longer. Barbarous ruffian ! how dar'st thou wound her ? Spite of thy fury why didst thou not pay a regard to a life, which ought to be infinitely more precious, in thy sight, than the greatest success thou couldst hope for ? — I, Hasbud ? (replied Cleontius ;) I wound Cælia ! My frantic passion prompted me, indeed, to endeavour to carry her off, in order to get possession of her numberless beauties ; but neither my arm, nor my heart, are guilty of the wound for which thou reproachest me. O Hasbud ! harbour not such a thought. I die indeed, but then I die with the rapturous satisfaction, of loving her more than it is possible for thee, or any man living, to do. This is a blessing which neither thy just resentment, nor her indifference, can rob me of ; and had I no other consolation than the bare reflection on this circumstance, this alone wou'd make me no longer complain of the accident, which puts an end to my happiness.



less life ; and tears me from that enchanting woman whom I must idolize with my dying breath. — Thou art not worthy of loving her to such an excess, (replied Hasbud, exasperated at the violent passion with which Cleontius pretended to be inflam'd for me ;) Cælia might justly blush, had she lighted up, in thy wicked bosom, fires which ought to burn in the hearts of those only, whose respect and awe, with regard to that divine creature, equal their love. And lest thou shouldst long enjoy a satisfaction thou no ways deserveest ; feel, (at least,) the dreadful pangs with which thou must necessarily be tortur'd, at the thoughts of losing her, together with thy life. — Hasbud having pronounc'd these words, was going to lift up his scymitar, in order to dispatch Cleontius ; when I, who was then present, and listen'd very attentively to their whole conversation, stopt his arm, and besought him to permit the wretch to live. — The method you propose, my Lord, (says I,) would be an ill way of returning the ungrateful usage I have met with from him : and since it is in your power to save his life, let me not have the mortification to see him expire. Neither the religion I profess, nor my turn of mind, wou'd approve of the action you intend to commit. I therefore conjure

jure you, in the name of the respect which  
 you are so generous as to indulge me, to en-  
 deavour, rather to assist this wretch. Be so  
 gracious therefore as to call your dome-  
 sticks. Let every method be tried to stop  
 the violent effusion of his blood; and permit  
 him to live, in hopes that he may one day  
 sincerely repent of the horrid deed he intend-  
 ed to perpetrate; and learn to correct the  
 fallies of his wicked passion, from the noble  
 example of calmness and moderation, which  
 I hope you will set him.—Ah! Cælia, (cried  
 Hasbud,) my compliance with the modera-  
 tion you desire from me, wou'd be the  
 strongest proof I could ever give you of my  
 respect. But alas! how can I behold the  
 blood trickling down your cheeks, and not  
 be all on fire to shed that of this barbarous  
 ruffian, as well as my own? However,  
 lovely Cælia, I will surrender up my scymi-  
 tar to you. You desire me not to use that  
 weapon now, and therefore I will no longer  
 grasp it. — Then calling his servants, most  
 of them rose that instant; when Cleontius,  
 by Hasbud's order, being carried and laid  
 upon a bed, his wounds were dress'd. Cleon-  
 tius, after he had done speaking, fainted  
 away. Next day a surgeon being sent for,  
 it appear'd that Cleontius's wound, which  
 was large, was less dangerous, on that ac-  
 count,

count, than from the great quantity of blood he had lost. He still continued in a swoon, in the arms of the person who first dress'd his wound. I then told Hasbud, that I thought it would be proper, as soon as Cleontius shou'd be recover'd, to set him at liberty, and send him away. — He is an object (adds I,) of pity rather than of anger; and 'twill not now be in his power to hurt me.

During this interval, Cleontius's two accomplices who hid themselves in the garden, had not yet dar'd to stir out of it. 'Twas now past eight at night, when one of them going up towards the house, he brought word to his companion, that all the doors were shut; and therefore, that unless they wou'd die with hunger, in the place they then were in; they must wait with patience till all the servants were gone to bed. That, after this, they must enter secretly the house, with their drawn sabres, and murder all who might happen to see them; then carry off whatever they could lay hands on; and even kill Hasbud, if he came in their way. They perceiv'd that certain death awaited them, in what manner soever they should execute their project. However, they did not scruple to make the attempt. 'Twas a very bold one; but despair might prompt, to the commission



sion of the most horrid deeds, wretches who had been induc'd to perpetrate a wicked action, merely for lucre sake. As to their escape, they flatter'd themselves they should have an opportunity of forcing some one of the servants to open the door, and let them out. Farther, they knew that, if the sloop they had purchas'd shou'd have set sail, they then might go on board, that very night, a Turkish Rover, which was to leave that port by five next morning.

After making these several reflexions, they waited for the hour to put their design in execution; and this being come, they went up to the same window thro' which Cleontius had jump'd into my bed-chamber. Who could have imagin'd, that a dreadful incident would have been follow'd by a murther still more horrid! Unhappily for Hasbud, he lay, this night, in a room adjoining to that in which the two villains were hid. Hasbud had chang'd his bed that night, purposely to be near at hand to succour me, in case this should be necessary. Tho' there was so little reason to apprehend a second visit of this sort, yet the tender affection he bore me, made him guard against any thing of that kind which might happen. Hasbud was not asleep, when these two ruffians jump'd into the room. He overheard them

them speaking. Heavens ! how was he tortured. Alas ! (says he to himself,) am I then doom'd to lose my dear, dear Cælia !  
 — Saying these words, he started up, and advanc'd forward in like manner as the night before ; but O ! much more fatally with regard to himself ; for no sooner had he open'd his door, than the barbarous ruffians rushing in, each of them struck him with so much violence, that they fell'd him to the ground, and left him for dead.

But now the noise they made, wak'd those whom Hasbud had order'd to lie near my bed-chamber, in order to guard me. They all rose. Some of them had candles still burning in their rooms ; but these domesticks, the instant they open'd their doors, fell a sacrifice to the fury of our barbarians. Words cou'd never describe the sad slaughter which these two ruffians made in this house ; they killing near thirty persons, most of whom were found dead at the door of their respective bed-chambers. These villains peep'd into every place ; and carried all the money they met with, into a room, the door of which they broke open, where Hasbud had lodg'd a very considerable sum. They also stole a great number of jewels. After making what valuable plunder they cou'd, they ran into every room, but scarce  
 met

met with a single person; for all those who surviv'd in the house, being frighted to death, and not knowing that only two wretches had committed so many murthers, did not dare to show themselves. The two villains came, at last, to the room where Cleontius lay. He knew them immediately, when they were greatly surpriz'd to see him, they imagining that he had been kill'd. They then gave him an account, in few words, of the barbarous havock committed by them, and the booty they had made. Cleontius conjur'd them to take him along with them, and me also; the murtherers not having yet entred my bed-chamber. —

You may easily carry us off, (cried he,) as you have not found the least resistance. Make haste, I beseech you, and perform all I request. Fly and seize Cælia, then return to me; and be assur'd that we shall furnish ourselves, out of these stables, with more horses than we shall want to carry us to the sea-side.

You doubtless will wonder, my Lord, (continued the fair stranger, addressing herself to Pharsamond,) how it was possible for so tragical an event to happen in a house, where were forty servants, besides a considerable number of slaves. But it must be consider'd, that these were not able to defend



either themselves or others; they being chain'd together every night, by the overseer, who also kept a strict eye over their daily labour. To this let me add, that they were lodg'd in a building separate from the house, and the ruffians never enter'd the former. But, (my Lord,) the whole family were in a deep sleep; and the servants were butcher'd the moment they came out of their rooms.

To return to the wretches who had committed this dreadful slaughter. In compliance with Cleontius's request, they ran again into every room, and came at last to my bed-chamber. Terrified at the noise, and the clashing of sabres, I had long call'd out for help, but dar'd not to open my door, for fear of being cut to pieces. Immediately the two ruffians burst the door open, and rush'd into the room with their drawn sabres. I was struck with such dread at seeing them, that I fainted away. I know not what they did with me then, but an hour after I found myself on horseback, and in the arms of one of the villains; whilst Cleontius, and the other man, were riding on, very gently, (a little before) for the conveniency of the former, who was so vastly weak, that he could scarce sit his horse, or even hold his bridle. — O Heavens!

vens! where am I? (said I,) the moment I was restor'd to my senses. — Cleontius hearing my voice, rode up to me, as well as he was able. — You are, Madam, (says he,) in the hands of Cleontius, whose life has been sav'd by a most happy accident. But dispel your sorrows, lovely Cælia; for tho' you will not find the same opulence, in living with me, as at Hasbud's; yet be assur'd, that you shall be indulg'd a stronger and more lasting passion than that Mahometan cou'd boast. — Cruel wretch! (says I, the tears streaming from my eyes,) has providence thought fit to make thee master of my person? What are then, (just Heavens!) the crimes I can have committed, that thus draw upon me the most horrid punishment which cou'd be inflicted? — I expect no other language than this, (said Cleontius, during the first transports of your grief;) and yet I flatter myself, that after you shall have been some time without seeing Hasbud, you then will behold me with a quite different eye. — Who, Cælia? thou blackest of wretches! (replied I.) Ah! shou'd I ever deign to bestow one glance upon thee, 'twill dart nothing but hatred. The unparallell'd crimes thou hast committed this day, after the substantial kindneses bestow'd upon thee, sink thee to an object be-

low my enmity. Chance has, indeed, now put thee in possession of a happiness ; but surely the justice of Heaven will never permit thee to enjoy it long : and if fortune happens to favour thee at this time, be assur'd that 'tis only to urge thee to perpetrate the most horrid crimes, in order to hasten thy destruction.—I am not, (said he,) now in a proper condition to answer you ; and, indeed, whatever might be my replies, they would only inflame you the more against me ; for which reason I think it prudent to be silent, till it may be proper for me to speak. — I care not, (replies I,) whether thou speak, or hold thy tongue ; for be assur'd, that nothing will be able to change the black idea I have form'd to myself of thee ; and tho' thou shoud'st brand me with the most odious names, I shall not love or hate thee more on that account.

After these words, he drew back his horse as well as he was able. Words cou'd never paint the doleful situation of my mind at this juncture. I had been torne from under the wing of the most amiable man living ; the generosity of whose disposition had never shone in a more beautiful light, or seem'd more worthy of my love, than at this instant. Alas ! how bitterly did I repent the severe reserve I had discover'd with regard

to



to him. Methought I cou'd have been comforted, had it been possible for Hasbud to know how dearly I lov'd him; but the tranquillity I enjoy'd at his house, had bereav'd my heart, as it were, of all sensibility: but O! I now felt the utmost force of it, because of the impossibility of my ever being able to acquaint him with this circumstance. His respect, his tender treatment, rose at once to my imagination, and pleaded strongly in his behalf. I imagin'd him, in the inmost recesses of my heart, advancing towards me with that modest air which us'd to restrain him, and prevent his passion from disclosing itself. Methoughts I heard him say, in the softest, sweetest tone: ———  
 O peerless Cælia! be assured there is nothing I long for so much, as to be able to merit your love. — The most trifling acts of kindness he had indulg'd me, (and this in so generous a manner,) at the same time that they charm'd me in the reflection, made me almost die away with grief. But now, instead of enjoying that blissful state, when I possess'd a heart which leap'd to gratify my most trifling wish, I saw myself at the mercy of a wretch, who was directed only by his abominable desires. Heavens! how mighty a fall was this! and how difficult is

it for a Mind, when in so deplorable a frame, not to sink thro' despair !

By this time we were arrived at the sea shore, the crew being got together, and preparing to set sail. A moment after, one of Cleontius's accomplices desir'd to speak with the captain of the ship, which was a Rover ; and returning a little after, they prepar'd to go on board. Good gods ! 'twas then I could no longer check my grief, which I had done hitherto ; but permitted myself to be hurried along without making the least resistance. I now broke into the most frightful cries, and threw myself on the floor. In the bitterness of my anguish I call'd upon death, and besought those about me, to put an end to my wretched life ; but, deaf to my sad intreaties, and regardless of my tears and sighs, they dragg'd me to the ship. However the captain, pitying my affliction, order'd a young woman to attend upon me, whose mother, his captive, died a few days before. This young woman, (not of a considerable family) was good natur'd, and of a temper which sympathiz'd with the sufferings of others. I was lying in a cabbin whither I had been carried ; when she came up to me, I being then drown'd in tears. I am order'd, Madam, (says she, in the Turkish language,)

to attend upon you; I therefore beg you to go to bed, as you cannot but stand in need of repose. ——— Alas! young woman, (cries I,) I want nothing but death. ——— 'Twere great pity, (said she,) that death should snatch away so young and so lovely a person. I therefore beseech you, Madam, to moderate your grief. My mother has often told me, that nothing befalls us but by the permission of Heaven. You do not look like a person born to perpetual ill fate; and, tho' I am a stranger to the subject of your sorrows, something whispers me, that you will not always be wretched, but be freed from your troubles. ——— Alas! (cries I,) 'tis kind in you to strive to persuade me, that my miseries will one day cease: grant Heaven, (added I, comforted in some measure by what she said;) grant Heaven, that the words you now speak at random, may one day be verified by the event! Woe is me! I do not beg to be restor'd to all my past happiness, provided that the author of my misery may but be brought to condign punishment, and I not continue in his cruel hands. This is all I have to implore of God, by whose permission, I am sensible, every thing comes to pass. After I had spoke thus, the young woman came forward to undress me, when I let her



do as she pleas'd ; neither Cleontius, nor any of his barbarous companions, visiting me that day. I then went to bed, but (gracious Heavens !) what kind of repose found I there. Alas ! how dreadful is the bed to a creature overwhelm'd with grief ! I shall not tire you with a detail of the numberless melancholy thoughts which then oppress'd me ; 'twill be sufficient if I, in order to give you a just idea of my condition, observe that life, the precious blessing for which we hazard and give up every thing, appear'd (at this instant,) to my imagination, the most insupportable of all the evils which then sat brooding over me. I fancied that existence was given me, for no other end, than that I might curse the world which my mother had brought me into.

In such heart-breaking reflexions did I spend the whole day. Food was brought me, probably by Cleontius's order ; but I consider'd it no otherwise than as a means to lengthen out my wretchedness. I did not say a word when the victuals were brought in. 'Twas to no purpose that the young woman us'd all the arguments possible to prevail with me to eat. However, to oblige her, I endeavour'd to swallow a few mouthfuls, but cou'd not. She burst into tears, seeing my agonies ; when I myself cou'd not  
forbear

forbear being mov'd at the compassion she  
 indulg'd me. 'Twas a sort of relief to me,  
 to meet with a person humane enough to  
 compassionate my woes; and that too in a  
 place, where those who surrounded me,  
 seem'd as so many enemies conspiring my  
 ruin. The victuals were then carried away  
 untouch'd. Night being come, the young  
 woman came to bed to me. I leave you to  
 guess what kind of night I must have had.  
 Next morning Cleontius visited me. The  
 moment he appear'd, I shed a flood of tears,  
 and gazing on him with eyes of despair; —  
 Abominable Cleontius! (cries I in the utmost  
 agony,) what can be the motive for thy  
 seeing me? Dost thou think it will ever be  
 possible for thee to soften my sad pangs? hast  
 thou forgot the numberless woes into which  
 thou hast plung'd me? thou hast snatch'd  
 me from the best of men; one who, tho' I  
 was his slave, yet, so unbounded was his ge-  
 nerosity, that he treated me with greater re-  
 spect, than thou with treachery and barba-  
 rity. Go, infamous wretch! thou hast  
 forc'd me from my gracious benefactor, my  
 guardian angel. Enjoy, if this be a satis-  
 faction, the pleasure of making me wretched;  
 but flatter not thyself with the wild hopes of  
 ever being indulg'd an opportunity, to sa-  
 tiate thy detestable wishes. If thou art able

to be stung with remorse, be inconsolable at thy having hurried to the brink of destruction, the object of thy love; and that thy cruelty has had no other effect, than to bring her to the grave, at an age, and in circumstances, which seem'd to promise her lasting felicity.

These reproaches greatly perplex'd Cleon-tius, who, sitting down by me, continued a long time silent, as I did also. He afterwards gaz'd at me with a countenance, in which fury and love were strongly painted. — I will confess, (says he,) that the despair you mention, acts as forcibly within me, as you can possibly desire. The more you set before my eyes, your calamities of which I was the author; the stronger I feel the justice of your reproaches, and my fury and love increase in proportion. Even your death, which, you observe, will be the sole fruit I shall reap by my cruelty, is a thought that makes my brain turn. There is no action, how frantic soever, which I shall not be capable of committing, shou'd you again paint those things to me in as strong colours as before. How! shall I have reduc'd to the extremes of misery, the woman whom I idolize? and, spite of all my rage, this be the only fruit I shall reap! — He paus'd at these words, when immediately  
his



his face and body forc'd into such distortions, that I was prodigiously frightened. — Alas ! cruel Lady, (cries he,) will you not indulge some pity to a man who owes all his guilt to you ? 'Tis to you I must complain, for the reproaches I may justly make myself because of you. 'Tis you, your eyes, (I say,) which make me incur your hate. You only are the cause of all the dreadful sensations, the furious impulses, which quite change my nature. — Cælia (replied I,) does not make you criminal. A heart, form'd for virtue, can never proceed to the horrid extremes to which your's has abandon'd itself. Alas ! (abstracted from the evils I suffer by your means) when I besought Hasbud to set you at liberty, the passion which you then discover'd for me, and the solemn promise you made to endeavour to tear it from your bosom, inspir'd me with a pity which you justly merited at that time. I am now in your power ; and that impulse of compassion which the respect you then discover'd for me, render'd you worthy of, is now succeeded by the strongest hatred and contempt that ever swell'd a mortal breast. — Having spoke thus, he continued long silent. At last : — I shall leave you, (cries he.) I know not what answer to make. I love, and I abhor you ; but so dreadful is

the mixture of those two passions in my breast, that I am almost beside myself. Methinks you are both cruel and just in all you say. My own woes, and those I have brought upon you, exasperate me. I know not what I do. Reflect on all this. You are the cause of the frenzy which fires me; and therefore, do not blame me, if you force it to the most fatal lengths. — He left me, after uttering these words, in a tone of voice that too plainly shew'd the despair in which he was plung'd, on occasion of my grief, and the indifference I discover'd for him. Shall I go so far as to own that, spite of the horrid light in which I consider'd Cleontius; I yet was mov'd by a secret emotion of pity in his favour, but this without abating ever so little of my hatred. I reflected that, as he was young, this might possibly be his first passion; and he was naturally of a very warm temper. These things duly weigh'd, if they wou'd not justify what he had done, they at least might excite compassion for him; and the anguish I myself felt, on account of my own misfortunes, gave me some idea of the tortures which that man must groan under, who loving a woman to distraction, accuses himself with being the sole author of her calamities. Cleontius seem'd, from this instant, to treat me more kindly, and to show  
 signs

signs of repentance. Some time after our last conversation, he came to me at a juncture when want of food, (I eating little or nothing,) joyn'd to my grief, had brought me so very low, that my female attendant imagin'd I was going to expire. Immediately she call'd for help, when Cleontius and the captain flew into my cabin. The former was so strongly affected with my deplorable state, that he fainted away at my bed's feet, crying: — Wretch that I am! kill me, I am not worthy of life. — The captain order'd him to be carried out of my cabin. As I grew weaker, he drew nearer to my bed, when I call'd upon Hasbud, but in so feeble a voice, that no one could hear me. Whilst I was in this disponding state, methought this virtuous Mahometan, was standing by me, infinitely more afflicted on account of my sad condition, than for the loss of all his treasures, and even of his life. I imagin'd him, assuming that gentle, that compassionate countenance, when he us'd to speak to me concerning the misfortunes of my family; I saw tears stealing from his eyes. In a word, I represented him, such as he doubtless wou'd have appear'd in real life.

But now the captain drew a small bottle out of his pocket, and desir'd me to sup a little from it. I heard him say to those standing



standing round him: — I am very much griev'd for this Lady. I know not the cause of her misfortunes, but methinks the sight of Cleontius is quite painful to her. — Saying these words, he intreated me to open my mouth, and take down a few drops of the liquor. The captain was so urgent, that I thought it wou'd have been ungrateful in me to refuse his offer. I therefore sipt a little of the liquor, which reviving me, the paleness that had overspread my cheeks vanish'd instantly. The captain seeing me recover, went away, recommending me very kindly to the care of the young woman.

*The end of the ninth P A R T.*



P H A R.



# PHARSAMOND.

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## PART X.

---



**W**HILST endeavours were  
 thus using to succour me,  
 Cleontius was very near ex-  
 piring. His wound, which  
 had been almost heal'd, by  
 an excellent balsam found  
 on board, burst open again, occasion'd by  
 the convulsions he was seiz'd with, during  
 which he lost a considerable quantity of  
 blood: but, at last, means were found to  
 close his wound again. Not long after he  
 reviv'd, and was put to bed. ——— Alas!  
 wretch that I am! (cried he, at intervals,) my  
 eyes have seen the deplorable condition  
 to which I reduc'd Cælia; and I am the  
 barbarous author of the woes which will soon  
 put

put an end to her wretched life ! Cruel woman ! (added he,) the rage which fires me, will more than revenge you for all the pangs that tortur'd you. — I overheard him say these last words ; there being only a thin partition between his cabbin and mine. He cou'd not rise during several days ; but he sent, almost every moment, to enquire after my health. I cou'd hear him abandon himself to the extremes of despair ; he exclaiming first against himself, then against me ; and afterwards imploring my pardon, for the numberless evils he had brought upon me.

Whilst Cleontius was keeping his bed, I bid my young female attendant go to the captain, and beg him to send one of Cleontius's companions to me. I had an irresistible desire to know the fate of the excellent Hasbud ; a circumstance which seemed to lessen the aversion I harbour'd for the two abominable wretches. The captain complying with my request, the villain came into my cabbin, but with an air of confusion. — I did not send, (cries I,) to reproach you for your execrable guilt, but to ask you a single question. — What have you done with the generous Hasbud ? what is become of him ? — If this be a circumstance which affects you, (says he,) be satisfied with my silence.



lence. — Ah! barbarous wretch, (cries I,) you have murther'd him! you have murther'd him! — Immediately he withdrew, without uttering a word more, leaving me overwhelm'd with anguish. — Woe is me! (cries I,) Hasbud must surely be dead! O Heavens! why thus reward his numberless virtues! Alas! how fatal have I been to him! But for the wretched Cælia, Hasbud wou'd now be alive, be perfectly happy, and the darling of every one. But for me, the most amiable, the most generous man that ever blessed the earth, wou'd now be treading it! Dearest Hasbud! I am the baleful cause of your miserable exit! to your unparallell'd goodness, to wretched me, you owe your death! Why am I not allow'd to make some little atonement for this, by confessing, to you yourself, how passionately I love you? a confession which my fatal reserve wou'd not permit me to break to you, when living! But this I cannot do now, for O! Hasbud, the dear, enchanting Hasbud is no more! — How cruelly did these reflexions increase my pangs! and in how horrid a light did I view Cleontius! — Sigh! sigh! wicked wretch! (would I whisper to myself, whenever I heard him groan;) well may'st thou be stung with the deepest remorse!

But

But now word was brought our captain, whilst Cleontius kept his bed, that a ship was spied at a distance ; upon which the former gave orders that our's shou'd get ready for fighting. The other ship crowded, at first, all the sail possible, in order to come up with us ; but the moment those on board her saw our flag, they made off very fast. Our captain observing this, sail'd after the ship. At last we came up with her, when she prov'd to be a vessel laden with goods ; and had, as appeared afterwards, about threescore hands on board. Our captain made a signal for them to strike, but they still endeavour'd to shear off. Soldiers appearing upon deck, we fir'd at them, and came up so near, that we boarded our enemy. A sharp engagment ensued, when both sides fought with surprizing intrepidity ; but at last our enemies, being overpower'd by numbers, were forc'd to strike.

Our captain, after gaining this victory, was oblig'd to put into an island, to refit his ship, she having been very much shatter'd during the engagement. But the prize he took being a very considerable one, he was sufficiently paid for all his toils, and the danger to which he had been expos'd.

All our people now went on shore, except Cleontius and his two companions ; the former

mer being still confined to his cabbin by his wounds, and the latter staying on board to look after him. Our captain, whilst his ship was refitting, regal'd his whole crew with brandy, and other strong liquors, found in the prize. They drank prodigiously, till at last they all fell asleep. 'Twas now night, when those who had been appointed as centinels, to watch the rest, were also seiz'd with slumbers. The young woman who attended upon me, cou'd not keep open her eyes, so that I now found myself the only person awake; and surrounded with sailors, some of whom were stretch'd on the grass, and others reclin'd at the foot of trees. My sorrows then suggested a design, which I shou'd have trembled to attempt in any other season. I resolv'd to fly; and to hazard my being tore to pieces by wild beasts, or ill treated by savages, rather than continue any longer expos'd to the brutality of Cleontius. The moment this thought came into my head, I resolv'd to put it in execution. I then struck down a path which trees embower'd; and walk'd on, without knowing whither I was directing my steps. My grief, and the very earnest desire I had to escape from the wicked Cleontius, inspir'd me with unusual strength. I travell'd all night long thro' ways that  
were



were almost impassible. Day beginning to break, I found myself oppress'd with weariness, upon which I sat myself down on the summit of a rock, whence I discover'd the wide-extended ocean. It would be impossible for words to describe the joy which thrill'd my bosom, to see myself out of the hands of the barbarous Cleontius. The pleasure I felt, on reflecting that I should never set eyes on him more, was so exquisite, that it conceal'd from me the great perils to which I expos'd myself on this occasion. And now such sweet comfort was diffus'd through my soul, that I fell asleep, without being under the least apprehensions.

'Twas long since I had enjoy'd any true rest, so that I believe I slept full twelve hours on this occasion. I wak'd without knowing where I was. At last, throwing my eyes round, I spied a vast forest, which I had not taken notice of before, at the foot of the rock. I then was seiz'd with fear. However, I went down into the forest, and walk'd thro' every part of it, without perceiving the least traces of it's being inhabited even by savages. I now saw trees, bearing a sort of fruit wherewith I was wholly unacquainted. I ventur'd to eat some, which pleas'd my palate. I then return'd to the rock, where the view of the ocean drew a  
sigh.

sigh from me, when I reflected on the fatal  
 catastrophe which had torn from me the  
 object I lov'd above all things in this world.  
 My situation then appear'd to me in all the  
 horrors which fancy cou'd imagine ; and I  
 consider'd myself as abandon'd to the most  
 severe rigours of fate. Having no other de-  
 fence than my tears and my sighs ; expos'd  
 to the insults of savages, with whom, I  
 concluded, the island was inhabited. I left  
 this place, and retir'd to the forest. I now  
 had advanc'd some steps in it, when a man,  
 cover'd with the skin of a beast unknown  
 to me, came up, and seem'd greatly sur-  
 priz'd. The gown I then wore was showy ;  
 for Cleontius's companions, when they ran  
 away with me, carried off all my clothes.  
 I was terrified at the sight of this savage,  
 who advanc'd forward with an air of asto-  
 nishment, he lifting up his hands towards  
 the skies. At his coming up he smil'd ; and  
 taking up a corner of my gown, seem'd to  
 admire it. Over his shoulders hung a  
 wooden quiver, in which were his bow, and  
 a considerable number of arrows. It came  
 into my head, that it might be of advantage  
 for me to seem as much delighted with him,  
 as he cou'd be with me ; upon which I be-  
 gan to survey his quiver, whilst he gaz'd  
 at and play'd with my gown ; he appearing  
 charm'd

charm'd with the gold orrice, and a few precious stones which adorn'd my clothes. I then pull'd out eagerly a small diamond, fix'd in my girdle; and presenting it to him, he receiv'd it in such a manner, as denoted that he was highly delighted with the gift. I then made signs, as though I was desirous of handling his bow and some of his arrows. The savage, in return for my gift, presented me with what I wanted, when immediately I applied one of the arrows to the bow. He was surpriz'd at this, but fell a laughing, when he saw me shoot the arrow into the air. Giving him to understand that this was a diversion to me, he seem'd pleas'd. He spake to me in a language, to which I replied only by dumb shew, and he comprehended me; for I, hinting that I did not understand him, he immediately left off speaking. He pointed to a path, which he struck into; after making a sign, with his finger, for me to follow him, and this I did instantly. We came out of the forest, at the extremity whereof was a valley into which we descended. In this valley I spy'd a little hutt, of a very extraordinary structure, and built with timber, clay, and boughs of trees. Casting my eyes round, I saw several others rais'd in the same manner. The savage entred that which first catch'd my eye, and  
I follow'd



I follow'd him; resolving to employ the arrows he had put into my hands, in case he shou'd offer the least rudeness. Being come into the hutt, I saw a black woman, very short in stature; and at whose feet were two infant savages playing, and almost naked. The woman rose from the ground on which she was squatted: and seem'd as much astonish'd, at beholding me, as had been the man, whom I suppos'd to be her husband. The children gaz'd as tho' they wou'd stare me through. The savage talk'd a long time with his wife, during which I survey'd them with all possible attention. And now finding that neither their air, nor their behaviour, denoted any thing sinister to me; I took off, from my girdle, a second diamond, and offer'd it to the wife. She snatch'd it from me, for fear, as I suppos'd, lest I shou'd afterwards repent that I had bestow'd it upon her. She then nodded, in order that I might seat myself, when I signified that I was not weary. They then survey'd me more attentively than before; taking hold of me gently, and turning me round; on which occasion I gave them to understand, as well as I cou'd, that I was pleas'd with their curiosity. I forgot to mention, that I still held fast the bow and arrows. After they had survey'd me as  
much

much as they thought proper, the savage took, out of a kind of trunk, compos'd of small boughs of trees, some excellent fruits which he presented me: and then, taking up a sort of earthen pitcher, he went and drew water from a spring rising in the middle of the valley. Coming back he offer'd me the pitcher, when I drank, and eat some of the fruit. After I had eat as much as I lik'd, other savages entred the hutt, who were in the utmost astonishment at beholding me; on which occasion I was oblig'd, during a full hour, to be so very complaisant as to let them examine me; and handle every part of my dress which appear'd curious to them. And now, taking a looking-glass out of my pocket, and presenting it to some of them, they saw their faces reflected; but were greatly puzzled to think how it was possible for their persons to be seen in this manner. This thought, which I had hit upon, whilst I was considering how I might best attract their veneration, did me more service than any thing else; and as I, in my then forlorn condition, did not value trinkets of any kind, I presented my pocket-glass to the wife of the savage in whose hutt I was. This gave umbrage to the rest, so that they were resolv'd to force it from the woman on whom I had bestow'd it;

it; which I cou'd perceive that they were going to fight for. But now, calling up my utmost presence of mind, and employing all the authority, that the admiration in which these savages held me, seemed to give me over them; I seiz'd the most furious of them by the arm, and gazing at him sternly, signified that I was highly displeas'd with his resentment. This menace pacified him at once; when I, to prove that I was not prejudic'd in favour of any one of them in particular, made a sign to the wife of the savage, to return me the pocket-glass. She obey'd without the least hesitation; so high an opinion did they entertain of me, on account of my colour, my dress, and my intrepidity. I then put the looking-glass into my pocket; when the rest of the savages seem'd pleas'd with the endeavours us'd by me, to remove their jealousy; and, to show that they were as amicably inclin'd as I cou'd wish, they all fell a singing and dancing round me, breaking into the most surprizing cries and exclamations. They continued these gambols for a long time, during which I smil'd, signifying how greatly I was delighted with their reconciliation. Some ran out with vast eagerness, and flew to their cabbins to fetch me some fruits. I was oblig'd to eat a little



of every thing offered me, after which they all squatted themselves on the ground, and eat the rest. During their pastoral repast, I sat on a kind of seat which they had brought me. After they had eat, and conversed together a long time, they all came, one after another, and kiss'd my gown. I let them do as they pleas'd, and did not show the least surprize on this account ; I receiving the various marks of respect shown me by them, with such an air, as imply'd that I thought them a just tribute. This behaviour greatly increas'd their veneration ; and when the several honours were paid me, which they suppos'd my due, they all went away, the savage who own'd the hut excepted ; he standing by me with an air of the highest reverence. Half an hour after they all return'd, some with little clods of verdant turf, and others with boughs, and large stones. Whilst I was doubting how they wou'd employ these materials, they all fell to raising, in the hutt, a soft bed of turf, which they adorn'd with boughs ; weaving them into a great variety of odd shapes, till they at last, form'd a pretty bower. When it was finish'd, they made signs, denoting that it wou'd give them a particular pleasure to see me seated in it ; upon which I comply'd with their desires, laying the bow and arrows

rows by me, I still keeping possession of them. As soon as I was set down in this manner, they laid, at my feet, their quivers and the rest of their weapons; signifying by this ceremony, that they consider'd me as a Deity to whom they therefore sacrific'd their arms. I should have absolutely refus'd, on any other occasion except this, such homage and veneration; as not being due to any mortal, but to him only on whom all things are dependant. However, in my present forlorn state, I thought it wou'd be no ways criminal in me, to take advantage of this gross error of these ignorant savages, in order to save, not only my life, but still more my honour, from their insults, in case they should offer any. For this reason I did not endeavour to check the veneration they testified for me. This ceremony being ended, they all took back their quivers; but before they threw them over their shoulders, each of them touch'd the hem of my gown with his quiver. As they afterwards seem'd desirous that I should give back the bows and arrows, I return'd them with my own hands; upon which they broke those weapons, and each took a little piece with him.

I still continued sitting on the bed of turf, when the savage, with two more, stood as centinels, at the door, to guard me. I sup-

pose that the wife and children belonging to the hutt where I then was, withdrew to another; the mother never returning to her's, except to show her reverence, by kissing the hem of my gown, and making her two little ones do the same. I spent about three months in this manner, always attended by a croud of savages and their children. Whenever I went to take a walk, they wou'd dance round me; playing on a musical instrument, the construction of which was ingenious, and quite new to me. In what place soever I sat down, they either wou'd seat themselves, respectfully, at a distance; or go and tear down boughs of trees, which they struck one against another, purely to divert me. I also forgot to observe, that they made me a quiver, more beautifully wrought than theirs: it being painted with all sorts of colours, and carv'd handsomely enough. The bow and arrows were also adorn'd in a peculiar manner. The quiver had been presented to me the third day after my arrival among them; and I wore it over my shoulders, they carrying it in that manner.

One day, after a repast compos'd of all sorts of excellent fruit, I had an inclination to go and revisit the rock, from which I had descended into the forest; for tho' I  
thought



thought myself very safe among these savages, to whom I seem'd dear, from the veneration in which they held me; I yet cou'd not forbear sighing at intervals, when I reflected on the strange kind of life I was forc'd to lead among men, so very different from those with whom I had formerly resided \*. I thereupon left my cabin, attended by a great number of the islanders, as usual; and struck into the path which I thought led to the rock. I came to it, when an incident, which I suppos'd a most lucky one with regard to myself, made all the savages who accompanied me, halt on a sudden, and bend their bows. We now saw threescore or fourscore men, who were climbing up the rock, most of them dripping wet. At the foot of this rock lay a ship, which the crew were pushing into the sea; whence I concluded, that they had

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\* 'Tis in the original, pag. 670, des créatures qui ressembloient plus à des monstres qu'à des hommes. i. e. "Creatures, who resembled monsters more than men." ——— (Speaking of the savages.)  
 ——— Now I concluded, that they ought not to be called monsters, as they are suppos'd to have treated Tarmiana with the greatest humanity.

been refitting in the creek. Those who climb'd the rock, were foldiers and failors, who had refitted this vefsel, and were returning to the top of the rock, where they had left their clothes. We fpi'd other men lying on the ground, eating and drinking, who were expecting to fet fail immediately. As foon as the foldiers and failors perceiv'd that the favages flood with their bows bent, many took up their guns, and others their fwords, with a refolution to charge them. At this fight the favages were seiz'd with fuch a panic, that fome fell down as they were endeavouring to run away; whilst the others threw themfelves at my feet, befeeching me, by figns, not to let the ftrangers hurt them. I then advanc'd towards thofe who were coming up to us, when a young man very handsomely dress'd, who feem'd the moft courageous among them, ftopt on a fudden, and cried, ——— ‘ O Heavens!’ As he fpoke thefe words in French, I answer'd him in the fame language : ——— Good Sir, (fays I,) be fo indulgent as to liften favourably to a woman, the relation of whole misfortunes muft excite the foftest pity in your bofom. Thefe favages, among whom I have been forc'd to dwell a confiderable time, put great confidence in me. You fee moft of them at my feet, befeeching

ing

ing me to use my good offices, in order that their lives may be spared. I therefore intreat you not to fall upon them; and be assur'd that they wont do you any harm. — Tho' they, Madam, (replied he,) might deserve to die, yet shall not a hair of their heads be touch'd, since they have so beautiful an advocate as yourself. — The moment he had spoke, he commanded the rest to discontinue their pursuit of the savages; making signs to them, that every thing was safe. Still the poor frightened islanders continued at my feet. I then nodded to them to return home; when they rising, and seeming afraid to go back without me, I made as tho' I wou'd be after them presently. They then left me, but with an air of uneasiness; and they look'd every now and then behind them, to see whether I follow'd. Such testimonies of gratitude from savages, affected me not a little; for generous sentiments must please, from what quarter soever they come. But now I said to the young officer, (he being one,) that I intended to go on board his ship. He told me that he was bound for France, and came from \* \* \*. He nam'd the very port where Hasbud liv'd, and whence I had been carried off. I started, hearing him mention that harbour. He then gave me his hand,



to help me from the rock to the shore, when, throwing my eyes round, I perceiv'd a man stretch'd on the grass, and seemingly oppress'd with melancholy. He lay in such a posture, that I cou'd not see his face. But, Heavens ! who cou'd describe the emotions I felt, when he, turning about, I saw my enchanting Hasbud, wan and dejected ! I shriek'd at the sight, and drew back. The person who held me by the hand, finding me turn pale, supported me in his arms. I fainted away, when Hasbud, who knew me again, started up, and flew to me with the utmost fondness — O raptures ! - - -

*The end of the story of Tarmiana.*



**T**HE lovely Cælia was got to this part of her relation, when word was brought the mistress of the house, that some ladies hearing she was return'd, were come to pay her a visit.

Pharsamond was not a little vex'd, at this interruption of a story which affected him prodigiously. Cælia, after talking so long,  
took

took leave of our knight, in order to go and brood over her sorrows in her bed-chamber. Pharsamond then withdrew into his own, greatly mov'd, (as was observ'd, and as the reader must naturally suppose,) at the many beautiful adventures told by this fair virgin.

I say, *beautiful adventures*. ——— Bless us! this is an expression will highly disgust a critic, and force from him a malicious laugh. ——— Beautiful adventures! (will he cry :) if these adventures may be call'd beautiful, pray what are those you term ugly ones? — Too importunate critic! I know not what kind of thing ugly adventures are; but I'll stake, (by way of wager,) the prettiest incident in my work, that those I hint at are really beautiful. ——— Bravo! (cries my fantastical censurer,) *the prettiest incident in the present work*: ——— 'Tis plain he has the vanity to imagine, that his own book is interspers'd with pretty and beautiful touches. ——— Very fine all this. We yet may pronounce, that there are few touches of this sort in it; and that such are almost eclips'd by deformities. ——— It will be impossible for me, (severe censor,) ever to get the better of you; and the only result of our contest, (tho' ever so obstinate,) must be this; you wou'd prove yourself very mo-

rose, and perhaps tasteless, (forgive this last word :) and I myself should discover not a little vanity, in so strenuously defending my book. A fig for compositions, where the author is not delighted with what he writes, and consequently does not applaud himself : and especially when such a one takes up the pen merely by way of amusement ; and that, whilst he strives to divert himself, he is not persuaded that he shall entertain others. — Let those authors, whom a false modesty inspires, say what they please. If I am vainer than such, I am more sincere ; they being hypocrites, who are not only proudly ostentatious, but at the same time, artful censurers of themselves. 'Tis certainly far more laudable in a writer, not to impose upon mankind, and be tinctur'd with an undisguis'd vice, than to heighten it with hypocrisy ; this latter being of an infinitely blacker dye, and the quintessence of all vices which infect the human heart. — But to wave my critique on this abuse of masqued authors ; the hypocrisy we are speaking of is, of all others, the most pardonable. \* Orgon

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\* *In Moliere's Play of Tartuffe.*



wou'd never have had the mortification to be driven, from his own house, by Tartuffe; and overhear him corrupt his wife, had there been no other hypocrites in the world than those whom I, in the height of my vanity, venture to stigmatize here.—But to return to my subject.

Pharsamond now shut himself up in his bed-chamber, overjoy'd at the happiness which his imagination ascrib'd to the unfortunate Cælia, for her sharing in so many sad adventures. His veneration for his heroine increas'd, in proportion as she related every circumstance which befel her: but when she expatiated on her forlorn state in the island inhabited by savages, with the high reverence in which they held her, and her deplorable condition when in the hands of vile Cleontius, our knight was almost ready to wish, (in his own mind, and unperceiv'd by himself,) that his princess Ceda-lisa had only been so fortunate as to have rambled over so many seas; wandred in such desert islands; been forc'd out of her bed; set on horseback, and carried through deep solitudes by wretches no less false and cruel than Cleontius. Pharsamond went even so far, as to envy the little rock mentioned by Cælia; and his soul wou'd have been all rapture, cou'd he, after being separated

from his enchanting princess by a most sinister accident, have had the romantic satisfaction of finding her again, sitting on a rock, just as he himself, stretch'd on the grass, turn'd mournfully his head.

These ideas, which Cælia's story had rais'd in Pharsamond's mad brain, were not quite so crude as I have here painted them. They were so many strong reflexions that acted imperceptibly on his heart; so many interior charms which his piercing glance procur'd him a blest view of; and such as he secretly wish'd he might one day owe solely to his own adventures.

Clito and Fatima had also heard the particulars of Cælia's sad story. I have not, indeed, taken notice of them for some time, and that because I was wholly taken up with my principal characters. 'Tis fit that the subaltern ones should make their appearance in the rear, and now is the proper time for it. — Both Fatima and Clito had been enchanted with the incidents which compos'd Cælia's relation. 'Did not you fancy, (says Clito to Fatima some time after) that you was reading one of those charming books, where we are told of ladies and princesses, to whom the noblest and most amazing accidents happen? Body o'me! I cannot forbear thinking on them. How delightful must

‘ must it be, to see all these wondrous  
 ‘ things! To see them, (I say,) with both  
 ‘ one’s eyes! Lud! Lud! They make my  
 ‘ heart leap up to my mouth!’ — ‘ No ad-  
 ‘ ventures cou’d possibly be nobler, (replied  
 ‘ Fatima gravely,) than those which the  
 ‘ beautiful Cælia has related. They are all  
 ‘ great, and surprizing: but, my Lord,  
 ‘ (added she, to Clito,) all have their parti-  
 ‘ cular adventures; and what you have now  
 ‘ heard, ought to put you in mind, of the  
 ‘ mighty events for which we both are re-  
 ‘ serv’d. Alas! Fate may, perhaps, pre-  
 ‘ pare us for greater extremities, for mis-  
 ‘ fortunes of a still more extraordinary kind.’

— ‘ Oons!’ (cried Clito, transported  
 with an enthusiasm of heroic adventures and  
 love;) ‘ You sigh in so delightful a tone,  
 ‘ that Fate will not, (except she be the most  
 ‘ ungrateful of all goddesses,) fail of making  
 ‘ your name ring thro’ the world. Me-  
 ‘ thinks I already see us sadly separated  
 ‘ one from the other; I either drowning, or  
 ‘ kill’d by a musket-ball; You, starv’d to  
 ‘ death on a rock; and, afterwards, both  
 ‘ meeting unexpectedly in some place, (but  
 ‘ where, the Lord of Oxford knows,) upon  
 ‘ a rock, in a cavern, or in an old crazy  
 ‘ boat not worth two-pence; or I spying  
 ‘ you, with your back leaning against a  
 ‘ tree,



‘ tree, in some pathless, wide-extended fo-  
 ‘ rest ; whilst poor Clito, with a complex-  
 ‘ ion yellower than a toad-stool, (thro’  
 ‘ grief for my having lost you,) shall be  
 ‘ sitting on some desert shore, my feet  
 ‘ wash’d with the waves ; and I gazing on  
 ‘ them whilst they roll, as a man benumb’d  
 ‘ with cold, and thence unable to stir hand  
 ‘ or foot. Swounds ! my sweetest princess !  
 ‘ how charming will it be, should all this  
 ‘ come to pass ! To confess the truth, pro-  
 ‘ vided I do but meet with victuals whither-  
 ‘ soever I go, Fate and I shall not fail of be-  
 ‘ ing as great as two inkle weavers ; but, as  
 ‘ to fasting, your humble servant for that :  
 ‘ I can by no means consent to it ; and  
 ‘ were any adventure to offer itself to me,  
 ‘ on that condition, I should reject it with  
 ‘ a frown.’

Fatima wou’d have been delighted at the  
 sprightly air with which the illustrious Clito  
 pronounc’d these words, had he not unluc-  
 kily interlarded them with certain trivial  
 phrases, which utterly dishonour’d the  
 charming, the great ideas rais’d by rock,  
 cavern, boat, forest, shore, and such like ;  
 but then she endeavour’d to drive out the  
 disagreeable thoughts arising from those  
 trivial phrases, by the magnificence of her  
 own ; and to make Clito recollect himself,

and

and talk with propriety, by showing him the rusticity of his manner of speaking, when compar'd to that so happily employ'd by herself. — ' Let me be ever dear to you, (says she ;) be true, my dear Lord, and permit Fate to interest herself in our favour ; for be assur'd, that, of all terrestrial objects, we are it's darling care.' — ' Now you speak of *darling care*, (says Clito,) methinks, (Madam,) it may be proper for us to think of our own affairs ; for you may perceive that the titles *my Lord*, and *Madam*, flow more easily, from our mouths, than water from a broken pitcher. Our confounded skirmish with the scullions last night, and the bangs with which the devil in person belabour'd us ; all these things have banish'd, from our memory, the noble subjects we discours'd on before. But now, let us recover ourselves. What a couple of noodles shou'd you and I be, were we to continue, I a mere squire, and you no more than a squireess, when 'tis in our power to be persons of infinitely greater consequence ; and each of us, instead of waiting upon others, to have attendants of our own ? In short you, (my dearest Fatima,) wou'd be an errant fool, and I a stupid ass. — Forgive me, however,

for

‘ for calling you *fool* ; you are not one yet,  
 ‘ and my wish is, that you may never be  
 ‘ such. But come : let us consider what  
 ‘ we had best do.’ ——— Fatima was  
 going to answer Clito ; and to reflect in concert with him, on the course which it would be proper for them to take, in order to obtain the principality they had fix’d their eye upon ; when hearing the company coming out of the court, they wisely postpon’d, to another opportunity, the choice of that resolution which it might be for their interest to form. The moment Felunda saw herself disengag’d, she sent a message to Pharsamond, requesting that he wou’d permit her to show him the beauties of her house ; adding, that she shou’d take it as a particular favour, if he wou’d be so gracious as to comply with the desire she had to entertain him, to prevent his growing tir’d of that place.

The servant, charg’d with this important commission, found Pharsamond leaning at a window that look’d into the garden. The noble ardor with which he was fir’d, on hearing the wonderful feats told by Cælia, had made him open the window. I must observe, that this was not an action of an indifferent kind ; for the contemplation in which he was buried, at this juncture, was admirably



admirably adapted to his exalted profession. A fit of melancholy, with the attitude we are speaking of, is a situation that suit exactly heroes and heroines of romance. This circumstance was heightned, not only by the august air of his contemplations at the window ; but also by the view he was blest with from this very window, which presented to the sight of our amorous chevalier, those very objects that antiently delighted the eyes of venerable heroes, whenever such were plung'd, by grief, in deep contemplation. The messenger repeated the identical words which his lady had order'd him to carry, but not the least answer cou'd he extort from Pharsamond. Our chevalier was now as deaf as a beetle. He was, at the instant we are speaking, prostrate before his princess ; in the state of a man rais'd to extasy, who again meets with the idol of his soul, and this after a long and cruel absence. His reflexion on the rock mention'd by Cælia ; her meeting with savages, and afterwards with her dear Hasbud, fill'd Pharsamond with rapture. Had it not been for the fair stranger, his loss of Cedalisa must have prov'd as an arrow which had struck infinitely deeper in his heart ; but the sweet hope he secretly entertain'd, of again meeting, (and that no less surprizingly,) with Cedalisa ; a  
hope.

hope grounded on his sad loss of her, and on an incident of the same nature told by Cælia, who, (he very wisely concluded,) cou'd not be the only person whom heaven wou'd favour so greatly : these reflexions, I say, softned the deep anguish which otherwise must have tortur'd his heart, occasion'd by his sad separation from his adorable princess.

Now, as his imagination made a rapid progress in a very short time ; and was of a cast, to anticipate fate with regard to such adventures as she might reserve in store for him ; our knight, after reflecting deeply on Cælia's extraordinary story, made a transition to himself, and his then situation. From this reflexion he proceeded, insensibly, to the auspicious moment which should discover to him Cedalisa ; when his fancy suggested as follows.

He was in the main ocean, after having rambled thro' every kingdom ; and enquir'd for his Cedalisa of every court, city, village, forest, road, path, hedge, &c : a vain and fruitless enquiry, whose only effect was to heighten his despair. Our hero's ill success, in not being able to find his princess, had made him resolve to embark on board a ship. After having been some time out at sea, he was set upon by a pirate, who at last boarded him.

him. I leave the reader to judge, whether Pharsamond's bravery, on this occasion, was not equal to his love. Death flew from his arm, as inevitably as from the thunder-bolt. He had fought with an unknown, courageous hero. The combat was long doubtful; and had even suspended the blows which the subaltern warriors dealt to one another. 'Twill be suppos'd, that our chevalier's imagination proclaim'd him victorious. He had fell'd his enemy, and was just going to strike off his head, when the shrieks of a woman suddenly withheld his scymitar. And now turning about, he saw the pirate endeavour to force this lady into a small boat, under the barbarous direction of two men, who were going to land her in a place of security, (to them,) where she was to administer to the pirate's brutal lust. And now this hapless fair, turning towards our knight, he perceived her to be the enchanting Ceda-lisa! Pharsamond more furious than a lion, had at this very instant quitted his fallen enemy, from whom he was forcing a confession, that he had been vanquish'd; and was flying, swift as lightning, to those who were hurrying away his princess. — Our knight was got to this part of his charming adventure, when the servant, sent by Felunda entred.

This



This servant had repeated several times his lady's message, when Pharsamond justly fir'd with indignation against the pirate, and his detestable assailants, roar'd out on a sudden : —— ' Hold, wretches ! and thou, ' cruel villain ! who hast the insolence to endeavour to enslave the greatest princess ' upon earth ! ' —— Here he stopt, probably in the design of attacking the pirate, and his horrid companions ; not with his tongue, but with his scymitar ; (for 'tis no easy task to fight and harangue, at one and the same time ; and I am firmly persuaded, that he wou'd soon have routed this insolent band ; or, to speak in the style of old romance, have finish'd their *discomfiture*.)

Felunda's servant, being a clown who had never seen or heard any exertions of anger, except that of cowherds against their beasts, or of peasants against their wives ; a mere lump of clay, impregnated by very few celestial particles ; this rustic, (I say,) terrified at the martial attitudes into which Pharsamond threw himself, as well as at the words he thundred out, leapt back quite to the door, and fled as fast as his legs cou'd carry him. Being return'd to his lady, the only answer he brought to her message, was, the fright which had seiz'd himself, and the madness of the knight, who, being still  
dragg'd

dragg'd along by his delicious, his noble error, and having gain'd a complete victory over his foes; had thrown himself, wounded and cover'd with blood, at the feet of his mistress, who was still under terrible apprehensions, with regard to her honour and her life. — ‘ Ah! dear, divine princess! (cried he;) do the Gods then restore you to my darling wishes? Must my enchanting Cedalisa, (had it not been for my all-powerful arm,) have been the sad victim of the wretch whom I, just now, struck from the earth? Gracious Heavens! what have I to dread from Fate, since I enjoy the exquisite satisfaction, of seeing my princess restor'd to me in safety?’ — He said many things more, all dictated by his amorous enthusiasm; when Felunda, to whom her frightened servant had told the terrible answers sent by Pharsamond, came to him. The strange posture in which she saw our knight, made her both laugh and sigh. Felunda felt the deepest compassion for our young chevalier, when she reflected on the crazy impressions which his study of romances had left in his brain; and there was something so very singular in his adventure, that she cou'd not help being strongly affected by it.

Wou'd

Wou'd not one naturally conclude, that the sight of a madman, such as Pharsamond, must have prov'd, to a woman of good sense and education, the strongest antidote against love? But this extravagance of Pharsamond, did not produce any such effect in the mind of Felunda. I before observ'd, that she had been struck with our young chevalier's form, and even imagin'd that his countenance spake him a Genius. Add to this, that his frenzy arose wholly from the tender cast of his soul, which, heightened by the natural graces of his person, endear'd him still more to her. Farther, Felunda hop'd she shou'd one day be able to fix his heart. In a word, she entertain'd the fondest notions, and argued thus with herself: —

‘ I am still handsome enough: the too great  
 ‘ number of my years, may probably be  
 ‘ corrected by the frenzy of Pharsamond,  
 ‘ who will not be able to discover, thro’  
 ‘ the mist of folly that must blind his eyes,  
 ‘ the superabundance of years, which have  
 ‘ begun to deaden the vivacity of my fea-  
 ‘ tures.’ — For this reason, she resolv'd to  
 indulge the fond passion, which whisper'd  
 her in Pharsamond's favour. — ‘ My  
 ‘ Lord, (cried she, accommodating herself  
 ‘ to his ideas,) you very probably are now  
 ‘ ruminating on your misfortunes; and,  
 ‘ indeed,



‘ indeed, the posture I find you in, seems to  
 ‘ confirm this opinion.’ — ‘ It must be  
 ‘ confess’d, Madam,’ (replied our knight,  
 who cou’d not forbear blushing, to see him-  
 self catch’d thus unawares in the midst of his  
 enthusiastic transports.) ‘ My misfortunes  
 ‘ are so great, that no one cou’d justly  
 ‘ blame me for meditating on them eter-  
 ‘ nally ; and the anguish I feel is so extreme,  
 ‘ that it must turn the strongest brain, and  
 ‘ triumph over the firmest constancy.’ —  
 ‘ Good my Lord, (replied Felunda,) banish  
 ‘ these baleful thoughts, they only increa-  
 ‘ sing your sorrows ; whence you shou’d  
 ‘ exert your utmost endeavours, in order to  
 ‘ drive each gloomy idea from your mind.  
 ‘ Heaven, (very probably,) is now working  
 ‘ in your favour ; for which reason you  
 ‘ ought to merit, by the wisdom of your  
 ‘ conduct, the felicity it has in store for  
 ‘ you. Come therefore with me, my Lord ;  
 ‘ and I’ll show you some curiosities, in my  
 ‘ house, which will not fail to entertain you.’  
 — Felunda, then gave her hand to Phar-  
 samond, when they both went into the gar-  
 den. — Still gardens ! (will a critic say.)  
 — Yes, still gardens. Pray, (good Mr  
 Cenfor,) what wou’d a country-seat be with-  
 out one ? A ruinous cottage, where this em-  
 bellishment were wanting, wou’d please me as  
 well.

well. A garden is, to me, no less necessary, in the country, than wine or dainties to regale in the former. — But to return to our subject. — Felunda's garden was a very noble one. The first object which struck the eye in it, was a wonderful *jet d'eau*, or fountain, which seem'd to spout into the clouds. This fountain was supported by a statue, representing a river-god, from whose hair water dripp'd. The Deity reclin'd negligently on an urn, whence issued the stream which the water-spouts wasted afterwards aloft. Next was seen, in a wide-extended parterre, mount Parnassus with it's fam'd inhabitants, and in the midst of them Apollo. This was look'd upon as a masterpiece of sculpture. — The artist had represented the god in the noblest attitude; and express'd his features with such happy skill, that he seem'd to breathe, and to smile graciously on the nine Muses. Each of the tuneful sisters had her employment: one was playing on the lyre, another singing, a third composing verses, &c. The sculptor had given each statue it's highest grace and perfection. Their proportion was exquisite; and their aspect did not soften the heart, but struck the beholder with awe and admiration. Farther off was a little shady wood, wherein narrow, gloomy glades were cut; blest scenes

scenes for tender, endearing lovers ! Near this wood was a spacious area, overspread with verdant turf ; sweet seat for those who delight in the agreeable simplicity with which nature adorns herself. There also was seen - - - (Nothing more, for we have mentioned objects enough ; and these were beauties sufficient to satisfy a man of Pharsamond's turn of mind.) This little wood, and the flow'ry turf, gave, to our knight's conversation with Felunda, that delicious softness which hapless lovers feel, when wandering in places suited to their melancholy. — ' What think you, my Lord, of these ' scenes ?' (cried Felunda, overjoy'd at the auspicious opportunity which presented itself, in case Pharsamond had been in a mood to make court to her.) — ' Me- ' thinks, - (replied the chevalier) they are ' form'd to ravish both the eye and heart. ' In this enchanting abode, the pomp of ' kings must be trifling and insipid, com- ' par'd to the rapturous bliss which wou'd ' thrill the bosom of two lovers, far re- ' mov'd from the noise and tumults of ' cities.' — ' How happily, my Lord, ' your thoughts correspond with mine ! (re- ' plied Felunda). Alas ! whenever I enter ' this solitude, the most tender emotions ' arise within me ; and something I now

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‘ feel, but which it wou’d be impossible for  
 ‘ me to describe, melts me more than usual.  
 ‘ The situation of your mind; your face  
 ‘ which speaks a heart of the most tender  
 ‘ cast; your words; (and perhaps, some-  
 ‘ thing more,) must necessarily increase that  
 ‘ tenderness, which at this instant descends to  
 ‘ the inmost recesses of my heart. Surely  
 ‘ that woman who was to spend her days,  
 ‘ in this charming recess, with so perfect a  
 ‘ gentleman as Pharsamond, might justly  
 ‘ flatter herself with the hopes, of tasting  
 ‘ every pleasure which the most rapturous  
 ‘ passion can bestow.’ - - - ‘ I know not  
 ‘ how to answer your most obliging com-  
 ‘ pliment, (said Pharsamond, whose cheeks  
 ‘ a blush half overspread :) I cannot say,  
 ‘ whether it be possible for me to communi-  
 ‘ cate to others, the ravishing delight which  
 ‘ a delicate passion can inspire; but this  
 ‘ (fair Lady,) I am but too certain of, that  
 ‘ my heart is fram’d to receive the most  
 ‘ gloomy, the most horrid impressions.’ —  
 ‘ My good Lord, (said Felunda,) will you  
 ‘ never dispel the deep melancholy, which  
 ‘ deprives all who converse with you, of  
 ‘ the satisfaction of disclosing their minds.  
 ‘ Only look at me, my Lord: My eyes, if  
 ‘ you but deign to listen to their language,  
 ‘ will inform you how to act. You say that  
 ‘ you

‘ you are in search of a lost princess. Pos-  
 ‘ sibly the violence of your flame, and the  
 ‘ dream of her titles, may paint her, in your  
 ‘ imagination, with charms which she does  
 ‘ not really possess. Now ’tis in your  
 ‘ power to be master of the scenes you be-  
 ‘ hold, and in which you seem to delight.  
 ‘ You may dwell here with a woman, who  
 ‘ will use her utmost endeavours to make  
 ‘ your life one perpetual round of felicity.  
 ‘ See yon beautiful walks which Cupid seems  
 ‘ to have cut out, in order to wander in  
 ‘ them without even a single witness; walks!  
 ‘ where the fond sighs, the warm raptures  
 ‘ of two sympathizing hearts, may blend  
 ‘ without fear: enchanting spot! delightful  
 ‘ turf! whose verdure is expressive of the sim-  
 ‘ ple, the unadulterated beauties of nature;  
 ‘ the reflexion whereon inspires the heart  
 ‘ with that innocence, which, in earlier times,  
 ‘ was inseparable from the sincere passion that  
 ‘ lovers in those happy ages, were bless’d with.  
 ‘ In this enchanting abode, the woman I hint  
 ‘ at, wou’d be incessantly indulging you the  
 ‘ most tender marks of her love: In this re-  
 ‘ cefs, she will be for ever giving you a thou-  
 ‘ sand testimonies of her spotless passion; ’tis  
 ‘ here you might see her glances sweetly  
 ‘ meeting your’s, and darting forth the most  
 ‘ melting expressions. Reflect seriously on

‘ what I now tell you ; consult your good  
‘ sense, and know that this person is not  
‘ far from you.’ ——— ‘ Gods! (cried our  
‘ knight,) what proposal is this you make  
‘ me, concerning a lady ? Am I then ma-  
‘ ster of the heart which she wants to en-  
‘ gross ? This delightful flow’ry turf, this  
‘ wood form’d for the use of lovers, so far  
‘ from making her company pleasing to me,  
‘ would only increase the anguish of my  
‘ poor heart, occasion’d by my loss of the  
‘ adorable Cedalifa. She only can employ my  
‘ thoughts : depriv’d of her I languish in  
‘ every place, I die ; and this languishment,  
‘ tho’ dreadful, gives me infinitely greater  
‘ pleasure, than wou’d the sight of the  
‘ loveliest woman upon earth, who  
‘ shou’d discover the strongest passion for  
‘ me. I therefore conjure you, (good  
‘ Lady,) if my woes are capable of exci-  
‘ ting ever so little compassion, in your  
‘ breast, to discontinue your endeavours to  
‘ make me easy. My princess, (you ob-  
‘ serve,) owes this exalted title solely to my  
‘ love : but, (Heavens!) say rather that if  
‘ she did not possess it ; that had provi-  
‘ dence refus’d to indulge her so illustrious  
‘ a descent ; yet her beauty, the majesty of  
‘ her mind, and even her misfortunes ; say  
‘ that these glorious advantages, wou’d, spite  
‘ of



‘ of Fate, have given her what it’s injustice  
 ‘ had denied. Ah! were you to behold  
 ‘ the enchanting fair, you wou’d instantly  
 ‘ own, that not even the most renown’d  
 ‘ princeſſes cou’d ever boaſt a merit compa-  
 ‘ rable to her’s; a merit ſuperior to that of  
 ‘ birth, and to which all mankind muſt pay  
 ‘ homage. However! (excellent Lady,)  
 ‘ doubt not but that Cedaliſa was born a  
 ‘ princeſs; the ſurprizing adventures ſhe  
 ‘ has met with, prove indifputably that ſhe  
 ‘ ſprung from an auguſt family; and that  
 ‘ Heaven ſent her to theſe ſublunary regions,  
 ‘ to ſhow the dignity of ſoul poſſeſſed by  
 ‘ thoſe who are more immediately it’s fa-  
 ‘ vourites.

‘ I beſeech you, good Sir-knight, (ſaid  
 ‘ Felunda,) not to entertain ſuch notions.  
 ‘ I will indeed ſuppoſe, (as you are fond of  
 ‘ Cedaliſa,) that ſhe was born a gentlewo-  
 ‘ man; but depend upon it ſhe is no more.  
 ‘ Now pleaſe to reflect, that you have loſt  
 ‘ this lady; and, perhaps, may never hear  
 ‘ of her again. Beſides, how are you ſure  
 ‘ of her conſtancy?’ — ‘ All your argu-  
 ‘ ments, Madam, (replied our knight,)  
 ‘ will never be able to ſet me againſt Ceda-  
 ‘ liſa. How! becauſe the adorable charmer  
 ‘ is loſt, muſt I therefore ceaſe to love her?  
 ‘ Believe me, (Lady,) ſuch loſſes are only

' so many trials ; trials altogether worthy  
 ' of hearts resembling ours. Love is thence  
 ' more strongly alarm'd. Gracious Hea-  
 ' vens ! were those illustrious knights, whom  
 ' chance separated from their mistresses,  
 ' less constant on that account ? You must  
 ' have no idea of the melting joys which  
 ' arise from such cruel separations, the in-  
 ' stant these are ended. As to the article  
 ' of inconstancy, I am persuaded, that it  
 ' will be impossible for Cedralisa ever to be  
 ' guilty of any thing so black. But sup-  
 ' posing, (for argument sake,) that she  
 ' cou'd be false, this would only heighten  
 ' the splendor of my constancy, and make  
 ' it a still nobler object of envy. Yes, how  
 ' unhappy soever my constancy might be,  
 ' I yet should prefer it to the most tender  
 ' change, since the former would put me  
 ' on a level with those personages, who were  
 ' conspicuous for their dignity of soul.' —  
 ' How greatly then, (my Lord,) do I pity  
 ' the woman I hinted at. Alas ! (added  
 ' Felunda, with a tender, seducing air,)  
 ' she flatter'd herself with the hopes of being  
 ' able to move your heart. ——— How  
 ' blest should I have been, had you bestow'd  
 ' your's on me !'

The reader will easily figure to himself  
 the turn of Felunda's soul, from the speech  
 she

she here made to Pharsamond. 'Twas impossible for expressions to be better suited to our hero's mind, than those which this lady employ'd in order to shake his constancy: and 'twas perhaps to this pomp of words, so admirably well adapted to romantic ideas, that she was oblig'd for the air with which our chevalier replied to the indirect declaration she made him of her passion. This language had delighted him; and, from a secret pleasure he felt, whilst he was address'd by her in expressions so well suited to an heroic flame, he melted in proportion as Felunda went on with her declaration, which might have awaken'd all the love he had vow'd to Cedalisa. But the reader may again say, how was it possible for Felunda not to grow sick of Pharsamond's frantic behaviour? — I answer, that our knight's amorous frenzy might perhaps be the very thing which won her heart. There are but too many people of a deprav'd turn of mind; and such love, in others, the defects or vices resembling those found in themselves. Add to this, that Felunda's age is, in the softer sex, a period of life when their judgment is partly eclips'd; and it's place supplied by an unreasonable desire to please no less than they did when in their bloom; a desire follow'd



by a tacit confession, that their charms are upon the decline ; a confession ever accompanied, (in them,) with less reserve in their expressions, than when they were young ; and in their endeavours to gain their point by those expressions. — But we will return to Pharsamond, lest we shou'd give offence to women of this class, who are vastly numerous, and very troublesome to such men as are the objects of their hateful coquetry. These women are in a mid-way of life ; a circumstance which mortifies them so much, that it were needless to exhibit it to them in still more disagreeable colours. This middle course of life throws a kind of spell or charm over their surviving graces, which subsist only to point out the age of such females ; and to show, by the faint remains of beauty still seen in them, that they once were handsome.

Now the last words spoke by Felunda, (in her own name,) were delivered with an air which might have charm'd the most insensible heart ; and given some pleasure to a man, who, like Pharsamond, cou'd be mov'd by that tender passion, which ought to excite pity rather than anger. He was then gazing at Felunda : as soon as she ceas'd speaking, he drew off his eyes from her, but with a confus'd air ; with that air of noble

ble cruelty, of illustrious ingratitude, with which an invincible constancy arm'd the soul of our famous hero, whenever he fell into a temptation of this kind. — ‘ Well, my Lord, (continued she,) shall I have cause to repent of the words which just now escap'd my tongue ?’

Pharsamond's eyes were then fix'd on the ground. He cou'd act his part to a miracle, and did not look upwards, till he, with a most solemn countenance, had mutter'd an answer to himself. — ‘ I cou'd not tell, Madam, (said our chevalier,) whom you were speaking of; but you know what answer I made, and it were needless to say any more. You cannot have forgot my reply. And now, Madam, permit me to leave you. My glances, after the answer you have receiv'd from me, cou'd hardly bear to meet your's.’

Felunda, who was sensible, that her angri-  
ng the knight, wou'd not be the likely way to win his love, spoke thus: — ‘ I don't pretend, (my Lord,) to put any constraint on you, and therefore you may leave me, if you think proper. Let me however observe, that you ought not to be displeas'd at my declaration, since the impressions made on our hearts, are involuntary.’ — Pharsamond, as soon as she

had done speaking, made a very low bow, and retir'd.

Tho' I took notice that Pharsamond was gone from Felunda, the reader is not to suppose that he had left her house. Our knight, still more uncertain than ever with regard to the course which he shou'd take, withdrew immediately to his bed-chamber ; where I shall leave him a few moments, in order to relate a singular event, which contributed to the cure of his frenzy.

His uncle being inform'd that he was at the country seat of Felunda, whom he did not know, but only heard she was a very rich widow, had sent out in search of him. The old gentleman rode by the very house where Cedalisa had been forc'd to stay, after her being wounded in the grotesque fray of the kitchen, where Pharsamond and Clito had been so heartily drubb'd by the scullions. There he was told that Cedalisa's mother had taken her away ; that the young lady was perfectly recover'd not only of her wounds, but likewise of her romantic folly, by the aid of a renown'd itinerant quack, whom we shall mention hereafter. But not to postpone the elogium due to the profound skill of this great man ; it will be proper to observe here, that he was become very famous for his admirable cures, especially  
of



of mad persons. This talent alone ought to have made his fortune; but supposing it not yet made, we may presume that it must necessarily have been so afterwards, considering the prodigious number of crazy people in the world.

To return to Pharsamond's uncle. — Behold him now arriv'd at Felunda's. Immediately he flew to pay his respects to her, and thank her for the hospitality she had indulg'd his nephew, for whose frenzy he was infinitely griev'd. This widow, whose soul was now solely engross'd by her passion; and which was still all tumult, occasion'd by her late love declaration, made no other reply than, — ' That she was Pharsamond's mistress, and that she shou'd be ' exceedingly glad if ' - - - Here modesty restrain'd her tongue. — Pharsamond's uncle, who guess'd the cause of her confusion, thank'd her again, and then left her, in order to go and see after his nephew.

The old gentleman was come to our knight's bed-chamber, when he address'd the young hero in the kindest manner possible, and conjur'd him to answer him; but his nephew did not hear one word he said. Cedalisfa only employ'd his whole thoughts, and his lips cou'd pronounce no other name. At last the old gentleman, tir'd with his

fruitless endeavours to make his nephew speak, went back to Felunda, whose tender heart shar'd his grief. After discoursing some time on the deplorable state of Pharsamond's mind, for which our amorous widow was prodigiously concern'd, he propos'd their sending for the celebrated empiric abovemention'd.

I forgot to observe, (which, however, is a fault that may still be repair'd;) I forgot, I say, to mention, that after the surprizing cure wrought on Cedalisa, Pharsamond's uncle, who was acquainted with this quack, had desir'd him to accompany him in his journey; and that our mad doctor, proud of this opportunity to shew the excellency of his art, attended the old gentleman with pleasure.

Felunda, firmly persuaded of the success of this experiment; and secretly overjoy'd at the happy consequences with which it might be attended, greatly approv'd of the thought; and sent immediately for Geronimo, this being the empirick's name. Being arriv'd, the highest elogiums were bestow'd on his skill; and the conference ended, with the old gentleman's offering him a considerable sum of money, in case he cou'd completely recover his nephew. The reader will naturally imagine, that Geronimo, gree-  
dy

dy of applause, and still more so of money, immediately promised to do wonders : but 'twas quite the contrary ; for Geronimo, being much more modest, and far less venal than the generality of the healing tribe, was so ingenuous as to confess, that the cure wrought on Cedalisa had been owing wholly to chance, and that he himself was surpriz'd at it. — ‘ You wonder, (said he,) to hear me  
 ‘ speak thus, but applaud my sincerity, this  
 ‘ being rarely found among us of the faculty.  
 ‘ However, I myself have always lov'd that  
 ‘ virtue ; and tho' I am but too sensible  
 ‘ that it is not the most certain road to  
 ‘ riches, I yet am resolv'd to be guided by  
 ‘ no other standard. Thanks to Heaven,  
 ‘ I have found my account in it hitherto ;  
 ‘ and can say, without vanity, that I have  
 ‘ a flourishing reputation, which neither  
 ‘ the jealousy or envy of my brethren have  
 ‘ once endeavour'd to blast. I do not,  
 ‘ indeed, chuse to reside in great cities,  
 ‘ where physicians are sure of amassing  
 ‘ considerable wealth ; but then, contented  
 ‘ with a moderate fortune, I aim much  
 ‘ more at the advantage of the public,  
 ‘ than to extort riches from them.’

'Twas impossible to express the surprize of Geronimo's two auditors. They repeated their praises, and cou'd not sufficiently admire



mire so rare an example of modesty, and disinterestedness. Felunda, whose soul was instantly become all generosity, did not confine herself to meer speeches, she enforcing them with a purse fill'd with gold pieces; imagining that this wou'd be the most effectual way, to induce Geronimo to exert the utmost efforts of his skill; but, our artist, on the contrary, so far from being tempted by this glittering object, was upon the point of falling into a violent passion, and would have gone away. However, Pharsamond's uncle with-held him; when, being at last overcome by the intreaties of both, he was pacified, and promis'd to set about the operation immediately. He then went out, in order to prepare the medicaments necessary for so important an experiment.

Let us leave our doctor to his medicines, and satisfy the curiosity of the reader, who may naturally enquire after Clito and Fatima. ——— The answer to this question is very easy, they being both in Felunda's house; and as their disease is the same with Pharsamond's, it will be suppos'd that they took the same remedies.

'Twas not long before Geronimo had got together the several ingredients requisite.

quisite. He first collected all the aromatic herbs about the house, and afterwards calcin'd them. To these he added various drugs which he ever carried with him; for being an itinerant physician, he was oblig'd to furnish himself with many that were indispensably necessary, but which were not always at hand.

Every article being thus prepar'd, Geronimo return'd to the company; when preserving his usual modesty, he only declar'd, that he wou'd do his utmost to answer their expectations. He added, that the operation he was entring upon, was no more than *fumigation*, which physicians had found exceedingly efficacious in all ages, and had been tried, by him, upon Cedalifa; but that this first experiment requir'd a second, and therefore he propos'd to begin with Clito and Fatima. That, by this means, he should be much better acquainted with the quantities proper; that he, going at night into their bed-chambers, and throwing, whilst they were fast asleep, into a pan of coals, all the medicaments prepar'd by him, there wou'd arise a smoke, which gliding into the blood, and being carried to the brain, would dispel all the melancholy fumes that had occasion'd their frenzy.

Geronimo

Geronimo was not mistaken, in the advantageous idea entertain'd by him, of the sudden and singular effects of fumigation. This experiment had so happy an effect on Fatima and Clito, that they awak'd, next morning, no less in their senses, than before they had engag'd in feats of chivalry.

Felunda and Pharsamond's uncle went to see them. The moment they were perceiv'd by Clito, he ran up to them, and enquir'd about his master. Being told that Pharsamond was to return to his uncle's next day, and that he himself might go thither, he took leave of the company; however, not with that profusion of coarse jokes which us'd to flow from his lips, but with such sensible words as seem'd to prove him a quite different creature. And now Fatima, hearing that Cedalisá was got to her mother's, intreated that she might go to the old lady's also, which favour was granted her with pleasure, and she sat out that moment.

Felunda and Pharsamond's uncle gave ten thousand thanks to the incomparable Geronimo, who was as much amaz'd as they could possibly be, at the miracle then wrought by him. The whole day was spent in festivity, in which every one shar'd



shar'd except Pharsamond, who cou'd not be prevail'd upon to make one with them, he confining himself to his bed-chamber. Night being come, Geronimo went to our chevalier, on whom he repeated the experiment tried, by him, the preceding night, and with equal success; he having taken care to strengthen the dose, as Pharsamond's frenzy was the most violent and obstinate. The instant our knight wak'd, he found his mind serene, and clear'd from his wild, romantic visions; and Cedalisa was now so entirely banish'd from his imagination, that he did not remember his having once set eyes on her. The only circumstance of which he had any idea, was Felunda's great civility, and therefore he earnestly desir'd to pay her his respects; and 'twas with extasy he thought of seeing again his uncle, for whom he had the warmest affection. Charm'd with these thoughts, he dress'd himself instantly, and flew to Felunda's apartment, to whom he made a most graceful compliment. His uncle coming in at that moment, Pharsamond threw himself about his neck, beseeching the old gentleman to joyn with him, in returning all possible thanks to the good Lady, who had heap'd such solid favours upon them. Pharsamond now directed himself to this amiable widow, in the  
same

same amorous strain as she, a little before, had address'd him, and the fair-one did not seem insensible to his passion. The uncle, overjoy'd at all these unexpected events, but fearing lest the cure shou'd not have been compleated, desir'd Felunda to permit them to leave her, he promising to visit her again the first opportunity. They cou'd not part without shedding a few tears, which Felunda strove to conceal. However, Pharsamond seeing them steal from her eyes, endeavour'd to dry them, by making the most tender protestations; which his uncle perceiving, pull'd him by the sleeve, and oblig'd him to get into his coach, together with Geronimo, who staid some days with the hospitable old gentleman; after which he took leave of him, in order to go and inform the public of his happy medical discovery.

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